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THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK THREE

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A COCONUT RAFT

THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK THREE

BY

ANNA H. CARTER

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, MANILA HIGH SCHOOL

MANILA, P. I.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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PREFACE

THE literary selections for this reader have been taken from the best sources. They are sufficiently varied to make a general appeal, and for the most part are not such as are commonly found in school readers. The vocabulary and construction have been changed in some instances in order to meet the needs of children having a limited knowledge of English. It is hoped, however, that style and meaning have not suffered by these changes.

While considering the value of variety in selection, the author has not lost sight of the influence of both literature and biography in the formation of ideals of life and character. The examples of heroic endeavor presented are not confined to men who have won glory in camp and on battlefield; but, on the contrary, emphasis is laid upon the fact that true greatness is attained when a great soul devotes itself to some work for the benefit of mankind.

A few industrial topics will be found, of especial interest to Filipinos. These are presented in a manner calculated to reveal the importance of honest labor and careful study in the production of articles of commerce. Throughout, the idea has been to arouse both local and national ideals of honest, industrious, peaceable living.

The lessons are arranged more or less according to topics, but it is hoped that there has not been sufficient holding to this idea to cause monotony. Long prose units alternate with short ones, and the poems used give grace and variety to both.

ANNA H. CARTER.

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ALI COGIA REMOVED THE COVER

ALI COGIA

PART I

THERE once lived in Bagdad a merchant named Ali Cogia. He was a successful business man and lived quietly and contentedly in the house that had once belonged to his father.

After a time, like all good Mussulmans he decided to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, to pray in the holy temples or mosques. He sold the greater part of his merchandise, reserving only a few things which he hoped to sell to pilgrims at the journey's end.

As a result of his sales and his previous savings, he had a thousand pieces of gold. Now the money was heavy, and the journey to Mecca is long and difficult. Travelers are frequently robbed and injured on the way. The merchant, therefore, decided to leave the gold in Bagdad.

Putting the pieces in a jar, and covering them over with olives, he carried the jar to the warehouse of a friend.

"May I leave this jar with you, my friend, while I make the pilgrimage to Mecca?" he inquired.

"There is room on the shelves for as many jars as you wish to leave," answered the friendly merchant. "Place it in a corner here, and when you return, you will find it without trouble."

Ali Cogia thanked his friend, put away the jar, and soon after joined a caravan which was ready for the journey

to Mecca. The pilgrimage was safely made, and after attending to his religious duties, the merchant decided to visit other countries before returning home. So, in company with friends, he went to Egypt, Palestine, Persia, and Hindustan, stopping at many famous cities, and greatly enjoying the experience.

All this time the jar containing the gold pieces and the olives remained undisturbed upon the warehouse shelf. Ali Cogia's friend forgot all about the jar, and, indeed, he almost forgot the absent merchant.

One evening, shortly before Ali's return, his wife said: "I wish we had some olives to eat with our bread and cheese. I have not tasted one for a long time."

"Now that you speak of olives," returned the husband, "I remember that Ali Cogia left a jar of olives in my warehouse seven years ago when he went to Mecca. He must be dead by this time, for we have had no message, and he has never returned. I will go and examine those olives, and see whether they are good to eat."

"No, no!" begged the wife. "The olives belong to your friend, and not to us. I beg you to leave them in the jar where he placed them. Your friend may yet return to Bagdad." But the man refused to heed what she said.

Reaching the warehouse, and opening the jar, he found the olives moldy. "There may be better ones lower down," said he, turning some of the olives out into a plate. With the olives, out tumbled a piece of shining gold! The man was astonished. Removing all the fruit, he found many more gold pieces. Not taking time to count them, he replaced the olives and returned to his wife.

"They were not fit to eat, wife," he said. "I turned a number out into the plate, but they were all moldy. So, replacing them, I left the jar just as it was when Ali went away."

"God grant that no mischief comes to us from meddling with a friend's goods!" exclaimed the woman. "It would be better for both if you had heeded my words in the first place."

The merchant gave no more heed to his wife's last words than to the first. He spent almost the whole night in thinking how he might take the money and keep it without seeming to be guilty of the theft in case Ali Cogia should return. The next morning he bought fresh olives of that year's growth, removed the old olives and the gold pieces, and filled the jar with the new fruit. Covering the jar, he replaced it upon the shelf.

A month later, the traveler returned. Deciding to sell merchandise again, he went to his friend's warehouse to thank him for his kindness in storing his jar, and to secure the money it contained.

"You owe me no thanks," said the man. "There was room and to spare. You will find the jar in the place where you left it. Here is the key to the warehouse."

Ali Cogia went into the room, took his jar, and returned to the inn where he lodged. But removing the olives, he found no gold pieces. His astonishment was so great that he stood motionless. Then lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "Is it possible that a man whom I took for my friend should be base enough to steal my money?"

Alarmed at the possibility of losing so much money, he hastily returned to the merchant. "My good friend," said Ali Cogia, "do not be surprised to see me return. The jar is the same I left with you; but underneath the olives I left a thousand pieces of gold which I am now unable to find. Perhaps you may have used them in some case of need while I was away from Bagdad. If so, they are at your service until it is convenient for you to return them. All I ask is a written acknowledgment of the loan. Afterwards you may pay me whenever you are able."

"Ali Cogia," said the false friend, pretending to be indignant, "when you went away, you asked leave to store in my warehouse a jar of olives. When you returned home, you came and removed it; and now you come asking for a thousand pieces of gold. I did not even examine the jar when you brought it here, and have only your word for its contents. Did you ever tell me there was money beneath the olives? I wonder you do not ask me for diamonds and pearls instead of gold. Leave my house, and go about your business, and do not fill the place with curious people by your shouting."

These last words were said in a loud, angry voice, which made those in the warehouse desire to stay longer. It also brought neighboring merchants out of their shops to learn the cause of the dispute, and to try to reconcile the two friends.

When Ali Cogia told them of his loss, they asked the merchant what he had to say. He owned that the jar had been stored in his warehouse, but denied meddling with it in any way. He also said he knew it contained olives only because Ali told him so.

"Bear witness to the insult offered me!" he cried.

"You bring it upon yourself," said Ali Cogia, taking him by the arm. "But since you use me basely, I challenge you to go with me to the judge."

"With all my heart," said the merchant. "Then we shall soon see who is in the wrong."

"This man," said Ali to the judge, "took a thousand pieces of gold which I left in his care in a jar partly filled with olives, when I went on a pilgrimage to Bagdad."

"Did you have any witnesses?" asked the judge.

"I did not take that precaution," answered Ali, "because I thought he was honest and my friend."

"I knew nothing of the money," protested the false friend, "and had nothing to do with the jar. To this I am willing to swear."

"The case is dismissed," said the judge. "There is not enough evidence to pronounce the merchant guilty."

The judge's decision did not satisfy Ali Cogia. So he wrote a petition for a new trial, and sent it to the caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid. The caliph read the petition carefully, thought about it for some time, and then set an hour on the following day to hear and judge the case himself.

PART II

That same evening, the caliph, accompanied by his prime minister and the captain of the guard, went disguised through the town to hear and see for himself how matters went in the city. Passing through a gateway which led into a little court, he saw ten or twelve children playing by moonlight.

The caliph, curious to know what game the children were playing, quietly seated himself on a stone bench near by.

"Let us play that we are in a court room," said one of the lads. "I will be the judge. Bring before me Ali Cogia and the merchant who cheated him out of a thousand pieces of gold."

Another boy, as officer of the court, came forward with two lads, one to be Ali Cogia and the other the accused merchant.

"What is your charge against this man?" asked the young judge of Ali.

Ali Cogia, bowing low, accused the merchant of taking his money, and pleaded for just judgment in the case.

"Why do you not return the money?" asked the pretended judge, looking at the merchant.

"I know nothing about the money," replied the accused lad. "Ali Cogia left a jar in my care. He said it was full of olives. After seven years, he came and carried the jar away again. Returning, he asked for a thousand pieces of gold. I am willing to swear to all these statements."

"Wait," said the judge. "Before you swear to anything, I wish to see the jar of olives. Go to the inn, Ali Cogia, and return with the jar." The pretended Ali went, and returned immediately, setting an imaginary jar before the judge.

"Is this the jar that was left with you?" asked the lad of the merchant.

"It is the same," was the answer.

"Open it, Ali Cogia."

He that represented Ali seemed to take off a cover, and the judge looked inside. "They are fine olives," remarked he.

"Let me taste one. They are excellent," he declared, pretending to taste one. "But I cannot think that olives will keep seven years and be good to eat. Send for some olive merchants, and let me hear their opinion."

Two boys, as olive merchants, then came forward. "Are you olive merchants?" asked the young judge. "If so, tell me how long olives may be kept without decaying."

"Sir," replied one of the merchants, "with the best of care they are worth very little after three years."

"Look at this jar and tell me how old are the olives it contains," commanded the judge.

The two merchants pretended to examine and taste the olives.

"O wise judge," said they, "these are fine new olives."

"Not so! Ali Cogia says they are seven years old."

"Sir, we can assure you," insisted the merchants, "they are of this year's growth."

"I object to the evidence of these olive merchants!" cried the accused.

"Any olive merchant in the city will agree with us," answered the two boys.

"Hold your tongue, merchant," ordered the young judge. "You are a thief. Ho, there, officers! See that this rascal is punished."

The other children clapped their hands with joy, seized the pretended thief, and carried him away to be punished.

"A wise judge, indeed!" exclaimed Haroun-al-Raschid to his prime minister. "I am astonished to find such wisdom as this in a child. I am to hear this same case tomorrow. The true Ali Cogia presented his petition to me to-day. Can I give a better sentence than this lad's?"

"I think not," answered the prime minister, "if the case is as the children played it."

"Find the house where the young judge lives," said the caliph to the captain of the guard. "Bring the boy to me to-morrow, that he may try the case in my presence. Also, order the judge to attend, who tried the case yesterday, that he may learn his duty from a child. Also, request Ali Cogia to bring his jar of olives to the trial."

When he reached the palace next morning, the lad was very much embarrassed until the caliph spoke to him kindly, and told him not to be distressed. The two merchants touched their foreheads against the carpet that covered the caliph's throne, and stood waiting for the trial to begin.

"Plead your causes before this child," said the caliph. "He will hear, and do you justice. If he needs help, I will assist him."

Ali Cogia and the merchant pleaded one after the other. When the merchant offered to swear to his innocence, as before, the boy said, "Before you do that, we must first examine the jar of olives." At these words Ali Cogia set the jar before the judges, and removed the cover. Haroun-al-Raschid looked at the olives, took one and tasted it, and gave one to the boy. Then the olive merchants were called. They examined the olives, and said they were of the year's growth.

"But," said the boy, "Ali Cogia says that he put them in the warehouse seven years ago."

"Impossible, O judge," replied one of the merchants. "Olives cannot be kept more than three years, and these are not yet a year old."

The wretch still wished to say something in his own defense, but the lad called for silence. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, looking at the caliph, "this is not a play, and I am only a boy. This man is guilty; but your majesty and not I must condemn him to death."

Convinced of the man's guilt, the caliph first commanded him to restore the gold to Ali Cogia; and when this was done, commanded the officers of justice to execute the sentence of death. Then, turning to the judge who first heard the case, he bade him learn of a child to be more just and exact in his duty.

"For you, my noble lad," said he, embracing the boy, "you have taught me a lesson as well as the judge. I shall see that you receive the best training that my wise men can give, and a place later in my courts of law. Wise and just men are the king's best servants."

— *Adapted from the* "Arabian Nights."

JAFFAR

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer.
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. — He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief,)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears,
Restor'd me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heaven, as though to meet his star
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

— Leigh Hunt.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the farmer was stirring, suddenly stopped.

At this the dial plate changed countenance with alarm. The hands made a vain effort to continue their course. The wheels stood still with surprise. The weights hung speechless.

At last the dial determined to find out where the trouble lay: hands, wheels, and weights, with one voice, said they were innocent.

Soon a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess that I am the sole cause of this stoppage; and I am willing to tell you why I have acted thus. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Oh, yes!" replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself above me, — it is vastly easy for you to accuse other people of laziness! What have you done all the days of your life but stare people in the face, and amuse yourself with all that goes on in the kitchen? How would you like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, wagging backwards and forwards year after year, as I do?"

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," answered the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I became so."

"Go on," said the dial.

"Well, I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of merely the next twenty-four hours. Perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, at once answered, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Now I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to tire one out. But when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, it is really no wonder if I felt utterly discouraged; so this morning, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep a straight face during this speech; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have acted so hastily. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time, and so have we all, and we are likely to do a great deal more. Now, although it may fatigue us to think of this work, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do it. Would you now favor me with about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

"Certainly," said the pendulum, — and ticked six times at its usual rate.

"Now," went on the dial, "may I ask if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions!"

"Very good," said the dial; "but remember that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That idea staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," observed the dial plate, "that we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the servants will lie in bed as long as we stand idling thus."

Thereupon the weights, which never had been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed. Well, the pendulum was obliging enough to begin swinging, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever. Then the wheels began to turn, and the hands to move, while a red beam of the rising sun that streamed through the kitchen window shone full upon the dial plate, till it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, and looked at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

— JANE TAYLOR — *adapted.*

GILBERT POTTER AND HIS HORSE

[This selection is taken from "The Story of Kennett." In the prologue to that book, the author vouches for the actual occurrence of the events here narrated.]

With his face towards home and his back to the storm, Gilbert rode into the night. The highway was but a streak of less palpable darkness; the hills on either hand scarcely detached themselves from the low, black ceiling of the sky behind them. . . .

The black, dreary night seemed interminable. He could only guess, here and there, at a landmark, and was forced to rely more upon Roger's instinct of the road than upon the guidance of his senses.

Towards midnight, as he judged, by the solitary crow of a cock, the rain almost entirely ceased. The wind began to blow, sharp and keen, and the hard vault of the sky to lift a little. He fancied that the hills on his right had fallen away, and that the horizon was suddenly depressed toward the north. Roger's feet began to splash in constantly deepening water, and presently a roar, distinct from that of the wind, filled the air.

It was the Brandywine. The stream had overflowed its broad meadow-bottoms, and was running high and fierce beyond its main channel.

The turbid waters made a dim, dusky gleam around him; soon the fences disappeared, and the flood reached to the horse's body. But he knew that the ford could be

distinguished by the break in the fringe of timber; moreover, that the creek bank was a little higher than the meadows behind it, and so far, at least, he might venture. The ford was not more than twenty yards across, and he could trust Roger to swim that distance.

The faithful animal pressed bravely on, but Gilbert noticed that he seemed at fault. The swift water had forced him out of the road, and he stopped, from time to time, as if anxious and uneasy. The timber could now be discerned, only a short distance in advance, and in a few minutes they would gain the bank.

What was that? A strange, rustling, hissing sound, as of cattle trampling on dry reeds, — a sound which quivered and shook, even in the breath of the hurrying wind! Roger snorted, stood still, and trembled in every limb; and a sensation of awe and terror struck a chill through Gilbert's heart. The sound drew swiftly nearer, and became a wild, seething roar, filling the whole breadth of the valley.

"The dam!" cried Gilbert, "the dam has given way!" He turned Roger's head, gave him the rein, struck, spurred, cheered, and shouted. The brave beast struggled through the impending flood, but the advance wave of the coming inundation touched his side. He staggered; a line of churning foam bore down upon them, the terrible roar was all around and over them, and horse and rider were whirled away.

What happened during the first few seconds, Gilbert could never distinctly recall. Now they were whelmed in the water, now riding its careering tide, torn through the

tops of brushwood, jostled by floating logs and timbers of the dam-breast, but always, as it seemed, remorselessly held in the heart of the tumult and the ruin.

He saw at last that they had fallen behind the onset of the flood, but Roger was still swimming with it, desperately throwing up his head from time to time, and snorting water from his nostrils. All his efforts to gain a foothold failed; his strength was nearly spent, and unless some help should come in a few minutes, it would come in vain. And in the darkness, and the rapidity with which they were borne along, how should help come?

All at once Roger's course stopped. He became an obstacle to the flood, which pressed him against some other obstacle below, and rushed over horse and rider. Thrusting out his hand, Gilbert felt the rough bark of a tree. Leaning towards it and clasping the log in his arms, he drew himself from the saddle, while Roger, freed from his burden, struggled into the current and instantly disappeared.

As nearly as Gilbert could ascertain, several timbers, thrown over each other, had lodged, probably upon a rocky islet in the stream, the uppermost one projecting slantingly out of the flood. It required all his strength to resist the current which sucked, and whirled, and tugged at his body, and to climb high enough to escape its force, without overbalancing his support.

At last, though still half immerged, he found himself comparatively safe for a time, yet as far as ever from a final rescue. He must await the dawn, and an eternity of endurance lay in those few hours. . . .

Yet a new danger now assailed him, from the increasing

cold. There was already a sting of frost, a breath of ice, in the wind. In another hour the sky was nearly swept bare of clouds, and he could note the lapse of the night by the sinking of the moon. But he was by this time hardly in a condition to note anything more.

He had thrown himself, face downwards, on the top of the log, his arms mechanically clasping it, while his mind sank into a state of torpid, passive suffering, growing nearer to the dreamy indifference which precedes death. His cloak had been torn away in the first rush of the inundation, and the wet coat began to stiffen in the wind, from the ice gathering over it.

The moon was low in the west, and there was a pale glimmer of dawn in the sky, when Gilbert Potter suddenly raised his head. Above the noise of the water and the whistle of the wind, he heard a familiar sound — the shrill, sharp neigh of a horse. Lifting himself, with great exertion, to a sitting posture, he saw two men on horseback, in the flooded meadow, a little below him. They stopped, seemed to consult, and presently drew nearer.

Gilbert tried to shout, but the muscles of his throat were stiff and his lungs refused to act. The horse neighed again. This time there was no mistake; it was Roger that he heard. Voices came to him, and he cried aloud — a strange unnatural cry.

The horsemen heard it, and rapidly pushed up the bank, until they reached a point directly opposite him. The prospect of escape brought a thrill of life to his frame; he looked around and saw that the flood had indeed fallen.

"We have no rope," he heard one of the men say. "How shall we reach him?"

"There is no time to get one now," the other answered. "My horse is stronger than yours. I'll go into the creek just below, where it's broader and not so deep, and work my way up to him."

"But one horse can't carry both."

"His will follow, be sure, when it sees me."

As the last speaker moved away, Gilbert saw the led horse plunging through the water, beside the other. It was a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The horseman and the loose horse entered the main stream below, where its divided channel met and broadened, but it was still above the saddle girths, and very swift.

Sometimes the animals plunged, losing their foothold; nevertheless, they gallantly breasted the current, and inch by inch worked their way to a point about six feet below Gilbert. It seemed impossible to approach nearer.

"Can you swim?" asked the man.

Gilbert shook his head. "Throw me the end of Roger's bridle!" he then cried.

The man unbuckled the bridle and threw it, keeping the end of the rein in his hand. Gilbert tried to grasp it, but his hands were too numb. He managed, however, to get one arm and his head through the opening, and relaxed his hold on the log.

A plunge, and the man had him by the collar. He felt himself lifted by a strong arm and laid across Roger's saddle. With his failing strength and stiff limbs, it was no slight task to get into place, and the return, though less

laborious to the horses, was equally dangerous, because Gilbert was scarcely able to support himself without help.

"You're safe now," said the man, when they reached the bank, "but it's a downright mercy of God that you're alive!"

The other horseman joined them, and they rode slowly across the flooded meadow. They had both thrown their cloaks around Gilbert, and carefully steadied him in the saddle, one on each side. He was too much exhausted to ask how they had found him, or whither they were taking him, — too numb for curiosity, — almost for gratitude.

"Here's your savior!" said one of the men, patting Roger's shoulder. "It was through him that we found you. Do you want to know how? Well — about three o'clock, it was maybe a little earlier, maybe a little later, my wife woke me up. 'Do you hear that?' she says.

"I listened and heard a horse in the lane before the door, neighing, — I can't tell exactly how it was, — like as if he would call up the house. 'Twas rather queer, I thought, so I got up and looked out of the window, and it seemed to me he had a saddle on. He stamped, and pawed, and then he gave another yell, and stamped again.

"Said I to my wife, 'There's something wrong here,' and I dressed and went out. When he saw me, he acted the strangest you ever saw; I thought, if ever an animal wanted to speak, that animal does. When I tried to catch him, he shot off, ran down the lane a bit, and then came back acting as strangely as ever.

"I went into the house and woke up my brother, here, and we saddled our horses and started. Away went yours

ahead, stopping every minute to look round and see if we followed. When we came to the water, I hesitated, but it was no use; the horse would have us go on, and on, till we found you." . . .

Gilbert did not speak, but two large tears slowly gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. The men saw his emotion, and respected it.

In the light of the cold, keen dawn, they reached a snug farmhouse, a mile from the Brandywine. The men lifted Gilbert from the saddle, and would have carried him immediately into the house; but he first leaned upon Roger's neck, took the faithful creature's head in his arms, and kissed it.

— BAYARD TAYLOR — *abridged.*

PROSERPINE'S SONG

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
  Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
  Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew
  Thou dost nourish these young flowers
Till they grow, in scent and hue,
  Fairest children of the hours,
Breathe thine influence most divine
On thine own child, Proserpine.

— PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE ARCTIC NIGHT

Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the arctic night. It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there.

Is not all life's beauty high and delicate and pure like this night? Give it the brighter colors, and it is no longer beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into violet at the edges.

Over the ice fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do — those unchanging friends. In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating on the blue background.

Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver — changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes.

Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit.

— FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

From Nansen's "Farthest North."

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THE SEASONS IN SWEDEN

Nor must we forget the sudden changing seasons of the northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers.

But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Erelong the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all.

The moon and the stars shine through the day; only at noon they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out.

And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the heels of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the northern lights begin to burn; faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson.

The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset.

Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine as white as silver.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come. Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth.

The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and the doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle.

Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness!

How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday!

How beautiful the silent hour when Morning and Evening sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

From the church tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watchtower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn for each stroke of the hammer.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with a cottage (a sorry makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so

much for the sake of the tenement, — which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, — as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a cudgel. Finding how affairs

stood, he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat, the burnt pig, father, only taste!" — with such barbarous cries, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster. But the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's; and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the

mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and the father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprit stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and the jury all handled it. They all burned their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompted to each of them the same remedy. Against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the unfairness of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had

THE JURY ALL HANDLED IT

for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop.

People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would be lost to the world. Thus the custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later. By

such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

— CHARLES LAMB.

LABOR

Labor is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
  True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
  Temple and statue the marble block hides.

— FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THE HUNTER'S SONG

Hark, hark! Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn — the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the highlands and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away! as a hawk flies full at his prey
So flieth the hunter — away, away!

Hark, hark! — What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
The horn — the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound, sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent, hounds.

Hark, hark! — Now home, and dream till morn
Of the bold sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn — the horn!
Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

— BARRY CORNWALL.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

PART I

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at absolute command. I could hang, draw, give life and liberty, and take it away, and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then, to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants! Poll, as if he had been my favorite, was the only person permitted to talk to me; my dog, which was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand; and two cats, one on one side of the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand as a mark of special favor.

I had a great, high, shapeless cap, made of goatskin, with a flap hanging down behind, as well to keep the sun from me, as to shoot the rain off from running into my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goatskin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of goatskin. Stockings and shoes I had none; but I had made me a pair of — something, I scarce knew what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either

ROBINSON CRUSOE

side. These were of most barbarous shape, as indeed were all the rest of my clothes.

I had on a broad belt of goatskin, dried, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and in a kind of frog on either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and hatchet, one on one side, the other on the other.

I had another belt, not so broad, and fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder; and at the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goatskin, too; in one of these was my powder, in the other my shot.

At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great clumsy goatskin umbrella. This, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun.

As for my face, the color of it was not really so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox.

My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but, as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip. That I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee.

PART II

As my country place was about halfway between my other habitation and the place where I had laid up my

boat, I generally stayed and slept here on my way thither. I used frequently to visit my boat, and I kept all things about or belonging to her in very good order.

Sometimes I went out in her to divert myself, but no more hazardous voyages would I go, nor scarce ever above a stone's cast or two from the shore, I was so apprehensive of being hurried out of my knowledge again by the currents, or winds, or any accident.

But now I come to a new scene in my life.

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand.

I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked around me; I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore; but I could see no other impression but that one.

I went again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy. But there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine.

But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on. I was terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. It is not possible to describe how many various shapes an

affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle — for so I think I called it ever after this — I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night. The farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were. This is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though now I was a great way off.

I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to stay in this desolate island, as I should have been to have had them.

I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and so, perhaps, would have searched farther. — Then, terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat,

and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly see them come, in great numbers, to devour me.

It came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a mere chimera of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from the boat. This cheered me a little, and I began to persuade myself that it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot.

Heartening myself, therefore, with this belief — that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet — I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house to milk my flock.

As I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again and measure this print of a foot by my own.

But when I came to the place: first, it appeared evident to me that when I had laid up my boat, I could not have been on shore anywhere thereabouts. Secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal.

Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, so that I shook with cold, like one in ague; and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for security I knew not.

— DANIEL DEFOE — *abridged.*

CORONATION

At the king's gate the subtle noon
  Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
  The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
  A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
  Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
  Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hourglass sifting down
  Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
  The beggar turned, and pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,
  Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
  Shook off the crown, and threw it by.
"O man! thou must have known," he said,
  "A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
  Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
  Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
  Were wiping from the king's hot brow

The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho there! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king!" The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

— H. H.

PETER THE GREAT[1]

Before Peter the Great came to be emperor, Russia was only a half-civilized country. The kingdom is so large, and the means of communication were at that time so poor, that it was almost impossible to carry news or to transport goods, or even to travel in safety from one part of the country to another. There were neither merchant ships nor war vessels; nor was there any one in the country who knew how to build them.

PETER THE GREAT

When Peter was ten years old, his half-sister, Sophia, who was regent, gave him a household of his own, in a village near St. Petersburg. She also appointed fifty boys, idle and dissolute sons of noblemen, to live with him and entertain him.

[1] This is a story of a good Russian emperor. The next story, "The Young Serf," will show something of the hard life of the Russian people many years later.

Sophia saw signs of intelligence in Peter. "This intelligence may be dangerous to my future as ruler," said she to herself. "I must keep him idle and ignorant, so that he may not wish to take charge of his kingdom, and will leave me in possession."

But one thing saved Peter from the wicked designs of his sister. He was desirous to gain knowledge and to learn to do things that would enable him to educate and improve his people. He was willing to learn from any one who had anything to teach him. Instead of being led into habits of folly by his band of "amusers," as they were called, he beguiled them into a liking for manly sports and martial exercises.

The first thing Peter did in the new home that was given him was to form his fifty companions into a kind of military school. He worked harder than any one of them to learn to become a real soldier. He learned all the drills and duties of a common soldier, and how to drum, so that he could understand and give all the necessary signals to soldiers. He learned how to make and use tools, and how to make forts, digging trenches with the other boys, and carrying in a wheelbarrow dirt to build fortifications. Finding knowledge necessary to a good soldier and commander, he studied arithmetic, geometry, and geography with the same eagerness that he showed in becoming acquainted with the duties on the march, in camp, and in fort.

All this time Sophia had been plotting to prevent her half-brother, Peter, from ascending the throne. It was only after a struggle in which she found herself far outnumbered by his followers that she was compelled to resign her place as regent, and leave the government to Peter.

Sophia retired to a convent near Moscow, where she remained until her death, fifteen years later. With the beginning of his reign, and through his influence alone, Russia began to change from a semi-barbaric to a civilized nation.

When he was about sixteen years old, in wandering over one of the royal estates with a nobleman named Timmermann, he came upon an old building in a flax yard, used as a storehouse. Looking curiously about among the stuff with which the place was filled, he found in one corner of the room a boat turned bottom upward. It was not in any way like the flat-bottomed, square-sterned boats which he had seen used on the river Moskwa.

"What kind of boat is that?" he asked.

"It is an English boat," answered Timmermann.

"Is it better than our flat-bottomed boats?" asked Peter.

"Yes, sire," answered Timmermann. "If this boat had sails, it could be made to go with the wind, and against it."

"How can it be possible for a boat to go against the wind?" asked Peter.

He was eager to try it at once; but when the boat was examined, it was found to be too rotten for use. It would have to be repaired and tarred, and provided with a mast and sails before Peter's curiosity could be satisfied by a sail on the water.

At Peter's command, Timmermann sent for a certain boat builder Brandt, who had been brought from Holland by Peter's father to construct ships for use upon the Caspian

Sea. The old man looked over the boat, calked it, put in a mast, arranged a sail, and launched it on the river.

There, before Peter's eyes, he began to sail up and down the river, turning now to the right and then to the left whenever he desired. Peter was greatly excited. He called out to Brandt to stop, jumped into the boat, and began to manage it himself under Brandt's directions. The river was so narrow and the water so shallow that they found it difficult to turn the boat about. Peter eagerly asked where a broader piece of water could be found, and was told of a small lake near by. The boat was dragged overland to the lake, and launched. Here the sailing was more satisfactory, but Peter wished for more space for his boat.

He found that about fifty miles away there was a large lake where he could have plenty of room to sail; but there was difficulty about Peter's making the journey. It was not the custom in Russia for the Czars, or members of their families, to travel from place to place without some important purpose, and what should a boy of his age do so far away, alone?

An idea came to Peter. It was June, and there was soon to be a great religious festival at the Troitsa Monastery, not far from this lake. He asked his mother's permission to attend the festival; and as soon as the religious service was over, he drove as fast as he could to the lake. But there were no boats on the lake, and the distance was too great for the transfer of the little English boat.

"Could we not build some boats here, Brandt?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, sire," said Brandt; "but we will need builders, and timber, and many other things before the boats can be built."

"We can have anything we need," said Peter. So he hastened back to Moscow, busily thinking of his shipbuilding.

He scarcely knew how to manage one thing, and that was his change of residence to the lake while the work was being done. At last he gained his mother's consent to this, and returned with Brandt, and a shipbuilder named Kort, an old friend of Brandt's, and probably Timmermann.

A RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

They had first to cut timber and then to make the huts in which they were to live, and a dock from which to launch the boats; and although Peter and his companions worked as hard as they could, the time arrived for him to go home long before the first boat was ready for use. In fact, it seemed as though none could be completed before the winter began.

Peter's mother had become anxious about her son in the meantime, and sent a messenger for him. Leaving his faithful Brandt in charge of the work, with orders to do his best to have the boats ready when spring returned, he went

to Moscow to celebrate the feast of the saint for whom his mother was named.

Brandt with his workmen, obeying the orders of the young emperor, built two frigates and three yachts. Peter was greatly interested in their construction, and learned to pilot them himself.

A number of years afterward he visited Arkangel on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Brandt accompanied him, and built a small vessel at his master's orders. In this vessel Peter embarked on the ocean which no other Russian emperor had ever seen. He was attended by a Dutch man-of-war and all the merchant vessels in the harbor of Arkangel. He had already learned to manage a ship, and on this occasion acted as pilot.

From infancy, Peter had a great dread of water. But in spite of this fact, he became the best mariner in all the north. To overcome his dread, he jumped into the water, and his fear changed to a fondness for it which never afterwards forsook him. So great was his desire to make Russia one of the most prosperous countries in the world that he eagerly mastered every art that would enable him to train his subjects in seamanship, military service, and commerce. He considered nothing too insignificant to learn that would in any manner make him a wise and capable emperor.

Peter was not satisfied in simply giving an example of skill and industry to his people. He also insisted that his officers and men at sea and on land should follow his example. The young noblemen would frequently have preferred to remain in idleness in Moscow and St. Petersburg; but the emperor gave no heed to their wishes or excuses.

Every man was compelled to master the details of his business, whatever that might be.

Peter was often cruel and unjust. They were the faults of the times in which he lived. But he was the first Russian ruler to introduce civilized customs into the country and to try to make a prosperous and united nation out of the various peoples over whom he reigned. The things which he accomplished justly entitle him to be called Peter the Great.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG

To learn shipbuilding he became a workman in the dockyards of Amsterdam and London. In both places he lived as simple and as industrious a life as any other workman.

He created a navy, and gained control of ports on the Black, the Caspian, and the Baltic seas. He built merchant ships, and developed the commerce of Russia. He also encouraged trade with other nations.

He traveled abroad as a private individual to learn the manners, customs, and interests of other and more civilized nations. Upon returning home, he introduced many changes in the oriental dress, manners, and customs of his subjects, hoping thereby to make them more civilized.

He encouraged learned and skillful foreigners to settle in Russia and teach his people. He promoted education in every possible way, and encouraged the printing of books and papers.

Seeing the importance of a strong seaport on the Baltic to oppose the power of Sweden, he built and fortified a new capital — St. Petersburg.

He directed all his energies against the chief evils of Russia. These were the dislike of coöperation, the lack of a feeling of personal responsibility, the lack of ambition to undertake new enterprises, the tyranny of the family, and the lack of respect for the individual.

He clearly understood the needs of Russia and his own responsibility as ruler.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER

A wagoner was once driving a heavy load along a muddy way. At last he came to a part of the road where the wheels sank halfway into the mire. The more the horses pulled, the deeper sank the wheels.

The wagoner threw down his whip, knelt, and prayed to Hercules the Strong. "O Hercules, help me in this hour of my distress."

But Hercules appeared to him and said: "Tut, tut, man! Don't kneel there. Rise and put your shoulder to the wheel."

God helps him who helps himself.

— ÆSOP.

THE YOUNG SERF

PART I

It was towards the close of a September day. Old Gregor and his grandson Sasha were returning home through the forest with the bundles of wood. The old man stooped low under the weight of the heavier sticks he carried. The boy dragged his great bunch of twigs and splints by a rope drawn over his shoulder. Where the trees grew thick, the air was quite gloomy, but in the open spaces they could see the sky and tell how near it was to sunset.

Both were silent, for they were tired; and it is not easy to talk and carry a heavy load at the same time. Presently something gray appeared through the trees, at the foot of a low hill. It was the rock where they always rested on the way home. Old Gregor laid down his bundle there, and wiped his face on the sleeve of his brown jacket. Sasha sprang upon the rock and began to balance himself upon one foot, as was his habit whenever he tried to think about anything.

"Grandfather," he said at last, "why should all the forest belong to the Baron and none of it to you?"

Gregor looked at him sharply for a moment before he answered.

"It was his father's and his grandfather's. It has been the property of the family for many hundred years; and we have never had any property."

"I know that," said Sasha. "But why did it come so first?"

Gregor shook his head. "You might as well ask why the world was made." Then, seeing that the boy looked troubled, he added in a kinder tone: "What put such a thought into your head?"

"The forest itself!" cried Sasha. "The Baron lets us have the top branches and little twigs, but he keeps the logs and sells them for money. I know all the trees, and he does not. I can find my way in the woods anywhere; and many a tree, if it could talk, would say to me, 'I'd rather belong to you, Sasha, because I know you.'"

"Aye, and the moon would say the same to you, boy, and the sun and stars, maybe. You might as well want to own them. And you don't even belong to yourself."

Gregor's words seemed harsh and fierce but his voice was very sad. Sasha looked at him and knew not what to say; but he felt that his heart was beating violently. All at once he heard a rustling among the dead leaves, and a sound like steps approaching. The old man took hold of his grandson's arm and made a sign to him to be silent. The sound came nearer. Presently they could distinguish some dusky object moving toward them through the trees.

"Is it a robber?" whispered Sasha.

"It is not a man unless he uses his knees for hind feet. I see his head! It is a bear! Keep quiet, boy! Make no noise. Take this tough stick and hold it at your side, as I do mine. If I tell you to strike, hit him on the end of the nose!"

It was indeed, a full-grown bear, marching slowly on his great flat feet. He was not more than thirty yards distant,

THE BEAR GAZED STEADILY AT THEM

when he saw them and stopped. Both kept their eyes fixed upon his head, but did not move. Then he came a few paces nearer, and Sasha tried hard not to show that he was trembling inwardly, more from excitement than fear. The bear gazed steadily at them for what seemed a long time. There was an expression of anger, but also of stupid bewilderment in his eyes. Finally he gave a sniff and a grunt, tossed up his nose, and walked on, stopping once or twice to turn and look back, before he disappeared from view. Sasha lifted his stick and shook it toward him. He felt that he should never again be much afraid of bears.

"Now, boy," said Gregor, "you have learned how to face danger. I have been as near to a cannon as to that bear, and the wind of the ball threw me on my face. But I was up the next minute and the gunner went down. Our colonel saw it, and I remember what he said, yes, every word! He would have kept his promise, but we carried him from the field dead, next day, and that was the end of the matter. It was in France."

"Grandfather," Sasha suddenly asked, "are there forests in France? and do they belong to the Barons?"

"Pick up your sticks, boy, and come along. It will be dark before we get to the village, and the potatoes are cooked by this time." The mention of the potatoes revived all Sasha's forgotten hunger, and he obeyed in silence.

After walking for a mile as rapidly as their loads would permit, they came out of the forest, and saw the wooden houses of the village on a green knoll, in the last gleams of sunset. The church, with its three copper-covered domes, stood on the highest point. Next to it was the priest's

house and garden. Then began the broad street, lined with square log cabins and adjoining stables, sloping down to a large pond, at the foot of which was a mill. Beyond the water there was a great stretch of grazing meadow, then long, rolling fields of rye and barley, extending to the woods which bounded the view in every direction. The village was situated within a few miles of the great main highway running from Warsaw to Moscow. The waters of the pond fed the stream which flowed into one of the branches of the river Dnieper.

The whole region, including the village and nearly all the people in it, belonged to the estate of Baron Popoff, the roofs of whose residence were just visible to the southward, on a hill overlooking the road to Moscow.

Although the Baron sold every year great quantities of timber, grain, hemp, and wool from his estates, he always seemed to be in want of money. The servants who went with him every winter to St. Petersburg were very discreet, and said little about their master's habits of life; but the people understood, somehow, that he often lost large sums by gambling. The fact that their master gambled gave them a good deal of uneasiness; for if he should be obliged to part with the estate, they would all be transferred, with it, to the new owner. This new owner might be one who had other estates in other parts of Russia, to which he could send them if he wished.

At that time twenty-two millions of the Russian people were serfs or slaves, belonging on the land where they were born. Their labor, as well as their property, belonged to the owner of the land. The owners had not the power to

sell these serfs, but could transfer them from one estate to another. Baron Popoff was an indifferent, but not a cruel, master. The people of the village had belonged to his family for several generations, and were accustomed to their condition. At least, they saw no way of changing it except by a change of masters, which was more likely to be a misfortune than a benefit.

It was nearly dark when old Gregor and Sasha threw down their loads, and entered the house. The supper was ready and waiting. Sasha's sister, little Minka, had been up to the church door to see whether they were coming. In one corner of the room a tiny lamp was burning before a picture of the Virgin and Child. Sasha's father, Ivan, had also lighted a long pine splint, and the room looked very cheerful. The boiled potatoes were steaming in a great wooden bowl. Beside the bowl stood a dish of salt, a dish of melted fat, and a loaf of black bread. They had neither plates, knives, nor forks. There were only some coarse wooden spoons. All ate out of the bowl, after the salt had been sprinkled, and the fat poured over the potatoes. For drink, there was an earthen pitcher of thin, sour beer.

Old Gregor sat on one side of the table, and Ivan with Anna, his wife, opposite. There were five children, Sasha, Minka, Peter, Waska, and Sergius. Sasha, the oldest, was thirteen, and rather small for his age. He had pleasant gray eyes, and long, thick, yellow hair. When he went to the village bathhouse on a Saturday evening, to take his steam bath with the rest, the men would sometimes examine his muscles and joints, and say, "You are going to be a strong man, Sasha."

The boy was burning with desire to tell the story of the bear; but he did not like to speak before his grandfather. It also seemed to him that his grandfather was watching him. Gregor first lighted his pipe, and then related the story in the most natural way in the world, as if it were something that happened every day.

"I am sorry I hadn't your gun with me, Ivan," he said at the close. "With the meat, the fat, and the skin, we should have had thirty rubles."

"Why did you let him go, Sasha?" asked little Peter. "I would have killed him and carried him home!" All laughed so heartily at this, that Peter began to cry, and was soon put in a box in the corner, where he slept with Waska and Sergius.

"Take the gun with you to-morrow, father," said Ivan.

"It is too much with my load. The old hunting knife is all I want. Sasha will stand by with a club. He will not be afraid next time."

Sasha was about to exclaim, "I was not afraid the first time!" But before he spoke it flashed across his mind that he did tremble a little, — just a very little.

By this time it was dark outside. Two pine splints had burned out, one after the other, and only the little lamp before the shrine enabled them dimly to see each other. The older people went to bed in their narrow rooms, which were but little larger than closets. Sasha, spreading a coarse sack of straw on the floor, lay down, covered himself with his sheepskin coat, and in five minutes was so sound asleep that he might have been dragged about by the heels without being awakened.

PART II

The next day, in the forest, old Gregor worked more rapidly than usual. He spoke very little in spite of Sasha's eagerness to talk. He kept the boy so busy that all the wood was gathered and made into bundles two or three hours before the usual time.

They were in a partially cleared spot near the top of some rising ground. The old man looked at the sky, nodded his head, and said with a satisfied air: "We have plenty of time left for ourselves, Sasha. Come with me, and I will show you something."

He started in a direction opposite from home. The boy, who expected nothing less than the finding of another bear, seized a tough, straight club, and followed him. They went for nearly a mile over rolling ground, through the forest. Then they descended into a narrow glen, at the foot of which ran a rapid stream. Very soon, rocks began to appear on either side, and the glen became a chasm where there was barely room to walk. It was a cold, gloomy, strange place. Sasha had never seen anything like it. He felt a peculiar creeping of the flesh, but not for the world would he have turned back.

The path ceased. There was a waterfall in front, filling the whole chasm. Gregor pulled off his boots and stepped into the stream. The water reached nearly to his knees. He gave his hand to Sasha, who could scarcely walk alone against the force of the current. They reached the foot of the fall, and the spray whirled into their faces.

Then Gregor turned suddenly to the left, and passed

through the thin edge of the falling water. Sasha, pulled after him, found himself in a low-arched vault of rock, into which the light shone down from another opening. They crawled upward on hands and knees, and came out into a great circular hole, like a kettle. The stream ran through the middle of this hole. There was no other way of getting into it, for the rocks leaned inward as they rose, making the bottom much broader than the top.

On one side, under the middle of the rocky arch, stood a square black stone about five feet high. Around it was a circle of seven smaller stones, resembling seats. Sasha was dumb with surprise at finding himself in this wonderful place.

Old Gregor made the sign of the cross, and muttered something that seemed to be a prayer. Then he went to the black stone and placed his hand on it.

"Sasha," said he, "this is one of the places where the old Russian people came, many thousand years ago, before ever the name of Christ was heard of. They were dreadful heathen in those days, and this was what they had in place of a church. The altar had to be of black stone because they had a black god who was never satisfied unless they fed him with human blood."

"Where is he now?" Sasha inquired.

"I do not know. They say he turned into an evil spirit, and is hiding somewhere in the wilderness. His name was Perun. Most men do not dare to speak the name; but I dare, because I have been a soldier, and because I have an honest conscience. Are you afraid to stand here, Sasha?"

"I am not afraid if you are not, grandfather," answered Sasha.

"If your heart were bad and false, you might well be afraid. Come here to me."

Sasha obeyed. The old man opened the boy's coarse shirt and laid his hand upon the boy's heart. Then he laid the boy's hand on his own heart. The heart of each beat against the hand of the other.

"Now, boy," said Gregor, "I am going to trust you. If you say a word you do not mean, or think otherwise than you speak, I shall feel it in the motion of your heart. Do you know the difference between a serf and a free man? Would you rather live like your father, without anything he can call his own, or like the Baron, with houses and forests that no one could take away from you, — unless it might be the emperor?"

Sasha's heart gave a great thump before he opened his mouth. The old man smiled and said to himself, "I was right." Then he said to the boy: "I should be a free man now if our Colonel had lived. Your father had not wit and courage enough to try, but you have, Sasha, and you can do it, too, if you think of nothing else, and work for nothing else. I will help you all I can; but you must begin at once, for there is much to be done. Will you try?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Sasha, eagerly.

"Promise me you will say nothing to any living soul. Promise me that you will obey me, and remember what I say while I live, and be faithful to your purpose when I am dead."

Sasha promised everything at once. After a moment's silence, Gregor took his hand from the boy's breast and said: —

"Yes, you truly mean it. The old people used to say that if any one broke a promise made before this stone, the old heathen god would have power over him."

"Perhaps the bear was the black god," suggested Sasha.

"Perhaps he was. Look him in the face, as you did yesterday. Remember your promise, and he cannot harm you."

As they walked slowly back through the forest, Gregor began to talk. The boy kept close beside him, listening eagerly to every word.

"The first thing to do is to get knowledge, and to make yourself useful in as many ways as possible. You must learn to read and write, and you must learn arithmetic. I will tell you all I know about everything in the world, but that is very little. What I do know is so mixed up in my head that I scarcely know how to begin to teach you. Still, what I learned has not been forgotten; and I now see the reason why. Everything you know will be of use some time. Be sure of that."

"Tell me about France!" Sasha cried.

"France, and Germany also! I spent two or three years in those countries, and learned to speak both French and German. I will teach you both languages. I will also tell you of the strange habits of the people, and their houses, and churches, and which way the battle went, and what queer harnesses they have on their horses."

So he continued to talk. It was a great delight to him to recall these memories. He was surprised to find how many little things that seemed forgotten came back to his mind. Sasha's breath came quickly as he listened. His whole

body felt warm and nimble. It suddenly seemed possible to him to learn anything and everything. Before reaching home, he had learned twenty or thirty French words. There they were in his memory, hard and tight. He knew he should never forget them.

From that day began a new life for both. Old Gregor's way of teaching would have confused a pupil less ignorant and less eager to be taught. But Sasha was so eager for freedom and so sure that knowledge would help him obtain his desire, that he seized upon everything there was to be learned. In a few months he knew as much German and French as his grandfather. When they were alone, they spoke as much as possible in one or the other language.

But the boy's greatest desire was to learn how to read. During the following winter he made himself useful to the priest in various ways, and finally succeeded in learning the letters of the alphabet from him, and how to put them together to form words. Of course he could not keep secret all that he did. But he explained his purpose to no one.

One day in the spring, just after the Baron had returned with his wife from St. Petersburg, Sasha was sent on an errand to the castle. He was bareheaded and barefooted. His shirt and wide trousers were very coarse, but clean. His hair floated over his shoulders like a mass of shining silk. When he reached the castle, the Baron and Baroness, with a strange lady, were sitting on the balcony. The strange lady said in French: "There is a nice looking boy!"

Sasha was so glad to find that he understood, and so delighted with the remark, that he looked up suddenly and blushed.

"I really believe he understands what I said," she exclaimed.

The Baron laughed. "Do you suppose my young serfs are educated like princes?" he asked. "If he were so intelligent as that, how long could I keep him?"

Sasha bent down his head and kicked the loose pebbles at his feet to hide his excitement. The blood was humming in his ears. The Baron had said the same thing as his grandfather. To get knowledge and skill was the only way to get freedom!

PART III

The summer had passed away, and the second autumn came. Sasha had learned all his grandfather knew, and began to grow impatient for something more. He had secured a little reading book such as is used for children, and studied it until he knew all its contents. But there was none to give the poor boy another volume, or to teach him further.

One afternoon, as he was returning alone from a neighboring village by a country road which branched off from the main highway, he saw three men sitting on a bank, under the edge of a thicket. They were strangers, and seemed to him to be foreigners. Two were of middle age, and had harsh, evil faces. The third was young, and looked anxious and frightened. They were talking earnestly; but before Sasha could hear what they were saying, one of the older men saw him, and made a sign to the others. Then he was very sure they suddenly changed their language; for it was German he now heard.

He felt proud of his own knowledge, and his first thought was to say "Good day!" in German. But remembering his grandfather's command never to show knowledge until there is a good reason for it, he greeted them in Russian. The young man nodded in return; the others took no notice of him. In passing, he understood these sentences: —

"He will bring a great deal of money. There is no danger. He will be alone. Grain and hemp both sold to-day. It will be dark."

Just beyond the thicket, the road made a sharp turn and entered the woods. Sasha darted through the trees as soon as he was out of sight and went to the rear of the thicket. He crawled silently nearer on his hands and knees, and lay flat upon the ground within hearing of the men's voices. They were silent. His heart beat so loudly that he thought they could no more help hearing it than a blacksmith's hammer.

Presently one of them spoke, this time in Russian: "There is a hill from which you can see both roads. But he will hardly take the highway."

"Are you sure his groom was not in the town?" asked another.

"It is all as I say. Rely upon that!" was the answer. "For all his title, he is no more than another man, and we are three!"

In talking further, they mentioned the name of the town. It was a place only a few miles distant, where the hemp, grain, and other products of the estate were sold to traders; and this was the day of the sale. The plot of the robbers flashed into Sasha's mind. If he had any remaining doubts, they were soon dissipated by hearing the Baron's name.

He was to be waylaid, robbed, — and killed if he resisted. Then the oldest man of the three got up from the bank where they were sitting and said: —

"We must be on the way. It is better to be too early than too late."

"But it is a terrible thing to do," the youngest remarked.

"You can't turn back now!" the other cried.

Sasha waited until he could no longer hear their footsteps. Then he started up, and keeping away from the road they had taken, ran through the woods and thicket in the direction of the town. His only thought was to reach the hill from which both roads could be seen. He knew it well. There was a bridle path, shorter than the main highway; and the Baron would probably take it, as he was on horseback. The hill divided the two roads. It was covered with young birch trees which grew very thick on the summit, and almost closed the path. But there was a long spur of thicket, he remembered, running out on the ridge. Whoever stood on the end of it could almost look into the town.

Sasha was so excited that he took a track almost as short as a bird flies. He tore through bushes and brambles without thinking of the scratches they gave him. He jumped across gullies, and ran at full speed over open fields. He was faint, bruised, and breathless; but he never paused until he reached the farthest point of the thicket on the hill. It was then about an hour before sunset, and only one or two foot travelers were to be seen upon the highway. The town was half a mile off, but he could plainly see where the bridle path issued from a little lane between the houses. Concealing himself under a thick alder bush, he care-

SASHA SEIZED THE BRIDLE

fully watched that point. He waited for what seemed a long, long time. The sun was just setting when, finally, a horseman made his appearance. By the large white horse Sasha knew it must be the Baron. The rider looked at his watch, and then began to canter along the level toward the hill. There was no time to lose; so, without pausing a moment to think, Sasha sprang out of his hiding place, and ran down the grassy slope at full speed, crying, "Lord Baron! Lord Baron!"

At first the rider did not seem to heed him. He cantered on, and it required all Sasha's remaining strength to reach the path in advance of him. Then he dropped upon his knees, lifted up his hands and cried once more, "Stop, Lord Baron!"

The Baron reined up his horse just in time to avoid tram-

pling on the boy. Sasha sprang to his feet, seized the bridle, and gasped, "The robbers!"

"Who are they? and what does this mean?" asked the Baron, in a stern voice.

But Sasha was too much in earnest to feel afraid of the great lord. "I am Sasha, the son of Ivan, the son of Gregor," he said, and then told as rapidly as he could all that he had seen and heard.

The Baron looked at his pistols. "The caps are taken off!" he cried. "You may have done me a good service, boy. Wait here. It is not enough to escape the rascals. We must capture them."

He turned his horse and galloped back at full speed toward the town. Sasha watched him, thinking only that he was saved, at last. It was growing dark, when the boy's quick ear caught the sound of steps in the opposite direction. He turned and saw the three men rapidly approaching. With a sense of deadly terror, he started and ran towards the town.

"Kill the little spy!" shouted a voice which he well knew.

Sasha cried aloud for help as he ran, but no help came. He was already weak and exhausted from the exertion he had made. He heard the robbers coming nearer and nearer. All at once it seemed to him that his cries were answered. But at the same moment a heavy blow fell upon his head and shoulder. He fell to the ground and knew no more.

PART IV

When Sasha came to his senses, it seemed to him that he must have been dead for a long time. First of all, he had to

think who he was. This was not as easy as you may suppose, for he was lying in a bed in a room he had never seen before. It was broad daylight. The sun shone upon one of his hands. The hand was so white and thin that it did not seem to belong to him. Then he lifted it, and was amazed to find how little strength there was in his arm. He brought it to his head at last, and there was another surprise. All his long, silken hair was gone. He was so weak and bewildered that he groaned aloud, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

There was a noise in the room, and presently old Gregor bent over the bed.

"Grandfather," said the boy, "am I your Sasha still?" And how feeble his voice sounded!

The old man, crying for joy, dropped on his knees and said a prayer. "Now you will get well!" he cried. "But you must not talk. The doctor said you were not to talk."

"Where am I?" Sasha asked.

"At the castle. The Baron's own doctor comes every day to see you. They let me stay here to nurse you. It will be a week to-morrow since you were hurt."

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Don't talk, for the love of Heaven," said Gregor. "You saved the Baron from being robbed and killed. The head robber struck your head and broke your arm. The Baron and the people came just in time to save you. One of the robbers was shot, and the other two are in jail. O my boy, remember the altar of the black god, Perun! Be obedient to me. Close your eyes and keep quiet!"

But Sasha could not close his eyes. Little by little his

memory returned. A sense of what he had done filled his mind, and made him happy. He felt a dull ache in his left arm, and found it was so tightly bandaged he could not move it. So he lay quite still. Gregor sat and watched him with sparkling eyes. After a time the door opened, and the physician came in. The old man rose and talked with him in whispers. Then Sasha found that a spoon was held to his lips. He swallowed something that had a strange, pleasant taste, and almost immediately fell asleep.

In a day or two he was strong enough to sit up in bed, and was allowed to talk. Then the Baron and Baroness came to see him, with the lady who was their guest. They were all eager to learn the particulars of the occurrence, especially how Sasha had discovered the plot of the robbers. He began at the beginning, and had got as far as the robbers' change of language on seeing him. Then he stopped in great confusion, and looked at his grandfather.

Gregor neither spoke nor moved; but his eyes seemed plainly to say, "Tell everything."

Sasha then related the story to the end. The Baroness came to the bedside, stooped down, kissed him, and said, "You have saved your lord!"

But the other lady, who had been watching him curiously, said: "This is the same fine looking little serf I saw before! When I spoke of him in French, he blushed. I am sure he understood me. Don't you understand me now, my boy?"

She asked the question in French, and Sasha answered in the same language, "Yes, madam."

The lady clapped her hands in delight, but the Baron asked very sternly, "Where did you learn so many languages?"

"From me!" Gregor answered. "The boy likes to know things; and I have always thought — saving your opinion, my good lord — that when God gives any one a strong wish for knowledge, He means it to be answered. So I opened to him all there is in this foolish old head of mine, while we worked together in the forest. It was such a pleasure for him to take it that it came to me to be a pleasure to give. You understand, my lady?"

"Yes," said the Baroness. "I understand that without Sasha's knowledge of German my husband would probably have been murdered."

"That is not so certain," the Baron replied. "But all is well that ends well. The boy did his duty like a full-grown man, and I will take care of him."

Then they went out of the room, and Sasha asked, in some anxiety, "Grandfather, did you wish me to tell?"

"Yes," answered Gregor; "for the youngest robber has already confessed that they spoke in German, and thought themselves safe while you were passing. It is all right, my boy. The Baron is satisfied, and means to help you. Your opportunity has come sooner than I expected. I must have a little time to think about it. My head is like a stiff joint, hard to bend when I want to use it. It is fortunate for me that you can't get out of bed for a week to come."

He laughed as he left the bedside, and took his seat on the broad stone bench beside the stove. Sasha kept silent, for he knew the old man's brain was hard at work. He tried to do a little thinking himself, but it made him feel weak and giddy. In fact, the blow upon his head would have killed a more delicate boy.

His strength came back so rapidly, however, that in a week he was able to walk out, with his arm in a sling. He was still pale, and looked so strange in his short hair, that on his first visit home, his mother burst into tears on seeing him. Then Minka, Peter, Sergius, and Waska lifted up their voices and cried. Ivan, who was at first angry with them, cried also, without knowing why he did it. All this made Sasha feel very uncomfortable. He was on the point of saying, "I won't do it again," when old Gregor commanded silence in the house. He had looked through the window and seen some of the neighbors coming. So the whole family, as quickly as they could, became cheerful again.

By this time Gregor had made up his mind. Sasha knew that he could not change it if he would. He was, therefore, very glad to find how well his grandfather's ideas agreed with his own. While waiting for the Baron to speak again, he had lost no time. The strange lady who was visiting at the castle took a friendly interest in teaching him French and German. She gave him Russian books to read, which were not too difficult for him. He was so eager to satisfy her that he really made astonishing progress.

When the robbers were tried before the judge, Sasha was called upon to give testimony against them. One of the three having been killed, the youngest one was not afraid to confess. His story and Sasha's agreed perfectly. The boy described the unwillingness of the former to undertake the crime. Even the Baron said a word in his favor. The judge at last sentenced him to be banished to Siberia for only ten years, while the older robber was sent there for life.

The evening after the trial the Baron asked Sasha, "Would you like to be one of my house servants, boy?"

Just as his grandfather had advised him, Sasha answered, "It is not for me to choose, my lord; but I think I can serve you much more to your profit if you will let me try to become a merchant."

"A merchant!" the Baron exclaimed.

"Not all at once," said Sasha. "I could be of use now to help carry and sell things, because I can count, and speak a little in other languages. I should make myself so useful to some merchant that he would give me a chance to learn the whole business in time. Then I should earn much money and could pay you for the privilege."

The Baron had often envied noblemen of his acquaintance because some of their serfs were rich manufacturers or merchants, and paid them large annual sums for the privilege of living for themselves. Here seemed to be a chance for him to gain something in the same way. The boy spoke so confidently, and looked in his face with such honest eyes, that he felt obliged to consider the proposition seriously.

"How will you reach St. Petersburg?" he asked.

"When you go, my lord," said Sasha, "I could sit on the box at the coachman's feet. I will help him with the horses, and it shall cost you nothing. When I reach St. Petersburg, I know I shall find a place."

"You may go," said the Baron.

PART V

Here, as a boy not yet fifteen, Sasha began his work as a man. The task he undertook demanded industry, patience,

and the devotion of his life. But he had been prepared for it by a sound, if somewhat hard, experience; and he never lost an opportunity to learn or to do whatever might make him a better man and a more successful merchant.

At thirty, he had a store and a warehouse on the great main street of St. Petersburg. Over the door was a large sign with the name Alexander Ivanovitch. He employed a number of clerks and salesmen, and had a servant who would go through fire and water to help him. I must tell you how he found this man, and why the latter was so faithful.

On one of his journeys of business, five years before, Sasha visited the town of Perm, on the western side of the Ural Mountains. It is on the main highway to Siberia, and prisoners are continually passing, either on the way thither in chains, or returning in rags when their banishment has expired. One evening Sasha found by the roadside a miserable looking wretch who seemed to be dying. He felt the man's pulse, lifted up his head and looked in his face, and was startled in recognizing the younger of the three robbers. He had the sick man taken to the inn, cared for, and restored to health. After being convinced of his earnest desire to lead a better life, Sasha gave him employment.

The robber was not naturally a bad man. He was only ignorant and superstitious. It seemed to him both a miracle and a warning that he should have been saved by Sasha. He fully believed his soul would be lost if he should ever act dishonestly toward his employer.

Keeping his heart steadily upon the great purpose of his life, Sasha rose from one step to another until he became an

independent and wealthy merchant. He was far wealthier indeed than the Baron supposed. He paid the Baron a handsome annual sum for his time, and sent only small presents of money to his parents; for he knew how few and simple were their needs. He felt a thousand times more keenly than old Gregor what it is to be a serf. The old man was still living, but very feeble and helpless. Sasha often grew wild at the thought that his grandfather might die before knowing freedom.

His plan of action had long been fixed, and now the hour had come when he determined to try it. He had for years kept a strict watch over the Baron's life in St. Petersburg. He knew the amount of his increasing debts and the embarrassments they caused him. Indeed, he could very nearly calculate the moment when ruin would come. He was not surprised, therefore, at receiving an urgent summons from his master.

"Sasha," said the Baron, laying his hand upon the serf's shoulder with a familiarity he had never shown before, "you are an honest, faithful fellow. I need a few thousand rubles for a month or two. Can you get the money for me?"

"I have heard that you are in difficulty, my lord," Sasha answered. "I knew why you sent for me, and I come to offer you a way out of your troubles. Your debts amount to more than a hundred thousand rubles. Would you like to be relieved of them?"

"Would I not like to be relieved of them? — but how?" cried the Baron.

"I will pay them, my lord, but you will do one thing for me in return."

"You? You?"

"I," Sasha quietly answered. "I will free you, and you will free me."

"Ah!" cried the Baron, springing to his feet. His pride was touched. He was fond of boasting that he also had a serf who was a rich merchant. The fact had many times helped his credit when he wanted to borrow money. Unconsciously he shook his head.

"You have not the money," he said.

Sasha, who understood what was passing through the Baron's mind, suffered so much from his cruel uncertainty that he turned deadly pale.

"I am well known," he answered, "and can procure the money in an hour. How much is my serfdom worth to you? My annual payment is scarcely one tenth of the usurious interest you are compelled to pay on your debts. I offer to release you from all trouble, and thus add not less than eight thousand rubles a year to your income. And my freedom, which you can now sell back to me at such a price, may be mine without buying in a few years more."

The Emperor, Alexander II, had at that time just succeeded to the throne, and his intention to free the serfs was already suspected by the people. Sasha knew that he was running a great risk in what he said; but his clasped hands, his trembling voice, his eyes filled with tears, affected the Baron more powerfully than his words.

There was a long silence. The master turned away to the window and considered the offer carefully. The serf waited in the greatest anxiety, in the middle of the room.

Suddenly the Baron turned and struck his clenched fist

on the table. Then he stretched out his hand and said, "Alexander Ivanovitch, I am glad to make your acquaintance as a friend. I am no longer your master."

Sasha took his hand and kissed it, and his tears fell fast. "Dear lord Baron!" he cried, "give also the freedom of my father and grandfather, and I will add a payment of five thousand rubles a year, for ten years to come!"

"And your ancestors for five hundred years back," the Baron answered, laughing. "I don't know their names, but they can all be thrown into the deed in one lump."

Before another day it was done. Sasha and the living members were free, and his ancestors would also have been free if they had not been dead. With the parchment signed and sealed in his pocket, he took a carriage and post horses, and traveled night and day until he reached his native village. No one knew the stranger in his rich merchant's dress. His father and brothers were in the field at work, and his mother had stepped out to see a neighbor. Old Gregor was alone in the house. He was leaning back in a rude armchair, with a sheepskin over his knees. His eyes were closed, and his face was haggard and sunken.

Sasha kneeled down beside the chair and placed his hand on the old man's heart to see if it still beat. Presently came a broken voice, "The black god — the truth, my boy!" — and Gregor feebly stretched out a hand toward Sasha's breast. Sasha opened his dress, and placed the cold fingers over his own heart. The warmth seemed to kindle a fresh life in the old man. He at last opened his eyes. "Little Sasha," he said, "little Sasha will keep his word."

"I have kept it, grandfather," Sasha cried.

"It is a brave man, and a brave looking man," said Gregor, "but he has the boy's voice, and I know the boy's hand is on my heart."

Sasha could no longer restrain himself. "And the boy is a free man, grandfather!" he exclaimed. "We are all free! Here is the Baron's deed which says so, with the seal of the Empire upon it. Look, grandfather! Do you understand you are free?"

Gregor was lifted to his feet as if by an unseen hand. At that moment Sasha's parents and brothers entered the house. The old man did not heed their cries of astonishment. Clasping the parchment to his breast, he looked upward, and exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Free at last! all free! I will carry the news to God!" Then with a single gasp he reeled, and, before any one could reach him, fell dead upon the floor.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

From "Boys of Other Countries."

EVENING ON THE FARM

From out the hills when the twilight stands,
Above the shadowy pasture lands,
  With strained and strident cry,
Beneath pale skies that sunset bands,
  The bull-bats fly:

From woods no glimmer enters in,
Above the streams that, wandering, win
  From out the violet hills,
Those haunters of the dusk begin,
  The whippoorwills.

Adown the dark the firefly marks
Its flight in golden-emerald sparks;
  And, loosened from its chain,
The shaggy watchdog bounds and barks,
  And barks again.

Each breeze brings scent of hill-heaped hay;
And now an owlet far away,
  Cries twice or thrice, "T-o-o-ho-o-o";
And cool dim moths of mottle gray
  Flit through the dew.

The night is still. The slow cows chew
A drowsy cud. The bird that flew
  And sang is in its nest.
It is a time of falling dew,
  Of dreams and rest.

The brown bees sleep, and round the walk,
The garden path, from stalk to stalk
  The bungling beetle booms,
Where two soft shadows stand and talk
  Among the blooms.

The stars are thick; the light is dead
That dyed the west; and Drowseyhead,
  Tuning his cricket-pipe,
Nods, and some apple, round and red,
  Drops over-ripe.

Now down the road that shambles by,
A window, shining like an eye
  Through climbing rose and gourd,
Shows where toil sups, and those things lie —
  His heart and hoard.

— Madison J. Cawein.

A RULE OF LIFE

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

— Lord Tennyson.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Part I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robes ease.
  Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
  To find the remedy we're lacking,
  Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council;
  At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
  I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous,)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat.
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table,
And, "Please, your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew into a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Curling tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed, dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
  Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
  Swam across and lived to carry
  (As he the manuscript he cherished)
  To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!'
Just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me, —
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

Part II

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple,
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders? The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow

With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink:
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait; beside
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane,
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

H. Kaulbach.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

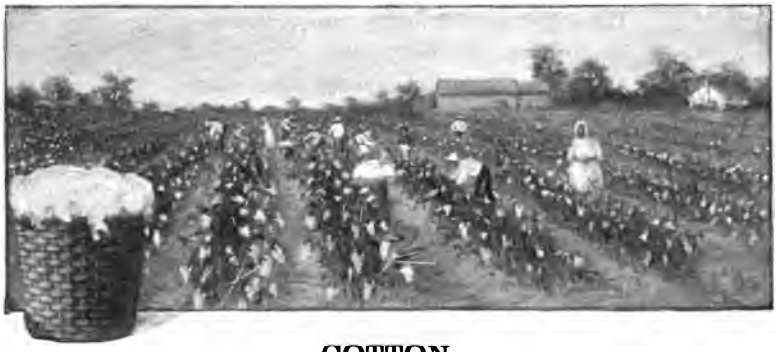
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood, —
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by, —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross the mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"
Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,

If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not always appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And had the great church window painted
The same to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
In Transylvania there is a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land;
But how or why they don't understand.

— Robert Browning.



COTTON

From white to red burns my blossom spread,
'Neath a sky of deepest blue,
A pledge for the wide world's wealth and weal,
With each summer's sun anew.
And ere fierce winter can call his clans,
Or his shrilling trumpets blow,
The fields shine white, through the autumn light,
With my harvest crown of snow!

Then on, in the eager world's emprise,
I hasten to bear my part;
There's highway for me, o'er land and sea,
And welcome in every mart.
My vassals true are the gin and screw,
The wind and the wingéd steam,
My thrall the boom of the mill and loom
And the dancing shuttle's gleam.

From rainbow tint to the opal's glint
My varying colors run,
And I change my form as the clouds that swarm
The couch of the setting sun,

The spider weaves, in her nest of leaves,
No gossamer web like mine,
And strong the grasp that my fibers clasp
In the twisted cord and line.

I enter the door of the rich and poor,
I clothe the king and the clown,
And serve man's need with stalk and seed
When my leaf is sear and brown.
A truce to your wains of golden grains,
While my flag is still unfurled,
O'er mill and wheel, and spindle and reel,
I rule the trade of the world!

— ZITELLA COCKE.

From "A Cherokee Rose and other Southern Poems."
Copyright by Richard G. Badger.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather;

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn —
But only one mother the wide world over.

THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH

A long time ago there lived a little girl whose name was Coralie. She was kind-hearted and lovable, but she had the very bad habit of telling falsehoods. If she had neglected to perform some duty, or if she desired to escape punishment for some small offense, she was always ready to excuse herself with an untruth. She did not understand that pleasure secured by falsehood could not last.

When Coralie's parents found that she did not tell them the truth, they felt that they could not trust her in anything. They were very much troubled.

They tried to help her break this bad habit, but nothing that they could do was of any use; Coralie still kept on with her lying and deception. At last her parents resolved to take her to the enchanter Merlin, who was then known everywhere as a great friend of truth. Children who were in the habit of telling falsehoods were brought to him in order that he might cure them.

Merlin lived in a glass palace, the walls of which were transparent. Everything that he did was open and frank. Never in his whole life had he tried to make others believe what was not true. He never tried to disguise his actions, nor even to hide the truth by keeping silent.

One day Coralie's parents decided that the time had come to ask Merlin for help. So they took her to his wonderful palace, and he gave them a very kindly greeting. The

CORALIE'S PARENTS TOOK HER TO MERLIN

loving mother, blushing and stammering, started to tell him about the terrible disease that had attacked her daughter. Merlin saw how much it pained her to tell the story, and so he stopped her.

"I know what is the matter, my good lady," said he. "You need not tell me any more. I can readily see that your daughter is a liar. She has never learned the difference between right and wrong. I am sorry for you with such a child; she makes me very uncomfortable."

When Coralie heard these words and saw Merlin, with his steady eyes, looking at her, she was ashamed and frightened. She tried to hide behind her mother, who also was alarmed at the turn things had taken. The father stepped in front of them to protect them, for Merlin looked very stern and very powerful. Both parents were anxious that their child should be cured, but they wanted it done gently and without hurting her.

"Do not be afraid," said Merlin, seeing their terror. "I do not use violence in curing these cases. I am going to make Coralie a beautiful present, which I think will please her."

He opened a drawer, and took from it a magnificent amethyst necklace, beautifully set, with a diamond clasp of dazzling luster. He clasped it around Coralie's neck, and she flushed with pleasure. Delighted at having escaped so easily, Coralie did not even thank Merlin for the necklace; she started to leave while he was saying good-by to her parents. But he called her back, and said sternly: —

"In a year I shall come for my necklace. Till that time I forbid you to take it off even for a single instant. If you dare to do so, harm will surely come to you!"

"I ask nothing better than always to wear it," answered Coralie; "it is so beautiful."

Now this necklace was none other than the famous Necklace of Truth, so much talked of in ancient books. It was said to unveil every kind of falsehood.

The day after Coralie returned home from the visit to Merlin, she was sent to school. She had been absent for some days, and all the little girls crowded around her. There was a general cry of admiration at the sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from?" and "Where did you get it?" were the questions asked on all sides.

In those days for any one to say that he had been to see the enchanter Merlin was to give away the whole story. Coralie took good care not to betray herself in this way.

"I was sick for a long time," she said boldly; "and on my recovery, my parents gave me this beautiful necklace."

A loud cry rose from all her companions. The diamonds in the clasp of her necklace, which were so brilliant at first, had suddenly become dim and were turned to coarse glass.

"Well — yes — I have been sick," said Coralie. "What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood, the amethysts in turn changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie, seeing all eyes fixed on her necklace, looked at it herself, and was struck with terror.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin's," said she, humbly, understanding from what direction the blow had come, and not daring to persist in her falsehood.

Scarcely had she confessed the truth when the necklace recovered all its beauty; but the loud bursts of laughter

CORALIE'S NECKLACE WAS GREATLY ADMIRED

from her friends had mortified her to such a degree that she felt the need of saying something to set herself right.

"You do very wrong to laugh," she said, "for he treated us with the greatest possible respect. He sent his carriage to meet us. Imagine six white horses, a carriage with pink satin cushions and gold tassels, to say nothing of the negro coachman with powdered hair and the three tall footmen behind! When we reached his palace, which is all of jasper and porphyry, Merlin came to meet us at the vestibule, and led us to the dining room, where stood a table covered with all kinds of delicacies which I will not name for I know you never heard of them. There was, in the first place —"

The laughter, which had been suppressed with great difficulty ever since she had commenced this fine story, became at that moment so boisterous that she stopped in amazement. Casting her eyes once more on the necklace, she shuddered again. At each detail that she had invented, the necklace had become longer, till it dragged on the ground.

"You are stretching the truth," cried the girls.

"Well, I confess it," replied Coralie. "We went on foot, and stayed only five minutes."

The necklace instantly shrunk to its proper length.

"And the necklace? Where did it come from?"

"Merlin gave it to me without saying a word; probabl—"

She had not time to finish. The necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her, and she gasped for breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her schoolmates.

"He said — that I was — a liar —" gasped Coralie. "That was why he gave me the necklace." Although in-

stantly freed from the pressure that was strangling her, she continued to cry with pain and mortification, saying, between her sobs, that she had been a great fool to be proud of the necklace.

Her little companions had pity on her and stopped laughing; they were good girls, and they knew how they would feel.

"If I were in your place," said one of them, "I should soon send back the necklace. Handsome as it is, it is a great deal too troublesome. Why do you wear it? What hinders you from taking it off?"

Poor Coralie was silent; but the stones began to dance up and down, and to make a dreadful clatter.

"There is something that you have not told us," said the little girls, amused again by this extraordinary dance.

"I like to wear it," protested Coralie.

The diamonds and amethysts clattered worse than ever.

"There is a reason that you are hiding from us," they all declared.

"Well, since I can conceal nothing from you, Merlin strictly forbade me to take it off, under penalty of some dreadful punishment," she replied.

When Coralie was once fully convinced that falsehood was useless, because it would instantly be discovered, she began to try to speak the truth. Her parents were very much pleased when they saw that she was learning to observe closely, and to tell accurately what she saw and heard. Coralie, too, liked the new way better. By and by the Necklace of Truth had nothing more to do. So, long before the year had passed, Merlin came for it.

— *From* "Macé's Fairy Book."

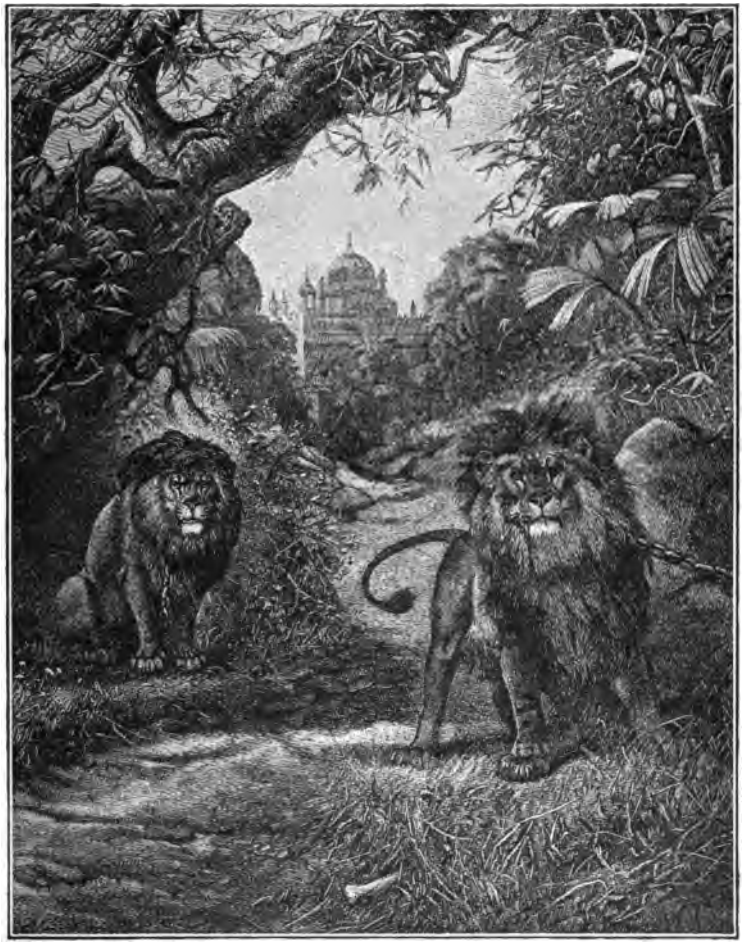
THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

(The following selection was taken from "Pilgrim's Progress," a famous allegory written by an English author named John Bunyan, about two hundred and fifty years ago.)

I looked after Christian to see him go up the hill, and saw that at first he ran, but afterward began to walk. Then the way became so steep that he clambered upward upon his hands and knees. About midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the Hill for the comfort of weary travelers. Here Christian stopped to rest himself. While he rested, he read from the book which he carried with him, and was greatly comforted. Finally he fell asleep, and when he awoke, it was almost night. When he awoke, he started up, and made haste to reach the top of the hill.

Before he reached the top, the sun went down, and not knowing the way, he began to regret that he had fallen asleep in the pleasant arbor. But raising his eyes, he saw a stately palace before him which was called Beautiful, and it stood just beside the highway.

He went toward the castle Beautiful in great haste, to ask for a night's lodging; but before he had gone far he came to a very narrow passage which lay a short distance from the porter's lodge. It was now dark; and looking carefully before him, Christian saw two lions in the way, one on the right and one on the left. These lions were chained, but Christian could not see the chains. Then he was very much



CHRISTIAN SAW TWO LIONS IN THE WAY

afraid, and began to think of going back the way he had come.

But the porter of the lodge, whose name is Watchful, saw that Christian halted, and called to him: —

"Have you no more courage than that? Do not fear the lions, for they are chained. They are placed there to try the traveler's faith, and to prove those who have none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no harm shall come to you."

WATCHFUL

Then he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but heeding the directions of the porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he stood before the gate where the porter waited for his coming.

"Sir, what house is this?" asked Christian. "And may I lodge here to-night?"

"This house was built by the Lord of the Hill, for the relief and safety of pilgrims," said the porter. "Whence do you come, and whither are you going?"

"I am come from the city of Destruction," answered Christian, "and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun has now set, I beg you to let me lodge here for the night."

"I will call one of the virgins of the place," said the porter, "who will, if she likes your talk, invite you into the house."

DISCRETION GREETS CHRISTIAN

So Watchful rang the bell, and a grave and beautiful woman came out of the house, asking why she had been called. The woman's name was Discretion.

"This man is on a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion," said the porter; "and being weary and benighted, asks to remain here until morning."

Then she asked him why he had decided to go to Mount Zion, and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met on his way, and he told her; and last, she asked his name.

"It is Christian now, but once was Graceless," answered the traveler. "I have a great desire to lodge here to-night, because Watchful has told me the house was built by the Lord of the Hill for the relief and safety of pilgrims."

Discretion smiled, but tears stood in her eyes. Christian was invited to enter; and many met him at the threshold of the house, saying: "Come in. This house was built by the Lord of the Hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims as you."

Then he bowed his head and followed them into the house. When he was seated, they gave him food and drink; and while he ate, they talked with him in a most friendly way, asking him about his home city, his family, his journey, and all his experiences on the way.

They talked till late at night, and Christian was greatly comforted. Then, after they had prayed to the Lord for protection, they went to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrise, and the name of the chamber was Peace; and here he slept till the break of day.

HE REMAINED WITH THEM TWO DAYS

In the morning, Christian awoke singing, and ready to go on his way; but the people of the house begged him to remain until he had seen all the beauties of the place; so he remained with them two days.

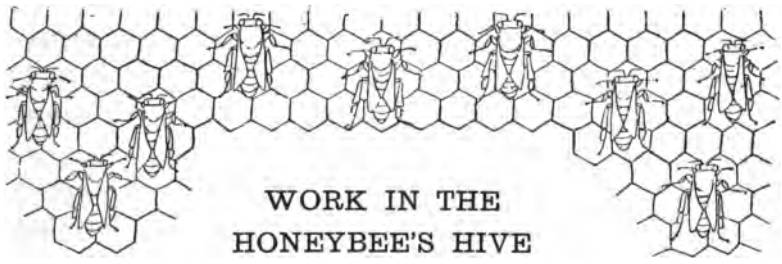
The first day they showed him the armory, with all manner of furnishings for the protection of pilgrims. There were swords and shields and helmets and breastplates, and shoes that would not wear out; and enough for as many pilgrims as there are stars in heaven.

The second day they took him to the top of the house, and told him to look toward the south. There, at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, beautiful with woods, vineyards, and fruits of all kinds. There were flowers, also, and springs and fountains of purest water. He asked the name of the country, and they told him it was Immanuel's Land, and that, like the House Beautiful, it was for the use and comfort of all pilgrims like himself.

On the third day they armed him with sword and shield and helmet and breastplate. Upon his feet they placed shoes that would not wear out. When thus prepared for the journey, he walked out with his friends to the gate. They gave him a loaf, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins, cautioned him of the dangers of the journey, and sent him on his way.

—JOHN BUNYAN.

Adapted from "Pilgrim's Progress."



WORK IN THE HONEYBEE'S HIVE

In the honeybee's home there is a large family. First there is the mother, called the queen bee, who lays the eggs for the whole colony. Then there are thousands of daughters as like as one pea is like another. These are called workers, for it is they who do all the work in the hive. The drones, their brothers, are fine gentlemen who never gather honey or pollen, nor do any work, but stay at home and are taken care of by their sisters.

Since bees eat little besides pollen and honey, a good store of these must be laid up for winter use. Gathering the pollen and honey, however, is but a small part of the worker bee's business. Among other things, she must make jars for storing food for use when flowers are not in bloom.

If I tell you there is something very wonderful about the honeybee that you have not heard, you will not be surprised. She has pockets!

You do not think pockets are so very wonderful? Well, neither do I, just the ordinary, everyday pockets for carrying pencils, and handkerchiefs, and knives. But honeybee has wax pockets! Not pockets made of wax, but pockets filled with wax.

Honeybee has a head. Most creatures have heads. But connected with honeybee's head, by a short neck, she has a

chest, which we call the thorax. Her legs and wings are fastened to the thorax. The rest of her body, attached to the thorax by a slender waist, is the abdomen, the largest part of her body.

This abdomen is made of rings connected to each other by a thin skinlike membrane. These rings fit close together, under each other, or may be drawn out to lengthen the abdomen. There are six of these rings, and under four of them, on the underside of the abdomen, are shallow hollows, two on each ring. These eight hollows are the wax pockets.

EIGHT WAX POCKETS

The queen and the drones have no wax pockets. They are found only on the workers.

If you think honeybee gathers wax and puts it into these pockets, you are very much mistaken. She does not gather wax; she makes it.

When you undertake to store up honey, you must have something to put it in. You cannot pour it on the floor or in a corner, where it would stick to every one who went near it, and where it would run out and be wasted. You must have bottles, or cans, or jars, or something of the kind to pour it into.

If you are a bee, you cannot go to the store and buy these things; you have to make them. So you eat all the honey you possibly can, and then go hang yourself up in the top of the hive and wait. When the bee eats so much honey that she can do nothing but sleep, she knows what she is doing. Of course the sweet food must be disposed of in some way; and in fact, there is formed from it a substance somewhat like fat, only different.

This substance is wax; and it finds its way in liquid form through the pores of her body into the eight pockets on the underside of her abdomen. We might say she sweats out the wax into these pockets.

Wax makes excellent jars for storing honey. It is tight and firm, keeping out air and water. It is strong enough to bear the weight of the bees as they move to and fro at their work. You may be sure honeybee knows all this. She is not surprised to find her pockets full of wax, and she knows what to do with it.

Honeybee's hind legs each have a pair of nippers for pulling the wax scales out of the pockets. When she has pulled out the scales, she moistens them in her mouth with saliva, for they are too brittle at first to be useful. When they are thoroughly moistened and softened, she pulls them out into white bands.

Now she is all ready to make honey cups. First, in company with a number of her sisters, she sticks a little wax along one side of the hive, near the top. Then the six-sided cups, or cells, are begun.

This sounds easy enough; but suppose you try to make a six-sided cell of moist beeswax, and see how you succeed!

Of course you have not the best tools in the world for the work. Good as fingers may be for cutting with scissors, or driving nails, or picking up pins, they are poor tools for making cells of beeswax.

Honeybee is supplied with something better. Those claws on her feet are excellent wax tools, and so are her jaws. She even uses her delicate tongue in the finer work of the cell.

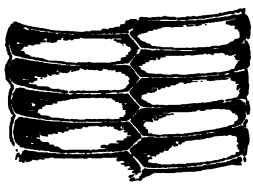
The bees begin at the roof and build the comb downward.

It is wonderful to think of the fairy structure growing there in the dark hive under the efforts of the industrious little bees. They make six-sided cells lying close together, so as not to waste either room or wax. No other shape would so well fill the space. They have discovered this; and as they want to put as many cells into as small a space as possible, the wise workers pat and pull, and press the wax into six-sided, or hexagonal, cups or cells.

Although many bees work together, and in the dark, too, they keep watch over each other's movements in some way, so that few mistakes are made. They build the cells in rows, one row below the other, until they have a wall, or sheet of cells. This sheet of cells we call a comb.

As the comb hangs in the hive, the cells, of course, do not stand up with their open mouths at the top, like a cup on a table. They lie on their sides, which seems rather odd when you come to think of it.

Suppose you were to lay your fruit jars on their sides on the table, in a row, and then pile another row above them, and so on. They would be nicely packed away; but how could you fill them? Honeybee knows what to do. She builds a double row of cells, placed back to back, and opening, of course, in opposite directions.



HONEYCOMB CELLS

The cells are not quite parallel with the floor of the hive. Their mouths are tipped up just a little, and the cells are slightly curved.

If you look into an empty cell of honeycomb, you will see that the cells in a sheet of honeycomb are not exactly op-

posite to each other. They are so placed that the bottom of one rests where three others on the opposite side come together, and sometimes overlaps a fourth. Placing the cells this way makes the comb much stronger.

Now the comb is made, and ready to be filled with honey. The honey gatherers bring in nectar, and standing over the cells, press it up from their honey sacs. A great many loads are necessary to fill one cell, as each bee carries less than a drop at a time.

All day long, in and out, fly the bees, each one leaving her little load of honey to help to fill the cells. When the cell is nearly full, honeybee begins to put on the cover, or cap. She begins at the bottom of the cell; and by the time the cap is finished the cell is full.

So there is her honey cup filled and sealed.

But honeybee does not fill all the cells with honey. Some she fills with beebread, which is a mixture of pollen and honey. Honeybee is fond of beebread, but we are not. We gladly take away some of her store of honey, but we gladly return the beebread.

Other cells are left vacant for the eggs which the bee mother is busy laying. By and by, when the eggs hatch, food will be placed beside the baby bees, in the cells, as much as they can eat.

So, you see, the cell builders, working quietly away in the dark, do quite as much for the comfort and safety of the household as do the bees who busily fly from flower to flower, gathering nectar and pollen.

— MARGARET MORLEY.

Adapted from " The Bee People."

SONG OF THE BEES

We watch for the light of the morn to break,
  And color the eastern sky
With its blended hues of saffron and lake;
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
  And our bread for a long supply."

And off we hie to the hill and dell,
  To the field, to the meadow and bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search for the balm in its fragrant cell,
  The mint and the rosemary flower.

While each, on the good of her sister bent,
  Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening of heart's content
In the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, or its hours misspent,
  And the harvest is past recall.

— HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

THE QUEEN BEE

One would expect to find a mother in so large and flourishing a family as that of the honeybee; and you will not be surprised to hear there is one. The queen is the mother. She is by far the most important member of the community, as I suppose a queen always is, — or should be, if she is a true queen.

This queen mother is a true queen, as she shows by working harder than any other bee in the hive. Of course her work is different from that of the others, else why should she be queen? She does not carry nectar, nor make honeycomb, nor care for the young bees; but she does something just as difficult, and just as important.

On some bright day the young queen takes an airing. She does not have an escort. She goes alone to view the beautiful world outside the hive. She flies up into the blue sky, where she meets a drone, who is her mate. He fills a pocket which she carried for that purpose with pollen. It is not flower pollen, but bee pollen. This pollen lasts as long as she lives, and she uses it to fertilize her eggs.

When she has taken her airing, the queen goes home; and she never leaves the hive again until she flies away for good some day, with the older bees, to make room for the new queen.

The chief occupation of the queen bee is to lay eggs. She lays eggs for the whole colony. If the people who named

her long ago had known as much about bees as we know to-day, they would have named her mother bee instead of queen bee. Sometimes she lays as many as three thousand eggs in one day. She does not keep this up, day after day, the year round. Even a queen bee could not be expected to do that. But to lay three thousand eggs a day, even for a short time, will furnish plenty of work for those who have to take care of the eggs and the young bees, and will keep the queen busy. Sometimes she lays a hundred thousand eggs in one season.

THE QUEEN BEE

The queen bee has to lay an egg for every one of the bees that fill a hive. She lays the eggs in the cells just where she wishes them to be.

Worker bees live only a few months, at best, and sometimes only a few weeks. So the queen, who lives four or five years, and sometimes even longer, has to lay many eggs in order to keep her household supplied with new members to replace those that die.

The queen takes no care of the eggs, nor of the young bees. She leaves all that to her daughters, the workers. She seldom even feeds herself. But the workers are glad to take care of her. They prepare a special kind of food for her use, better than the food the other grown-up bees eat. This is quite proper, as the queen bee could not be expected to eat ordinary food.

The queen mother has tasters, like the kings of old. The king's taster ate a small portion of the king's food in his Majesty's presence that he might be sure it was not poisoned, for they were fond of poisoning kings in those days. But

the queen bee is not afraid of poison. She knows her children love her too well for that. They taste the food out of love for her. In fact, they do more than taste, — they swallow and digest the beebread and honey, and in their bodies it is made into a very nutritious substance. With this they feed the queen. When she is hungry, she goes to a worker, thrusts her long tongue into its mouth, and takes as much as she needs. Sometimes she eats honey from the comb, also.

There is good reason for feeding the queen with royal jelly, as her food is called. The formation of eggs uses up much food material, as well as much strength. If the queen's strength were used in digesting food, for it requires strength to digest food properly, how do you suppose she could lay all those eggs? She could not possibly do it. The workers seem to know this; and so they save her strength in every possible way. They give her an abundance of the best food; they make wax, they find and store food, and even take care of the eggs and the little bee babies when they hatch.

One cannot continue adding several thousand members a week to one's family without sometime being obliged to enlarge the house, or move out. The bee people move out.

There can be only one queen at a time in a hive. As soon as a young queen is hatched, the old queen packs her things, so to speak, and prepares to depart, taking with her most of the old bees in the hive.

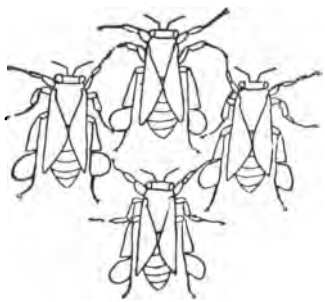
She is very generous with the young queen, who is her own daughter, leaving her the house, the young bees, the

honeycomb, and the brood comb full of eggs and baby bees.

Away she goes, surrounded by her faithful followers in a dense swarm. The whole swarm goes buzzing through the air like a small wind storm, and I, for one, should not like to stand in its path. Some say they send out scouts to find a good place for a home before the swarm starts. They fly to a hollow tree, or to some other convenient shelter, or into a fine new hive, if some one has been watching, and has one ready for their use.

Into the new house they go, and to work they go. In a little while you would never suspect the family had recently moved in, so busy and so thoroughly at home do they all appear. They build new comb, make new honey and beebread; and, just as soon as the cells are ready, the queen mother continues her egg laying.

MARGARET MORLEY — *adapted.*



THE PLOWMAN

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow.

First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;

Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;

Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;

At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;

This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines which heaven-commanded Toil
Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil!

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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THE BELL OF JUSTICE

In old Roman days there once lived a good and just king named John. To prove his willingness to hear all petitions and to see that no man suffered for the evil deeds of his neighbor, he had a great bell hung in the market place of Atri. Then calling his trumpeters, he sent them through the town to tell the people when it should be used.

The trumpeters rode through the streets, stopping here and there to sound their silver trumpets. When the people came out to listen, they cried: —

"Hear, all people, the message of John the King! Whenever any one of you thinks he is treated unjustly, ring the great bell in the market place. As soon as the King hears the sound, he will call his judges together to hear the case and decide what shall be done."

"Long live the King!" cried the people, as the trumpeters rode away to sound their silver trumpets and proclaim the King's message elsewhere.

Time passed happily in the kingdom. The great bell

often tolled, and wrongs were righted. Time and much use finally wore away the rope until it was difficult to reach. Some one passing by upon a certain day saw the frayed ends of the rope swaying in the wind. Cutting a grape-vine, he fastened it to the rope, and left it hanging there, covered with leaves and tendrils.

Now it happened that an old knight dwelt near Atri, who had grown very miserly. This knight had been a brave soldier in his younger days, and had loved hounds and horses, and all kinds of sport. At last, however, grown old, he loved money, and nothing else. He sold hawks, hounds, and horses, and rented his fields and vineyards to other men. Finally only one horse was left. It had been his favorite in the old days, and he could not make up his mind to let it go. Neither could he make up his mind to spend money enough to give it sufficient food. The poor horse stood starving and shivering in its empty stall, while the master schemed and planned how to save more money.

At length he said, "Why should I keep this lazy horse at my own cost? Rents are low and food is dear. I only want him for use on holidays. The rest of the time he stands there eating more than he is worth. I will turn him out upon the highway, and let him seek his own food." Forthwith he turned the faithful old horse out upon the bare, sun-baked street, without food or water. Dogs barked at him; briers scratched his poor legs; and not a hand was stretched out to help him.

One sultry afternoon while the people slept behind closed doors and window shutters, they were suddenly aroused by the loud clanging of the Bell of Justice. The King

and his judges started up, put on their robes and hurried to the market place. The great bell seemed to say: "Some one has done a wrong! Some one has done a wrong!"

But when they reached the belfry, no man nor woman nor child could be seen. Instead, there stood the knight's poor starving horse, eagerly biting at the fresh leaves and tendrils of the grapevine rope!

Meanwhile the people came from all quarters of the town and crowded round the belfry, eager to tell the story of the forsaken animal.

The King sent for the knight and questioned him. He tried to treat the matter as a jest, neither confessing nor denying his cruelty to the horse. "I have a right to do what I will with my own," he muttered to himself.

The judge gravely read the King's proclamation, and then said: —

"When this horse was young and strong, he served you faithfully. You rode with pride, and he helped you do many knightly deeds. Now that he is old and feeble, you starve him, and at last turn him out upon the highway to die. Shame upon you, a knight, to do this cruel thing! Listen to my decision. Because this horse served you in youth, you shall henceforth comfort his old age by providing food and shelter, and such other things as he needs."

"The judge's decision is just, and it pleases me," said the King.

All the people cried, "It is a just decision!" as they triumphantly led the horse to his stall.

In shame and repentance the knight followed after, resolving to neglect his horse no more.

AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

[In the year 79 of the Christian Era occurred that most disastrous eruption of the burning mountain which buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. On the day of that event, according to the following narrative, certain condemned men were to be killed by wild beasts in the vast amphitheater of Pompeii. A great concourse had assembled to witness the scene.]

The awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheater rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the Last Day of Pompeii! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry; a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields.

But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately river Sarnus — whose ancient breadth of channel the traveler now vainly seeks to discover — there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens.

Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph.

Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had rested so long over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the gates of the city were already opened. Horseman upon horseman, vehicle after vehicle, poured rapidly in; and the voices of numerous pedestrian groups, clad in holiday attire, rose high in joyous and excited merriment; the streets were crowded with strangers from the populous neighborhood of Pompeii; and noisily, fast, confusedly, swept the many streams of life toward the fatal show.

Despite the vast size of the amphitheater, — seemingly so disproportioned to the extent of the city, and formed to include nearly the whole population of Pompeii itself, — so great was the concourse of strangers from all parts of Campania, that the space before the building was usually crowded for several hours previous to the commencement of the sports by such persons as were not entitled by their rank to appointed and special seats. And the intense curiosity, which the trial and sentence of two criminals so remarkable had occasioned, increased the crowd on this day to an extent wholly unprecedented. . . .

It was an awful and imposing spectacle, with which modern times have, happily, nothing to compare; a vast theater, rising row upon row, and swarming with human beings, from fifteen to eighteen thousand in number, intent upon no fictitious representation, no tragedy of the stage,

but the actual victory or defeat, the exultant life or the bloody death, of each and all who entered the arena.

The lion had been kept without food twenty-four hours, and the animal had, during the whole morning, testified a singular and restless uneasiness, which the keeper had attributed to the pangs of hunger. Yet its bearing seemed rather that of fear than of rage; its roar was painful and distressed; it hung its head, snuffed the air through the bars; then lay down; started again, — and again uttered its wild and far-resounding cries. And now, in its den, it lay utterly dumb and mute, with distended nostrils forced hard against the grating, and disturbing, with a heaving breath, the sand below on the arena.

The manager's lip quivered, and his cheek grew pale; he looked anxiously around; hesitated; delayed; the crowd became impatient. Slowly he gave the sign. The keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating, and the lion leaped forth with a mighty and glad roar of release. The keeper hastily retreated through the grated passage leading from the arena, and left the lord of the forest — and his prey. . . .

But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast seemed not even aware of the presence of the criminal. . . . It evinced no sign, either of wrath or hunger; its tail drooped along the sand, instead of lashing its gaunt sides; and its eye, though it wandered at times to the victim, rolled again listlessly from him. At length, as if tired of attempting to escape, it crept with a moan into its cage, and once more laid itself down to rest.

The people had been already rendered savage by the

exhibition of blood. The power of the pretor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind. In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, Arbaces glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd; when, right above them, through the wide chasm which had been left in the velaria, he beheld a strange and awful apparition. He stretched his hand on high. "Behold!" he shouted with a voice of thunder, "behold how the gods protect the guiltless!"

The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture, and beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree; the trunk, blackness, — the branches, fire; a fire that shifted and wavered every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare.

There was a dead, heart-sunken silence, through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow beast. Dread seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theater trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines; over the

desolate streets; over the amphitheater itself; far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, — fell that awful shower!

No longer the crowd thought of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their only thought. Each turned to fly; each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen, amidst groans, and oaths, and prayers, and sudden shrieks, the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages.

Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds, — shelter of any kind, — for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. . . . Meanwhile the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill the lower parts of the town. But here and there might be heard the steps of fugitives cranching warily, or there might be seen their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps. But ever and anon, the boiling water, or the straggling ashes, mysterious and gusty winds rising and dying in a breath, extinguished these wandering lights, and with them the last hope of those who bore them.

— EDWARD BULWER LYTTON — *abridged.*

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree, —
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree, —
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree, —
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

— LUCY LARCOM.

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REWARD

The best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do; and he that has been faithful over a few things, must find his account in being made ruler over many things. That is the true and heroical rest, which only is worthy of gentlemen and sons of God. Do thou do thy duty like a man, to thy country, and thy God.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A GAME OF BASEBALL

The Batting List

PARDO	VALENCIA
Alcoseba, 2b.	Ylaya, lf.
Tecson, lf.	Ruiz, ss.
Devilleres, c.	Pementil, cf.
Vilbar, rf.	Cabras, 3b.
Roa, 1b.	Madarang, 1b.
Cuevas, 3b.	Jabágat, c.
Petralba, cf.	Maramara, p.
Manlunas, ss.	Quintana, rf.
Lauron, p.	Tómakin, 2b.

The crowd began to gather early on the town plaza of Pardo where the game was to be played. Of course all the boys and girls of the Pardo schools were on hand, and there were hundreds of older people, many of whom had come in from the surrounding barrios. Valencia was represented by a large delegation, which was given a place on one side of the field. The managers had all they could do to keep back the numerous small boys who kept running out on the field, paying no attention to the long rope that kept the older people back. School yells were frequent, both from the Pardo and Valencia sides. These were redoubled when the Pardo nine jumped the rope and ran on the field. Immediately afterward the Valencia players arrived, and the day's great game began.

The Valencia players came in, and the Pardo players

scattered to their positions. The supporters of each nine in turn cheered for their school and their captain, and then for the captain of the other team. The umpire threw down a new white ball. Lauron caught it and coolly scrubbed it in the dirt, while Ylaya, the head of the Valencia batting list, took his place by the plate. The game was on!

Devilleres crouched and signaled with his fingers between his knees. Lauron answered with an out that threatened to strike Ylaya on the shoulder; but the ball swung over the inside of the plate. The batsman stepped back, and the umpire called a strike.

The next ball was high and wide, and out of reach. Ylaya did not attempt to strike it. One ball! For the third effort Lauron stepped to the left and threw a swift ball. It cut the inside corner of the plate, or would have cut it if it had been allowed to take its course. Ylaya struck it and knocked it into Lauron's hands. Lauron threw it to Roa before Ylaya was halfway down the line.

Ruiz, the Valencia shortstop, now came up to the plate and struck the ground with his bat. The first ball was a drop. Ruiz struck at it and fouled. The second he misjudged and let go by. "Strike two!" called the umpire. The third and fourth tempted him, but he did not strike. The next, he struck hard, but Devilleres caught it in his trusty mitt.

A strike out! Two men gone for Valencia! The Pardo leaders began to cheer, and were answered by the Valencia boys.

Pementil, the Valencia center fielder, took the bat. He struck at the first ball, and sent a low bounder toward

third. Cuevas caught it and threw it straight to Roa, but Pementil ran fast, and made his base.

Cabras, the Valencia captain, came up, eager to make a hit that would help the runner round his bases. The first pitch was a swift, breast-high ball off the inner corner of the plate. Cabras struck at it, but struck in vain.

"Now Pementil will steal," thought Devilleres, and signaled for an out.

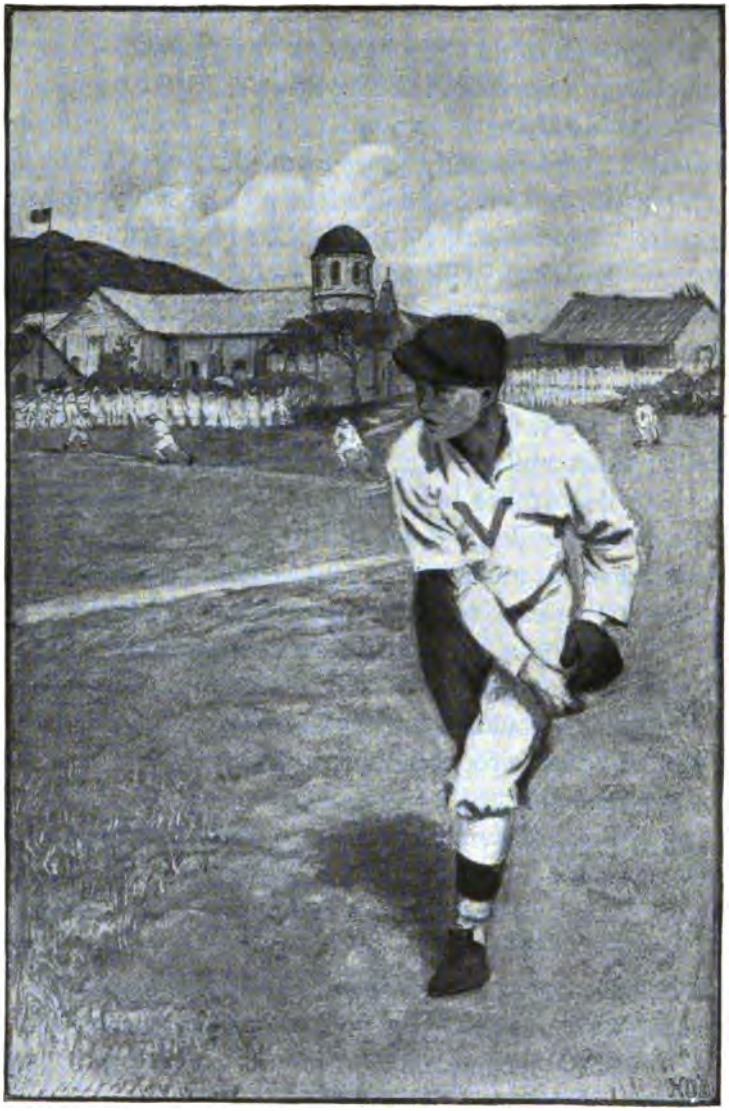
Pementil did steal, and Cabras tried to hit at the same time. He only succeeded in catching the ball on the end of his bat, and drove it to Roa, making the third out.

"You must make a hit, Alcoseba," said Tecson, as Alcoseba picked up the bat. "Don't strike until the pitcher puts a ball over the plate!"

Now Alcoseba meant to do that very thing; but the first ball seemed so easy to strike that he could not resist trying. He popped a foul that Cabras caught on third base.

Tecson was second on the list, and he waited. One ball! Two balls! A foul! Three balls! Two strikes! At the next ball, Tecson dropped his bat and started for first base. The umpire approved.

Now it was Devilleres' turn to face Maramara. He tried to sacrifice; but the bunt rolled over the line, and his attempt came to nothing. Maramara was careful now, and sent high balls that kept well out of Devilleres' way. Two balls! One strike! The next ball was a trifle too far in; but Devilleres drew back a little as he struck, and drove a liner over the second baseman's head, out into the ground between center and right. Tecson went to third, and Devilleres was safe at second.



BUT QUINTANA GUARDED RIGHT FIELD

It was Vilbar's turn. He knew what he was expected to do without the shouts from the benches. Maramara tried to lure him with tempting outs; but Vilbar waited. Three balls and one strike brought the pitcher to reason. He could not afford to pass a man with two on bases. So Vilbar got one where he could reach it, and lifted the ball in a splendid long arch far out into right field. The cheer leaders caught their breath, and forgetful of their duties silently watched it fly. Was it a home run? It would have been if Quintana had not guarded the Valencia right field. Quintana started almost as soon as the ball. Racing backward, he turned and caught the ball just as it was going over his head. Vilbar was out; but Tecson came home easily on the throw, and Devilleres stopped at third.

Roa now took the bat, watched the pitcher, and quietly waited. One ball! The second he fouled. Two balls! A strike! Still he waited. The fifth pitch was to his liking. With a short, quick stroke he drove the ball over the third baseman's head, and ran to first. Devilleres gleefully ran home. Then Cuevas went out on an infield hit, and the first inning was over.

Such good fortune, of course, could not last, but the good feeling caused by the success helped the Pardo players safely through several innings. The second, with the tail-end of the list at bat, was quickly over. In the third, Tecson led off with a hit, reaching second on an error, but got no farther. In the fourth, Pementil got to first on balls, but was thrown out by two yards when he tried to steal second. The Valencia captain, after making a clean hit, was out on a double play when Madarang hit. By this

time, Maramara had settled down into his best playing, and this proved far too good for the Pardo players.

On the other hand, the Valencia boys seemed to be less puzzled by Lauron. The Pardo fielders had abundance of work. In the sixth, Tecson ran far back for a long fly from Ylaya's bat, cutting off what seemed to be surely a three-base hit. Ruiz's hard liner, that promised almost as much, was taken just inside third by Cuevas. The third Valencia batter hit over Roa's head and reached second. He was left there, however, when the fourth batter was retired on a fly. The Pardo boys, in their turn, went out in order. Not a single one reached first.

Madarang opened the seventh inning with a slow grounder to Manlunas, which the Pardo shortstop fumbled. Two runs are not of much consequence when a heavy-hitting team opens up on an inexperienced pitcher like Lauron. A couple of good hits, with an error or two, and a base on balls, would quickly cancel the slight advantage. Only steady playing and steady pitching could save the game, if the Valencia boys showed themselves equal to their reputation.

Devilleres signaled to Roa, and Lauron threw a swift, wide ball. Roa caught the ball, and swung it suddenly on Madarang, who was leaping back to first. The Pardo crowd shouted with unexpected joy.

Then Jabágat struck under one of Lauron's curves and sent the ball far up into the air. Devilleres snatched off his mask and watched the ball descending on Alcoseba's side of second. Jabágat was out, and Maramara brought the inning to a close by giving Cuevas a chance at another pop fly.

The Pardo batters had no better luck. Manlunas got his base on balls. Lauron forced him out on second, and was himself put out on the play, while Alcoseba flied out. Here was little encouragement for those who expected more Pardo runs.

Quintana started the eighth inning with a drive past second. It bounded over Petralba's shoulder and enabled the runner to make two bases. Tómakin, the last man of the Valencia list, was considered an easy victim. But instead of striking out as he was expected to do, he batted the ball over Cuevas' head. Tecson got it back in time to cut off any attempt at crossing the plate. But in spite of this good fortune for Pardo, the fact remained that with only two runs needed to tie the score, Valencia had men on first and third, with no one out, and the heavy hitters coming on. A double now would bring in two men. The game seemed lost to Pardo. The fatal eighth inning was near.

A ball! Two balls! Then Ylaya's bat struck the ball, and it shot toward Manlunas, struck well, and bounded into his hands. He looked at third base, — where Quintana lingered, hoping to draw a hasty throw to the plate, and so get Ylaya safely to first. Then he threw to Alcoseba, who had covered second. Tómakin was thus forced out. Meantime Quintana had made a late start for home, trusting to Alcoseba's slowness and probable confusion. But Alcoseba was neither slow nor confused. He sent the ball directly to the plate, where Devilleres received it safely. Quintana, while ten feet away, stopped and turned about. Devilleres ran him down, and then threw the ball with all his strength

to Alcoseba. Ylaya had passed first on the plays, and was sliding to second. The ball in Alcoseba's hands touched him before he reached the base.

In a fraction of a minute it was all over. The umpire signaled Ylaya that he was out. Tecson and Vilbar started in from their positions. Devilleres unbuckled his protector. Still Lauron stood and stared, unable to believe that his rescue was complete. Then, like the explosion set off by an electric spark, the audience waked to the situation. The whole Pardo company rose in a body, shouting, and waving hats, caps, and banners.

So ended the first half of the eighth inning, with the score two to nothing. The Pardo boys were soon disposed of. Tecson, overeager, struck out. Devilleres hit to Maramara and was thrown out at first. Vilbar made a pretty single into center field, but failed to make two bases on it. Valencia came in for the last trial. Matters looked discouraging for Pardo.

Courage rose when Ruiz sent Cuevas an easy chance, and was out at first base. Then Pementil bunted safely, and reached second base when Lauron threw wide to Roa. Cabras hit to Lauron, and was put out at first base, while Pementil was held on second. Two out, but a man on second! The audience was silent with suspense.

After two balls and two strikes, Madarang caught one on the end of his bat, and sent it just out of reach of Manlunas. On this scratch hit, Pementil reached third base. Again men on first and third, and this time with two out!

Jabágat was at bat, quiet and resolute. Devilleres feared that a ball sent within his reach would be hit safely.

On the other hand, the Valencia situation was so desperate that Madarang would be compelled to steal in order to make two possible runs in case of a hit. Lauron waited for the catcher's signal. The game depended upon Devilleres' judgment. If he made a mistake, the peril which had been warded off for nine long innings would be upon them. A tie would mean defeat.

He called for a swift, wide ball. Madarang pretended to make a run from first, hoping to draw a useless throw to second that would let Pementil in. Devilleres hesitated, pretended to throw to second, and then wheeled and sent the ball to Cuevas. Pementil was caught as he scrambled back to the base, and the game was won!

THE SCORE

PARDO

	ab	*r*	*bh*	*po*	*a*	*e*
Alcoseba, 2b.	4	0	1	4	3	0
Tecson, lf.	3	1	2	2	0	0
Devilleres, c.	4	1	1	4	4	0
Vilbar, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Roa, 1b.	3	0	1	10	0	0
Cuevas, 3b.	3	0	1	4	1	1
Petralba, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Manlunas, ss.	2	0	0	1	3	1
Lauron, p.	3	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	29	2	7	27	14	3

VALENCIA

	ab	*r*	*bh*	*po*	*a*	*e*
Ylaya, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Ruiz, ss.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Pementil, cf.	3	0	2	1	1	0
Cabras, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Madarang, 1b.	4	0	3	11	0	0
Jabágat, c.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Maramara, p.	3	0	0	1	3	0
Quintana, rf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Tómakin, 2b.	3	0	1	2	2	1
Totals	31	0	7	24	11	2

Pardo	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	2
Valencia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

— A. T. DUDLEY.

Adapted from "With Mask and Mitt."

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INFLUENCE

In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives, probably, when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in than you can ever have again. Quit yourselves like men, then; speak up, and strike out if necessary, for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only do your duty, and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good which no living soul can measure to generations of your countrymen yet unborn.

— THOMAS HUGHES.

JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE

Resolving to catch some fish, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's Day, 1675. When I had traveled two miles or so, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook.

I buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and, crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy River.

Here, although frightened by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might be my last, I had, on the whole, good sport catching trout and minnows. But every moment the cold of the water grew worse and worse, until I was ready to cry with the pain it caused. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great, black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow, as I thought, at the sides, till I saw it was only foam. Going round one side, I came to a sudden strange sight, such as I never dreamed of before. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long, pale slide of water, coming without any break for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope from top to bottom.

Then said I to myself: "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a coward of you. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

WHEN I CAME TO MYSELF, A GIRL WAS KNEELING AT MY SIDE

But that which saved me from turning back was a strong desire to know what caused the water to come down in that way, and what there was at the top of the slope.

I crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the falling water had scooped out the stone. Avoiding the ledge where the water fell with force enough to raise a blinding mist of foam and spray, I stepped into the rush and dip of the torrent.

The green waves came down upon me with such force that my legs were swept from under me in a moment. Before I knew anything further, except that I must die, the current forced me upon a rock which stood up above the raging torrent. To this rock I clung, and began to look about.

To my great dismay I saw that no choice was left me now, except to climb, somehow, up that hill of water; or else be washed down into the eddying pool below, and whirl round it till it drowned me. For there was no chance to go back by the way I had come.

Saying the Lord's Prayer, I grasped my fish spear, and began my course up the fearful torrent. I moved carefully, step by step, never daring to straighten my knees; but just how the journey was made, I never can tell. The greatest danger lay just where I saw none, and this was in a tangle of water weeds with a treacherous undercurrent. Starting up this with great confidence, I lost my footing and fell, almost breaking my kneecap. The current caught hold of my other leg while I was thinking of the bruised one. Then the cold water gave me cramps, and soon I began to slide downward. But fortunately my elbow caught in

a hole in the rock, and I managed to start forward once more.

Frightened and suffering from the experience, and yet hopeful, because the top of the slope was near, I labored hard, my arms and hands going like a windmill. At last the forked water drove me into the middle of the stream. Then I made up my mind to die. Only it did seem a pity to give in after fighting so long. The light came upon me from above, and I fought my way toward it. Suddenly, feeling a current of fresh air, I fell forward into the sunlight, and lost consciousness.

When I came to myself again, a little girl was kneeling at my side, rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, how glad I am!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her. "Now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I never heard so sweet a sound as came from her bright red lips, while she knelt there and looked at me. Neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes, full of pity and wonder. Then my hazy eyes wandered down the black shower of her hair. Where it fell on the turf, among it, like an early star, was the first primrose of the season. Since that day I think of her through all the rough storms of my life when I see an early primrose.

"What is your name?" she said, "and how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you! And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough

to buy all this great meadow if we chose. Here are my shoes and stockings."

"They are quite as wet as your feet. Please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away and her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me; and there was she, a lady born and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty. Though some of her dress was touched with wet, it was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels. All from her waist to her neck was white, and the dark, soft weeping of her hair and the shadowy light of her eyes, like a wood rayed through with sunset, made it seem yet whiter. Seeing how I looked at her, she turned bashfully toward the stream, to watch the water.

I, for my part, feeling disappointed because she seemed to forget me, gathered my belongings with as much noise as

possible, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back as I had hoped. At the edge of the stream I hesitated, knowing that to try to descend that torrent meant certain death.

"Lorna," I said timidly, going back to her.

"Oh, I thought you had gone," she answered. "Why did you ever come here? Do you know what the robber band would do to us if they found you here with me? They would kill us both, and bury us here by the water."

"But why should they kill us?"

"Because you have found the way up here alone, and they never could believe it. Now please go! Oh, please go! They will kill us both in a moment."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I never saw one like you. I must return here to-morrow, and so must you. I will bring you a lot of things. There are apples, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken. Only put your hand in mine! What little things they are, Lorna! — And I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you how long he is."

"Hush!"

A shout came down the valley. All my heart trembled like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She looked up at me with such a power of weakness that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my gun. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I lifted her up. "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in the rock at the edge of the meadow about fifty yards away. In the fading of the twilight I could just see it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and then she began to cry aloud. I drew her behind some low bushes, close down to the water. Here we could not be seen from the upper valley, and they might have sought long before finding us.

Crouching in that hollow place, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water. They had no guns, but looked unsuspicious and good-natured as if they had just returned from a ride.

"Queen! queen!" they shouted. "Where is our little queen?"

"They always call me queen," whispered Lorna; "and I am to be queen by and by. O, they are crossing by the timber, and are sure to see us!"

"Stop," I said, seeing that she was frightened. "I know what to do. I must get into the water, and you must pretend to be asleep."

"But how cold it will be for you!" she cried. "Now, remember, you must never come again," she whispered as she crept away. "Only I shall come sometimes."

I crept into the water and lay with my head between two stones. The dusk was deepening among the hills, and a white mist lay on the river. I could see every ripple and twig in the soft light, and to my ignorance there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me. For all this time they were shouting and making such a hullabaloo that the rocks all round the valley rang.

I was now desperate, between fear and wretchedness, till I caught a glimpse of the little maid whose beauty and whose kindliness had made me desire to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, pretending to be fast asleep.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her, and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep! Now I have first claim to her, and no one else shall touch the child. Back, all of you!"

He placed her dainty little form upon his great, square shoulder and her narrow feet in one broad hand. So in triumph they marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair spread out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna turned and put up a hand to me and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little new friend! When I recovered

from my fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was like a silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp.

I crept into the bushes again for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs. Then as the daylight sank below the stars, I knew that it was time to get away. Through the dusk I had difficulty in seeing the niche in the cliff. Yet I entered it, holding on by some dead fern stems; and I did hope that no one would shoot me.

Suddenly a robin sang in the brown fern and ivy before me. I thought it must be our little Annie's voice, for she could call any robin; and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way towards the starlight and home.

—R. D. BLACKMORE.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

—THE BIBLE.

DAVID'S VISIT TO YARMOUTH

(This is a story of a little English boy who lived about a hundred years ago. It tells of his first experience away from home, when he goes with his nurse, Peggotty, to visit her brother at Yarmouth.)

PART I

Peggotty and I were sitting one night by the parlor fire alone. I had been reading Peggotty about crocodiles. I must have read very poorly, or she must have been deeply interested in something else; for I remember she had an impression, after I had done, that they were a kind of vegetable. I was tired of reading, and very sleepy; but having leave, as a high treat, to sit up till my mother came home from spending an evening at a neighbor's, I would rather have died at my post than go to bed. I had reached that stage of sleepiness when Peggotty seemed to swell and grow immensely large. I propped my eyelids open with my two forefingers, and looked perseveringly at her as she sat at work. I looked at the piece of wax candle she had for her thread. How old it looked, wrinkled in all directions by the thread! I looked at the little house with the thatched roof where the yard measure lived. I looked at her workbox with a sliding lid with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral upon it. I looked at the brass thimble on her finger. I looked at herself whom I thought lovely. I felt so sleepy that I knew if I lost sight of anything for a moment I was gone.

"Peggotty," said I, "were you ever married?"

"Lord, Master Davy," replied Peggotty, "what put marriage into your head?"

She answered with such a start that it quite awoke me. With her needle drawn out to the full length of the thread, she said:—

"Go on with your reading, dear."

We returned to those monsters, the crocodiles. We left their eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch. We ran away from them and baffled them by constantly turning, which they were unable to do quickly on account of their awkward shape. We went into the water after them, and put sharp pieces of timber down their throats. In short, we ran the whole crocodile gantlet. At least I did. I have my doubts about Peggotty.

At last Peggotty broke into my reading by saying: "Master Davy, how would you like to go with me to spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Would not that be a treat?"

"Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?" I inquired.

"Oh, what an agreeable man he is!" cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. "Then, there is the sea; and the boats; and the fishermen; and the beach; and Ham to play with!"

I was excited by the delights awaiting me at Yarmouth, and replied that it would be a treat. But what would mother say?

"Then I will bet a guinea she will let us go," said Peggotty. "I will ask her, if you like, as soon as she comes home."

My mother readily granted permission, and the day soon came for our going. We were to go in a cart which was to depart in the morning, after breakfast. When the cart began to move, my mother ran out at the gate and called the driver to stop that she might kiss me once more.

The carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along with his head down, as if he liked to keep waiting the people to whom the packages were directed. The driver had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove.

Peggotty had a basket of lunch on her knee which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold upon which never loosened.

We made so many turns and stops to deliver packages on the way that I was quite tired and very glad when we reached Yarmouth. It seemed rather wet and disagreeable, I thought, as I looked over the great dull waste that lay across the river. I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat as this. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it. When we got into the street, which was strange enough to me, and smelt the fish and pitch and oakum and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts rumbling over the stones, I thought that Yarmouth was the busiest place in the world.

"Here is Ham!" cried Peggotty, "grown out of my knowledge!"

He was waiting for us at the inn, and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. Ham was a great strong fellow, six feet high, and broad in proportion. He had a smiling boyish face, and curly, light hair. He wore a canvas jacket, and a pair of very stiff trousers. You could not so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered on top with something pitchy, like an old building.

Ham, carrying me on his back, and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying the other box, we turned down lanes, and passed many busy places until we came out upon the dull, flat waste I had already seen at a distance.

PART II

"Yonder is our house, Master Davy," said Ham.

I looked in all directions as far as I could see over the flat land, away at the sea, and away at the river; but no house could I discover. There was a black barge, or some other kind of old boat not far off. An iron funnel stuck out of it for a chimney, and it was smoking cozily; but nothing else could I see that had any appearance of a house.

"Is that it, — that ship-looking thing?" I asked.

"That is it, Master Davy," replied Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I could not have been more charmed with the idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side. It was roofed over, and had little windows. But the wonderful charm

of it was that it was a real boat which had probably been upon the water hundreds of times and which had never been intended to be lived in on land. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small or inconvenient; but never having been designed for any such purpose, it was a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a clock, and a chest of drawers. On the chest of drawers was a tea tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child trundling a hoop. The tray was kept in place by a Bible. If it had tumbled down, it would have smashed a number of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the Bible.

On the walls were some colored pictures of Bible subjects. There was Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions. Over the mantel shelf was a picture of the Sarah Jane Lugger, built in Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it. This combination of art and carpentry seemed to me to be one of the most desirable possessions the world could afford.

There were some hooks in the beams, the use of which I learned later. Around the room stood some lockers and boxes, which served for seats, and so helped out the chairs.

All this I saw at a glance, after crossing the threshold. Then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen, in the stern of the vessel. There was a little window, where the rudder used to go through. Nailed

IT WAS THE MOST DESIRABLE BEDROOM EVER SEEN

against the wall was a little looking-glass, framed with oyster shells, and just the right height for me. There was a little bed, and just enough room to get into it. On a little table was a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and a patchwork cover on my bed made my eyes ache with its brightness.

One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish. It was so penetrating that when I took out my pocket handkerchief, I found it smelt exactly as if it had been wrapped about a lobster. When I told Peggotty of this privately, she said that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish. I afterwards found a heap of these creatures all piled up together in a little

wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept. They never seemed to leave off pinching whatever they laid hold of.

We were welcomed by a woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsying in the doorway when I was on Ham's back a quarter of a mile away. With her was a beautiful little girl wearing a necklace of blue beads. She would not let me kiss her, but ran away and hid herself.

By and by we dined upon boiled fish, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me. Then a hairy man with a good-natured face came home. He called Peggotty "My girl," and kissed her, so that I had no doubt he was her brother. She introduced him to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You will find us rough, sir, but you will find us ready."

I thanked him and said I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How is your mother, sir?" asked Mr. Peggotty.

"She is as well as one could wish," I replied, "and sends you greetings."

"I am much obliged to her, I am sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, sir, if you can make out here with Peggotty, Emily, and Ham for a fortnight, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honors of the house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettle full of hot water. "Cold water will never get my dirt off," said he. He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance. However, his face was so red that I could not help

thinking he had this in common with lobsters, crabs, and crawfish. He went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was closed, and all made ready for the night, it seemed to me the most delightful place the mind of man could imagine. To hear the wind getting out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire and think there was no other house near, and this house a boat, was like a dream.

Little Emily had overcome her shyness, and sat by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers. It was just big enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. The woman with the white apron sat knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty, with her sewing, was as much at home as if she had never lived under any other roof. Ham, with a pack of cards, was trying to recall how to tell fortunes, and left a fishy impression of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty sat smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" said I.

"Sir," replied he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham because you lived in a kind of an ark?"

Mr. Peggotty thought about it awhile, and answered: —

"No, sir, I did not give him the name."

"Who gave him the name, then?"

"Why, sir, his father gave it to him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joseph was his father," replied Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I inquired.

"Drowned," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised to learn that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to any one else there. I was so curious to know that I made up my mind to ask more questions.

"Little Emily is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"My brother-in-law, Tom, was her father."

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?"

"Drowned," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt it difficult to begin the subject again, but had not yet learned all I wished to know.

"Haven't you any children, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir," he answered, laughing, "I am a bachelor."

"A bachelor!" I said in astonishment. "Then who is she, Mr. Peggotty?" I inquired pointing to the woman with the white apron.

"That is Mrs. Gummidge," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Mrs. Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?"

But here Peggotty made such impressive signs to me to ask no more questions that I could only sit and look at all the silent company until it was time to go to bed.

Then, in the privacy of my own little room, she told me that Ham and Emily were orphan nephew and niece whom her brother had adopted when they were left destitute. She told me that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat who had died very poor. "He is only a poor man himself," said Peggotty, "but he is as good as

gold and as true as steel. The only subject on which he ever shows violent anger is the subject of his generosity."

I was very sure of my entertainer's goodness. I listened to the women going to bed in another little room like mine at the opposite end of the boat. Then I heard Mr. Peggotty and Ham hang their hammocks from the hooks I had observed in the roof. Altogether, I was in a very pleasant state of mind, and very sleepy. As slumber gradually lulled me to rest, I heard the wind howling out at sea. It came on across the flats so fiercely that I had a dim fear of the great sea rising by night. But I consoled myself with the fact that I was in a boat, after all, and thought that Mr. Peggotty would be a good man to have on board if anything did happen.

However, nothing happened worse than morning. Almost as soon as it shone upon the oyster shell frame of my little mirror, I was out of bed, and out with little Emily, picking up stones on the beach.

— CHARLES DICKENS.

Adapted from "David Copperfield."

GREEN THINGS GROWING

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of the green things growing!

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, — the green things growing!
And I think that they love me, without false showing,
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much,
With the soft, mute comfort of the green things growing.

— Dinah Maria Craik.

COPRA

The Philippine Islands have long been famous for their three chief agricultural crops: Manila hemp, tobacco, and sugar. A fourth product must now be added to the list. For several years the number of coconut palms has been increased by the planting of young trees. The result has been a large increase in the export of copra, making the Philippines now one of the chief countries in the world in that trade.

The most valuable of the many products obtained from

COCONUT TREES PROPERLY SPACED

the coconut palm is copra. Copra is the dried meat of the coconut from which coconut oil is expressed. It contains from 30 to 60 per cent of oil.

Coconut oil remains solid when all other oils are in a liquid state. It resembles butter more than any other vegetable oil. When refined so that the unpleasant odor is removed, it is made into substitutes for butter and lard. Since the price of butter and meat has greatly increased, these substitutes have become necessary; and for this reason there is an increased demand for coconut oil.

Coconut oil is the butter and lard of the Philippines. It is also used for lighting houses, and as a lubricant.

In Europe and America most of the copra oil is obtained by machinery, and it has a great variety of uses. It is made into candles and the better grades of soap. It is used in salves, pomades for use upon the hair, lotions for the skin, and as a substitute for cod-liver oil. The oil cake remaining after the oil is expressed is a valuable food for stock, and as such, pays the cost of transportation.

This steady demand for copra makes a coconut grove a valuable possession. No crop requires so little labor. The cost of starting a grove is small, and few laborers are required in preparing the copra for market. To bring a grove into bearing will cost from thirty to one hundred fifty pesos a hectare. The trees begin to bear when from seven to twelve years old. While waiting for the grove to begin to produce fruit, the owner can always find work with good wages on neighboring plantations. When the trees once begin to bear, no crop is so constant from year to year as the coconut crop.

There are still thousands of miles of coast land waiting for the planter, and many hectares in the interior of the Islands where the coco palm flourishes. Coconut towns never have hard times.

The ambitious copra producer can make his crop more profitable, and raise the market price for copra, by carefully

SUN DRYING

selecting seed nuts and by planting them in the most advantageous manner. Nuts should be of the best; mature and sound, and as uniform in size as the grower can procure. When the soil is properly prepared, the nuts should be so planted that the trees will stand ten meters apart. Crowding reduces the size of the trees and the quality of the fruit. A space of ten meters between trees gives both roots and

foliage abundance of room to spread and grow to the utmost. This will allow about one hundred ten trees to a hectare. The least productive tree will supply copra to the amount of 2 pesos yearly, and many good trees produce crops worth 10 pesos.

The ripe nuts are removed from the husks by striking

KILN DRYING

them on a spike fixed in the ground. The nuts are then split into halves and dried. In drying, the meat loses much of its moisture and shrinks away from the shell so that it can be easily removed with a knife. The meat is then dried again so as to remove the moisture completely.

Copra may be dried in the sun or in a kiln. The husks are used for fuel. The danger in kiln drying is that of

injuring the copra with smoke, but this may be easily avoided.

In tropical countries the oil is expressed from the nuts, and much is made in the house where it is used. In native factories the meat is crushed under a round log weighted by stones in the middle. This is made to rock in grooves of

A MODERN METHOD OF COPRA DRYING

Beneath each tier of trays are steam pipes, coming from a boiler which uses the coconut husks and shells as fuel.

two wooden horses. The meat is usually grated and squeezed through a cloth, and this liquid is boiled until all the water is removed. Copra is also crushed and expressed in native presses. Both methods result in a great loss of oil. In places where transportation is difficult and costly, the owner of a coconut grove often finds it

necessary to prepare the oil in a factory for export. Around Laguna de Bay one sees processions of pack horses laden with coconut oil for shipment abroad.

In the preparation of copra for market, the Philippine producer will increase his own profits and make an enviable reputation for himself as a business man by giving great care to the selection of the fruit to be used, and the manner in which the copra is made. Large and fully matured nuts should be used. The meat should be split neatly in halves, and kept as clean as possible. All small pieces may be used in the preparation of oil for home use. The meat should be carefully and thoroughly dried so that it may not become rancid during transportation. Haste in the first drying causes the meat to break into small pieces when removed from the shell. Smoke injures the copra by preventing thorough drying. The dried copra should be packed for shipping with as much attention to neatness and prevention of waste as is sugar on the great cane plantations. Returns in money for the first year may not seem to warrant all this care. But the output of a second crop with the same attention will not fail to attract intelligent buyers. The quality of one's work, and not the quantity, pays in the end.

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
  Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
  Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward like thee!

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FOUNTAIN AT ST. PETER'S, ROME

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY

PART I

CANE AND ITS CULTURE

In the picture we see a string of patient pack ponies leaving a plantation for Manila. Carefully balanced over the back of each is a burden of two piculs of fresh sugar; and atop of all, sits the man in charge of pony and sugar. The sugar is carefully packed first in cotton, and then in jute bags, and neatly bound with cord. When the ponies arrive at the warehouses upon the dock, the drivers will feel gratified at the neat appearance of their merchandise; and because of the care with which it has been prepared and packed, the planter will receive the highest market price for his sugar.

As the population of the world increases, the demand for foodstuffs becomes greater; and among the foodstuffs, sugar

has an important place. Consequently the production of sugar is one of the world's great industries; and each sugar-producing country naturally desires to stand first in the amount and excellence of the article produced. In order to excel, the planters must work hard, observe carefully, wait patiently, and spend much money in the purchase of fertilizers and machinery necessary to cause their fields to yield bountifully and their mills to produce the greatest amount of juice.

THE CANE IS A KIND OF GIANT GRASS

The cane from which sugar is made is a kind of giant grass whose sweet and nourishing juice long since induced man to transplant it to his fields and cultivate it with care. All the valuable cultivated canes originated in the South Pacific Islands.

The natural home of the cane is in the tropics. Within the tropics, the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, Java, and the Philippines are the great sugar-producing countries; and they furnish a large part of the world's supply. It also grows in the subtropical regions of Spain, New Zealand, Louisiana, and Argentina.

Countries near the seacoast having a warm, moist climate are most suitable for the growth of cane. Sea breezes,

laden with moisture and salt spray, greatly benefit the growing plant. Land breezes, when hot and dry, evaporate the moisture from the soil, and thus injure the plants. Strong winds break the tender leaves and often uproot the stalks. Cane, while growing, requires an abundant supply of water.

TYPES AND VARIETIES OF CANE

1. Common Purple, Pampanga Province; 2. Transparent or Light Purple, Rizal Prov.; 3. Dark Purple, Laguna Prov.; 4. Very Dark Purple, or Black Manila, Rizal Prov.; 5. Large Green Bamboo, Bulacan Prov.; 6. Yellowish Green or Transparent, Rizal Prov.; 7. White or very Light Purple, Rizal; 8. "H. 27", Greenish Yellow, Honolulu; 9. "H. 227", Bronze Purple, Honolulu.

In the Philippines cane does not suffer serious injury during moderate, dry weather. This is especially true when it is planted on heavy soil which has the power to retain moisture. In Hawaii, where dry seasons alternate with wet seasons, the plantations are supplied with the necessary amount of moisture by means of irrigation.

By this means the natural development of the plants continues in spite of the dry weather. Many thousands of dollars have been spent in building reservoirs and in digging ditches for the preservation and distribution of water, and the Hawaiian planters consider the money well spent. In level countries subject to strong winds the cane can be protected by planting rows of trees to form windbreaks. These trees also serve another useful purpose by tending to increase the amount of rainfall in the region in which they are planted. For these reasons the Hawaiian planters give much attention to tree culture.

During the time of growth cane flourishes best in a high and constant temperature. Low temperature causes the stalks to be small and the joints to be short. Sudden and frequent changes of temperature cause irregular growth. The most perfect production can be obtained only under tropical suns. However, when the cane begins to mature, a cool season is helpful.

The amount of rainfall in the best sugar districts in the Philippines is great enough to supply the needs of the growing crops, and the rain occurs at regular periods. This gives to most provinces a dry season from January to May which may be devoted to planting and cultivating. Other districts, less favored by rain, would prove far more productive if irrigated.

Like most plants of the grass family, sugar cane requires a liberal supply of food, and soon impoverishes the soil upon which it grows. The fields must either rest between crops or be liberally fertilized. As idle land greatly reduces the amount of cane raised upon a plantation, it is much

VARIETY TESTS OF SUGAR CANE

With velvet beans in the foreground

better to improve the impoverished soil by the use of fertilizers.

There are a number of methods for restoring and maintaining the soil's fertility. The cane trash, or leaves and other refuse from the ripened stalks, may be left to decay upon the ground. Leguminous crops may alternate with cane. Refuse from barnyards is one of the best fertilizers. Commercial fertilizers may be used. A good fertilizer contains nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid. Lime is good for the heavy clay soils of the Philippines. It is not a fertilizer; but it helps to decompose the vegetable substance and to break up the heavy, compact soils so as to make thin plant food available. Copra cake and filter-press cake are also valuable aids in soil renewal; and upon irrigated plantations the low-grade molasses which is not salable can be dissolved by the water and returned to the soil. Thus, again, we see the value to a plantation of an irrigating plant.

PART II

CULTIVATION OF SUGAR CANE

Let us watch the cultivation of a field overgrown with cogon grass. It has rested for a year, and now with proper attention the planter hopes to secure an excellent crop of cane. The plowman turns two furrows at a time. He uses two plows fastened together, called a gang plow, and drawn by four carabaos. As the furrows of earth turn over, they cover the heavy grass; after the first plowing the workman will plow some other field while the covered grass

decomposes and returns its nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid to the soil. Upon another field which was planted to cane the previous year the planter spreads lime to make the land less compact and help it to give its nourishing qualities to the young plants. An old field near by, worn out with repeated crops of cane, will be planted with beans to renew the soil.

After a time the plowman returns to the first field to plow in the opposite direction, or to do cross-plowing, as

STEAM CABLE PLOW AT WORK

it is called. A harrow follows the plow to pulverize the soil; and sometimes a roller is used as well. By plowing, harrowing, and crushing the field it is made soft and receptive for the new life soon to awaken in the furrows.

Just before planting time, between December and April, the well-tilled field is plowed again. This time the plow is lighter than those used for the first two plowings, and the furrows or rows now lie 1.7 meters apart. These furrows should be turned only a short time before planting; otherwise the land becomes dry and unfit to germinate the cane.

Plants are propagated by points, or joints. These are cut from the immature tops of plants after the stalks are stripped to be cut for the mill. These tops are not valuable for sugar, and would really injure the quality of the juice if crushed with the remainder of the stalk.

After the points are cut, they are placed in carts and carried to some stream or other place where there is water and shade. Women and children remove the leaf sheaths

GASOLINE FARM TRUCK PULLING DISK AND SMOOTHING HARROWS

and tie the points in bundles of a hundred each. These are then placed in the water and left to germinate, or begin to grow. As soon afterward as possible, they are removed to the fields and planted rapidly to prevent drying.

Many Philippine planters plant corn thickly over the field with the points to exhaust the soil as much as possible, in order to prevent a rank and rapid growth of cane. This is not done because the soil is too rich, but because the mills

used are not strong enough to crush large cane. Also, the open kettles used in refining will not produce a salable sugar except from a juice of very high quality, like that obtained from small cane grown on thin soil. When the new crushers and refineries are introduced, this waste of good soil and loss of juice will no longer seem necessary.

It is necessary to cultivate the young cane thoroughly. In dry weather, cultivation greatly assists the soil in preserving its moisture. In wet weather it prevents the growth of weeds. The work is best done by using small implements drawn by carabaos or other animals. Some hand hoeing is also necessary.

Cane planted in the early part of the dry season usually grows high enough in about four months to shade entirely the land upon which it was planted. After the leaves lap or cross each other in the middle of the row, cultivation is no longer necessary. The planter may send his workmen to other tasks. The young cane field needs only to be guarded from floods and from the destructive visits of locusts, monkeys, and wild pigs.

The cane plant has a rootstock or underground stem. This rootstock is vigorous even after the ripe cane stalks have matured and been carried to the mill to be crushed. At its growing point this rootstock is able to produce a young plant; and as there are many such growing points in the cane stubble the planter frequently saves the expense of replanting by raising a second crop from the underground stems of the old. This is called a ratoon crop. Louisiana planters usually secure two ratoon crops before a replanting, and Hawaiian planters four or five. It is said that cane

continues to produce for fifty or seventy-five years in the richer portions of Cuba.

But ordinarily it is not wise to reproduce by ratoons beyond the second or third crop. Each successive crop produced in this way yields smaller canes and an inferior quality of juice, so that the expense of replanting, after all, will be more than repaid after the second year by the size of stalks and the richness of the juice they yield in the grinding. A dollar expended at the right time for seed will greatly increase the planter's profits when the new crop is ready for the market.

The first work in preparing for a ratoon crop is to dispose of the waste material after the cane stalks have been transferred to the mill. Our careful planter first requires his workmen to rake this refuse into the middle of the rows and cover it with dirt. It is then left to decay, like the cogon grass in the fresh field we have described. All the richness of the vegetable life is thus returned to the soil.

Then a stubble shaver is used. When driven along a row of cane stubble, it splits the roots, and the rootstocks are cut down to a few eyes at the bottom, to reduce the number of new plants.

To keep the soil from packing down close to the rootstocks during the rainy season, and thus preventing vigorous growth, our planter next uses a stubble digger which breaks up the ground around the cane roots, and admits the air with the nourishment it brings.

After using the stubble digger, the ratoon crop is cultivated in the same manner as a crop grown from fresh points. When the leaves grow long enough to cross in the furrows,

the crop needs no further cultivation. Maturing slowly under the tropical sun, its feathery arrows will show, and then the planter must begin to think of the harvest.

PART III

MILLING AND REFINING

Harvest time approaches, and the planter is busy making preparations to cut and mill the cane. As the planting season begins at the same time, there is double work to be done, and many extra workmen must be secured.

Besides procuring laborers, the planter must purchase extra supplies of wholesome food for his workmen, see that the animals, tools, and farm implements are in place and in order, and be sure that a competent foreman has charge of every group of workers. Nothing must be left to chance, if he hopes to receive profitable returns for the labor and expense of raising a crop of cane.

The care and labor would be much less, if the planter could join with his neighbors in building and equipping a great mill and refining apparatus at which could be done all the work of crushing the cane and making the sugar. This would reduce the number of laborers required and leave him free to attend only to the planting of new crops after the ripened cane has been cut. This he hopes soon to do; but in the meantime the double work must be done.

The first task of the laborers is that of stripping the leaves from the cane. This must be done by hand; it is a slow process and should be carefully done. The cleaner the cane stalks when they arrive at the mill, the freer the juice

will be as it passes into the refining pans. Men with bolos pass between the rows. They cut the leaves and drop them in the middle of the rows. When the stalk has been stripped of leaves, a blow of the bolo cuts off the feathery tops, leaving the bare cane for the hoes of the cutters. At one stroke down they fall, measuring their shining length upon the earth. The stalks are then piled in heaps ready to be transferred to the mill.

Transportation men follow the cutters. They gather up the cane stalks by armfuls and load them upon carts with low beds, drawn by carabaos. Our planter hopes to replace the carts by cars some day, and to hoist the loads of cane into the cars by means of a derrick. This will save time and labor. As the new mill will be able to crush more cane in a given time than the one now upon the plantation, it will, when built, require larger supplies of cane than the carabao carts can furnish.

When the carts arrive, the men place the cane upon a movable platform which conveys it to the carrier. The carrier is built just high enough to receive the cane from the platform without extra effort on the part of the laborers. It slants first upward, and then downward. At the highest point are a set of sharp revolving knives mounted upon a shaft. These knives cut off the projecting ends of crooked canes and those that lie crosswise in the carrier, so that the mass of canes may run smoothly into the crusher.

The mill has three sets of crushers. The canes are conveyed from one set to the other; in this way 95 per cent of the juice is extracted. The crushed and partly dried canes rolling out from the last set of crushers are called *bagasse*.

Crushing is a very important process, and unless thoroughly done the planter may lose 25 per cent of the juice. Each joint must be reduced to pulp and every part of the cane squeezed as dry as possible.

One set of rollers releases only a portion of the juice. The stalks should be run through a number of sets, each extracting as much juice as possible. If water is sprayed

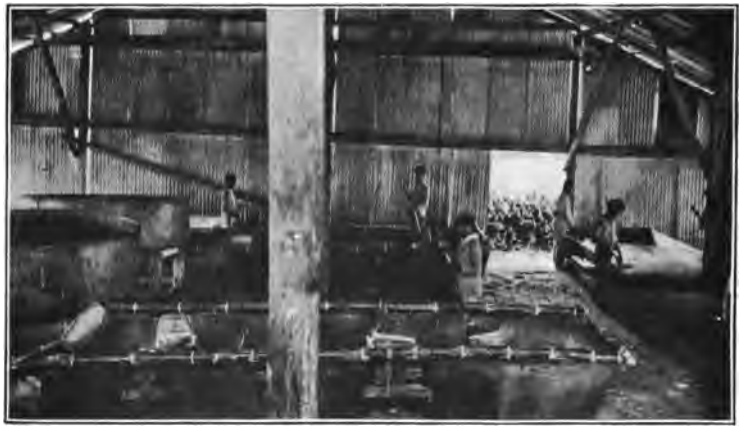
COMMON TYPE OF CANE THREE-ROLLER MILL
Negros Occidental, P. I.

upon the stalks during this process, more juice can be extracted. By the use of the best mills, Hawaiian planters have succeeded in obtaining more than 97 per cent of the sucrose, or juice. This is not only profitable in sugar making, but the bagasse is left in a drier and better condition for use as fuel in the furnaces.

While the bagasse rolls out from beneath the crushers on one side, on the other a stream of sweet juice pours through

a trough or pipe into a hemispherical iron vessel, where it receives the first heating.

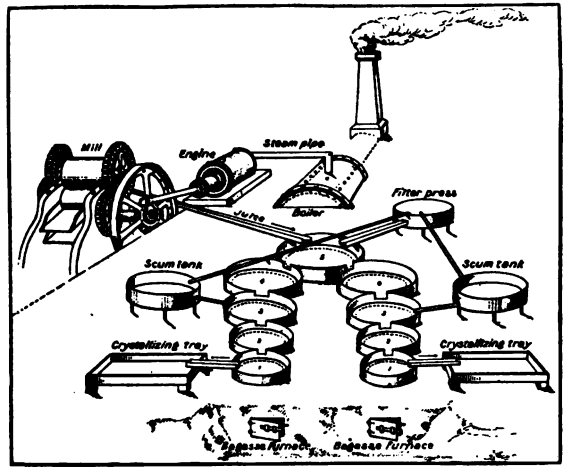
This vessel connects with two sets of pans numbered 4, 3, 2, and 1. These pans or cauas are built into the top of a stone furnace, only the rims projecting above the surface. They ascend slightly in elevation from the largest into which



TYPE OF SUGAR BOILING KETTLES COMMONLY USED IN NEGROS OCCIDENTAL

the fresh juice enters to the smallest or caua mayor, where the last boiling is done.

The freshly expressed juice is strained through a wire screen, to remove stray bits of bagasse and other foreign substances, into the large vessel or caua 5. The boiling cane juice is carefully watched, and from time to time is ladled into caua 4, then from 4 into 3, and from 3 into 2, and finally into 1. In the early stages of sugar making, lime is often added to the juice to reduce the acidity and to brighten the color.



Hotter fires under 1 cause the sirup to boil more rapidly. As it evaporates, more is added from 2, the chief watching and testing carefully. When enough has been received to yield a cocida, no more sirup is added. The whole mass is boiled down as rapidly as possible until it becomes thick enough to suit the maestro, or chief. It is then called massecuite. The massecuite is poured out into wooden trays and stirred with a spade until it crystallizes. The better the grade of sugar, the more rapidly it crystallizes.

Instead of bagging the sugar, as is shown in the picture at the head of this article, many Philippine planters use the pilón, a large earthenware jar, holding a picul. After the juice has been evaporated to a thick, heavy mass it is poured into the pilones. These are then set in wooden troughs to drip. Here the best grades of sugar remain for several months. Sometimes the process is hastened by plac-

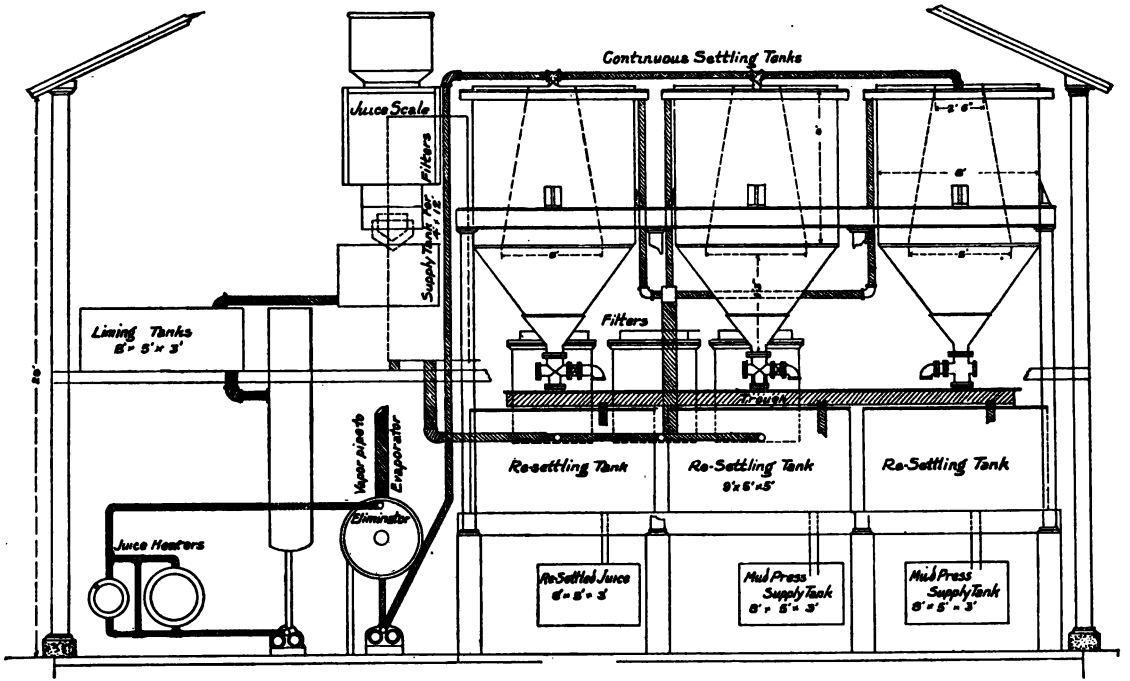
ing a thin layer of clay on top of the sugar and then pouring water over the clay. The water finds its way slowly through the clay, and washes the crystals. The sugar becomes hard. The top and bottom are stained with clay and molasses, and must be removed before the sugar is sold.

What becomes of the scum? Some planters throw it away as valueless. In the refinery we are observing, it is removed to the filter tank and pressed until no more juice escapes. The dried scum cakes are later used as a fertilizer. The filter tanks save our planter 50 pesos per day, and he is well paid for the expense of their construction.

In this system, however, there is much waste by evaporation from the open tanks, and by ladling the heated juice from caua to caua. There is also loss by the accidental addition of impurities, from the use of crude lime, the imperfect protection from dirt and germs in the atmosphere, and the employment of numbers of unskilled laborers. The loss of heat is another important item to be considered, especially when, in rainy weather, the bagasse must first be dried before it is fed into the furnaces.

Think how much more economical the new refinery will prove to the Philippine planters when all the refining processes take place under cover, in a refinery covered with asbestos to economize the heat.

The juice entering the boiling house is weighed and discharged into liming tanks. The limed juice is pumped through heaters. The air and vapor are then removed and the juice pumped to the settling tanks, made in the form of double cones. The inner receives the juice. The mud collects in the bottom of the outer cone. It is removed



PLAN OF A HAWAIIAN REFINERY

and worked over for the sucrose it contains. The purer juice slowly rises. It falls into a trough and is pumped to the supply tank for filters. The final heating and the formation of sugar also take place in covered tanks.

The whole system occupies a space 20×50 feet, and is 30 feet high. Four men only are required to care for the juice until it is ready for the process that takes place in what corresponds to the last caua of the open system in use in the Philippines.

The planter will also greatly appreciate the perfect work of the crystallizers that form part of the equipment of the new refinery. When they come to be generally used, there will be no more low-grade products like those in the pilones to lower the price of his sugar, and the profits of the planter will thus be greatly increased.

The saving of time and labor will more than justify the expenditure necessary to equip the Philippine planter with the best appliances for harvesting, refining, and shipping his sugar crop.

The fact that the new machinery will diminish the number of laborers required will mean much to the planter, for at the busy season it is often difficult to secure the necessary help. Nor are the laborers always honorable in their dealings with the planter.

We have seen how the new crushing apparatus will be able to crush more cane than the old crusher in the same length of time and to extract a larger per cent of cane juice. With the new crystallizer to do away with the waste of the pilón system, the Philippine planter will be able to produce sugar which will rank with the best in the world's market.

THE MIGHTY SHIPS, THE LITTLE SHIPS

THE SHIPS

For many a year I've watched the ships a-sailing to and fro,
The mighty ships, the little ships, the speedy, and the slow,
And many a time I've told myself that some day I would go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

The swift and stately liners, how they run without a rest!
The great three-masters, they have touched the East and told the West!
The monster burden bearers — oh, they all have plunged and pressed
Around the world that is so full of wonders!

The cruiser and the battleship that loom as dark as doubt,
The devilish destroyer and the hateful, hideous scout —
These deathly things may also rush, with roar and snarl and shout,
Around the world that is so full of wonders!

The things I've heard, the things I've read, the things I've dreamed might be,
The boyish tales, the old men's years — they will not pass from me.
I've heard, I've read, I've dreamed. . . . But all the time I've longed to *see* —
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

So year by year I watch the ships a-sailing to and fro,
The ships that come as strangers and the ships I've learned to know.
. . . Folks smile to hear an old man say that *some* day he will go
Around the world that is so full of wonders.

— J. J. Bell.

THE WIND AND THE SEA

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose.
But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best,
The laughter that slips from the ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the selfsame strain.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

Let us celebrate the soil. Most men toil that they may own a piece of it: they measure their success in life by their ability to buy it. It is alike the passion of the parvenu and the pride of the aristocrat. No man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property.

— CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

BARNEGAT LIGHT

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE

PART I

A VISIT

At the entrance of every harbor stand graceful lighthouse towers, bearing aloft their warning signals. Captains and pilots of incoming vessels heed the messages, avoid the dangerous headlands or shoals, and find safe anchorage within the harbor. Wherever there is danger to shipping the lighthouse is to be found, and the solitary keeper tends it night and day.

But when storms arise and fogs obscure these beacon lights, those who go down to the sea in ships are frequently in great peril in spite of the watchful lighthouse keepers. Ships no longer answer the helm, and are driven helpless

against rocks and shoals. Hundreds of lives are lost in this way every year, and many ships and cargoes.

For this reason, the United States Government has established a life-saving service along the coast lines of the Atlantic and the Pacific and of the Great Lakes. Wherever danger lies, there one finds the lookout tower of the life-saving station. If the dangerous strip of coast extends

SAND DUNES NEAR BARNEGAT

far, a number of stations are built near together. If the danger zone is small, there stands the one solitary station among the dunes.

Here are a couple of stations almost within sight of each other upon the New Jersey coast, not far from Barnegat Light. Shall we visit the Spray Beach Station, and learn something of the surfman's life?

It is low tide, on a cloudless August morning. The white beach sand is hard beneath our feet. Shells lie upon the sands, but we must not stop for shells. We are out early, before sunrise, lest we miss some important part of the life-saver's busy day; but not so early as the life-savers, for as we approach the station we descry in the faint morning light a man pacing to and fro on the beach; and far away down the beach the gleam of a swinging lantern proclaims another surfman returning from his patrol. We express surprise at their early activities, and learn that this watch and patrol along the beach begins at sunset and goes on every hour of every night, and frequently during the day when the weather is foggy. Each man carries Coston signals with which he may warn vessels which are approaching dangerous points, or flash a beam of hope to the sailors on a stranded ship. He also carries a numbered check which he exchanges with the surfman from the next station. The patrolman having arrived, the two men are relieved by two others, one of whom takes the beach watch while the other makes the patrol in the opposite direction from the course of the last patrolman.

We follow him, as he walks steadily along. The morning is beautiful, and we may learn something by going with the surfman upon his early morning call. Halfway to the neighboring station he meets another surfman, and they speak a few words of greeting, exchange checks, and then each turns back for the homeward journey.

"That is not a difficult task," you say. Surely not to-day, but what if the wind should blow a great gale, driving the sand and sea waves against him? Then in-

deed the journey would be difficult. And if he must stop and steady himself every few minutes to look out over the raging waters, then indeed he would find it difficult to do his duty. But fortunately for us, there is only a light breeze, and the waves lap gently upon the beach.

The door opens upon his return, and we ask permission to enter and look about. The surfman drops his metal

A LIFE-SAVING STATION

check into a box near the door, and the keeper kindly offers to show us the house. This first room we enter is the mess room, and here we find several of the surfmen occupied in various ways. One is splicing a rope. One is mending a tear in his jacket. Everything is neat and tidy, but the room is barely furnished.

The next room is a small kitchen, where food is prepared for the crew, and everything here is in perfect order.

The third room, as large as the other two combined, is the most interesting of all, for here we find the life-saving apparatus. In the middle, facing the great double doors that open outward toward the sea, stands the lifeboat on wheels. The boat carriage is provided with hauling ropes, and upon a given signal, the surfmen fall into place ready

A POWER LIFEBOAT

to run the boat out to the beach. At one side is a second lifeboat. On the other side stands the beach cart, with its methodically arranged apparatus for effecting rescue with the breeches buoy. There are the breeches buoy, the sand anchor, the crotch, the reels of whipline, and hawser, and the small cannon with its shot and lines to be thrown over the wrecked vessel.

Against the right side of the room we find queer cupboards, looking much like boxes in a post office, only larger. Each of these boxes contains a flag. These are used in signaling, or "wigwagging" messages in times of emergency.

On the second floor we find two rooms, one the sleeping room for the crew and the other a storeroom. Everything

OUT RUSH THE CREW TO PRACTICE LIFE-SAVING

is as orderly as on shipboard. The storeroom contains supplies for the crew and supplies for use in times of danger. There are Coston lights, signal rockets, cork jackets, a medicine chest, tools, boat hooks, barometers, thermometers.

The lookout, or observatory, with windows facing in all directions, surmounts the building and gives it its distinctive appearance. There the watchman, with his field glasses near at hand, keeps guard upon the heaving waters for any sign of danger or distress. The watchmen change fre-

quently; but there is never a minute when one of the crew is not on lookout duty.

The seaward window is open, and as we stand enjoying the fresh sea breeze we hear a signal, see the doors of the boat room swing outward, hear a rumble of wheels, and out rush the crew with cannon, life lines, and breeches buoy to practice life-saving. And now we understand why that tall pole stands upon the beach. It represents the mast of a ship.

One man climbs the mast to the yardarm. Gun, life line, and breeches buoy are placed some distance away, and every one stands ready. Bang! goes the gun. Away goes the heavy shot, carrying the life line over the yardarm. The solitary seaman grasps the slender line, and hauls away rapidly. Now he secures the pulley through which runs the whipline for hauling the breeches buoy back and forth, and makes it fast to the mast. The surfmen, watching closely from the shore, immediately haul off the hawser which forms the cable track on which the breeches buoy travels. The seaman climbs into the breeches buoy and is hauled in safety to the sands below. The whole operation takes less than five minutes.

To-morrow they will practice sending and receiving messages with the signal flags. Next day they will learn how to restore half-drowned and exhausted seamen; and the day following, the lifeboat drill will be given. So each day brings its labors, and week by week the life-saving crew becomes more skillful in the use of apparatus. When storms arise and death threatens, there will be no time to learn how to do things. The necessary thing then will be quickly to put into practice the lessons learned on sunny days.

PART II

A RESCUE

Sandy shoals extend out a long distance about the island of Nantucket, off the New England coast, and vessels must keep far out to sea if they would escape the dangers of shipwreck. Frequently a vessel runs aground, and then the

NANTUCKET LIGHT

life-savers of Coskata know that they have a long, hard duty before them. On the morning of a winter day, when the thermometer stood at twelve degrees above zero, and a fierce, icy north wind was blowing, Keeper Chase received a telephone message from the lighthouse keeper at Sankaty

Head, stating that during the night rocket signals had appeared off the shore, and as daylight came on he could see what looked to be the masts of a schooner on Bass Rips.

"Is the vessel still there?" asked Keeper Chase.

"Yes, still there."

"All right, then. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven. Tell the lightkeeper to send out a tug to help us, if one is in port. A vessel is in distress. Tell him that we have gone to her assistance, and that we will need the tug to pull us back."

Instantly the men began to run out the lifeboat and get ready for their dangerous voyage. Every one knew what such a trip meant before that raging wind across Nantucket Shoals; but not a man refused to go. Mile after mile they rowed until Bass Rips, ten miles out, was reached. No vessel was to be seen. The schooner must have sunk, or must be beyond on the "Rose and Crown," the most dangerous shoals of the many around Nantucket.

As the lifeboat went on, the tips of masts came in view, then the rigging of a vessel. The schooner had sunk until the railing was nearly even with the water, and every wave rolled over her and over the seven men who were clinging to the rigging. The lifeboat anchored, and then, steadied by the oars, drifted down in the current toward the vessel. The rowers carefully watched every motion of the keeper and listened closely for the slightest command. A false stroke or an instant's hesitation meant death for them all.

When the boat had drifted near enough to the schooner, a stout stick, to which a small line was attached, was thrown aboard the vessel. To the end of this line was fastened a

heavy rope, which the crew hauled in and made fast to the rigging. Hand over hand, the men in the boat drew nearer, but their coming was too slow for the half-crazed men on board the wreck. They began to draw the line in rapidly, and there was great danger of swamping the lifeboat.

"Make that line fast!" commanded Keeper Chase; but they paid no heed.

Chase took out his knife, opened it, and passed it to the bow oarsman. "I have charge here," he cried. "Pull this boat another foot nearer and the line will be cut."

His mighty voice rang out over the raging seas, and the men on the wreck saw the open knife. For fifteen hours they had expected death, and now that frail boat was their only hope. They dared not disobey. They made the line fast, and the rescuers drew as close as they dared. Then another line was sent aboard, and one at a time they tied it about their waists, jumped into the sea, and were drawn into the lifeboat too overcome with exposure and hunger to be able to help themselves. When the last man was aboard, the line was cut, the anchor weighed, and the boat turned against the wind and tide.

Land was out of sight, fifteen miles away. Three hours the life-savers toiled without making headway; then they anchored until the tide turned. Even with the tide the progress was so slow that in six hours after leaving the wreck but one mile of the fifteen had been made.

Night came, and yet the crew toiled on with their clothing drenched by spray and wave, which encased men and boat in ice. Finally one said, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes and I'll be all right." So they took turns sleeping

all through that long, weary night, but they could be allowed to sleep only a few moments at a time lest they should freeze to death. Every hour they hoped to see the lights of the tug, but the only light in sight was that of the lighthouse on Sankaty Head. Afterwards they learned that the tug had hung around for several hours, and then, not daring to go farther or to stay out longer, had returned to Vineyard Haven.

On the morning of the next day they reached land, at a point eight miles from the station at Coskata after battling with the sea for nearly twenty-six hours without food or rest. It was afternoon before they had sufficiently recovered from their exhaustion to proceed farther, and when they reached home, they found that they had been given up for lost.

The keeper's wife drew down his tired, cold face, and kissed it. The tears sprang to his eyes, and in a voice he could scarcely control he called to his men, "Now, boys, stow away the boat and get your suppers. It's almost time for the sunset patrol."

IN THE SURF BOAT

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

And Jacob dwelt in the land wherein his father was a stranger, in the land of Canaan. These are the generations of Jacob. Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars

made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow

Raphael

JOSEPH'S DREAMS

down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said to him, Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word

again. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks. And the man said, They are departed hence; for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, Let us not kill him. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us

sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh. And his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard. And Joseph was brought down to Egypt, and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites, which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made

all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand. And it came to pass from the time that he made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favored.

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And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound: and he was there in the prison.

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And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed: and, behold, he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favored kine and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke. And he slept and dreamed the second time: and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. And it came

to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof: and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, I do remember my faults this day: Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker: and we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he: we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. And there was there with us a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon: and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it. And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow; and, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness; and the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine; and

when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good: and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them: and the thin ears devoured the

Raphael

JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM

seven good ears: and I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me.

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good

ears are seven years: the dream is one, and the seven thin and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: What God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through famine.

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and

according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than you. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities: the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number. And unto Joseph were born two sons, before the years of famine came. And Joseph called the name of the firstborn Manasseh: For God, said he, hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house. And the name of the second called he Ephraim: For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction.

And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land

of Egypt were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said: and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread: and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do. And the famine was over all the face of the earth: and Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die.

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him. And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that came: for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land: and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food. And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of

them, and said unto them, Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not. And Joseph said unto them, That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies: Hereby ye shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you; or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies. And he put them all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live, for I fear God: If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison: go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die. And they did so.

And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us. And Reuben answered them, saying, Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not sin against the child; and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required. And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for behold it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack: and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them. And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack: and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me. And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee: deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again. And he said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, Go again, buy us a little food. And Judah spake unto him, saying, The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not

see my face, except your brother be with you. If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food: but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down: for the man said unto us, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you. And Israel said, Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother? And they said, The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother? and we told him according to the tenor of these words: Could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down? And Judah said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever; for except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time. And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this: take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man: and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin; and rose up, and went

down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon. And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph's house; and they said, Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses. And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they communed with him at the door of the house, and said, O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food: and it came to pass, when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight; and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food: we cannot tell who put our money in our sacks. And he said, Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money. And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon: for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well, the old man of whom

ye spake? Is he yet alive? And they answered, Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive. And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance. And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother, and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread. And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves: because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth: and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him: but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money. And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Where-

fore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.

And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words. And they said unto him, Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing: behold, the money, which was found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan: how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen. And he said, Now also let it be according unto your words: he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless. Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, for he was yet there; and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them, What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine? And Judah said, What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants: behold, we are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found. And he said, God forbid that I should do so: but the man in whose hand the cup is

found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father.

Then Judah came near unto him, and said, O my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father: for if he should leave his father, his father would die. And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, Go again, and buy us a little food. And we said, We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down: for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us. And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bare me two sons; and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces; and I saw him not since: and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will

die: and thy servants bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto

him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast; and there will I nourish thee, for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.

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And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt. And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. And Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families.

— THE BIBLE.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat;
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough.
They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

— Old Song.

DEEDS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

— Philip J. Bailey.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

— JOAQUIN MILLER.

JOSÉ RIZAL

This devoted patriot, whose memory every Philippine boy and girl honors and reverences, was born in Calamba, on the southwest shore of Laguna de Bay, near Manila, June 19, 1861. His father was a thoughtful, hard-working, successful tenant farmer, living upon a portion of land belonging to the University of Santo Tomas. His mother was a woman of intelligence and excellent judgment, with a better education than that which women of her time usually received. Both parents were as patriotic as they were intelligent and industrious.

JOSÉ RIZAL

The lad was unusually intelligent and responded to these influences and to his early teaching in a way that must have made his parents both proud and thankful. His mother was his first teacher. From her he learned the alphabet and how to write his first compositions. From her, too, he learned to appreciate good literature.

Wandering at will in his hours of freedom from study, José began very early to receive a kind of education that cannot be found in books. Being unusually quick to observe and to understand, the suffering and distress which he saw on every side aroused his sympathies at an early age, and filled his heart with a strong desire to help the people of his native land.

Being a prosperous farmer and a hospitable man, José's father from time to time entertained many educated and distinguished people, and the boy must also have learned much by listening to the interesting conversation of these guests. Clergymen, government officials, and officers of the army would all have something to add to the child's store of knowledge, or at least would give him something new to dream over or to think about.

Guests at his father's table and the older members of the family were in the habit of discussing the reasons why so many people were unhappy. It is easy to imagine José a silent listener, eyes glowing with interest, and to understand how, later, he would associate these discussions with the actual distresses his eyes beheld from day to day.

Rizal was eleven years old when the Cavite insurrection occurred. The farming people of that region had no land of their own to cultivate. The fact that they were compelled to rent land exasperated the farmers and was one of the causes which led to the revolt. The insurrection proved a disastrous failure, and destroyed the hopes the people had entertained of improving the agricultural situation.

Previous to the insurrection, a society had been formed for the purpose of studying how nations should be governed,

and the ways in which the people could prepare themselves for self-government. José's brother belonged to this society. At its head were three native priests who were greatly beloved by the people. The Spanish officials accused these priests of encouraging the insurrection. Upon this accusation they were put to death. The excitement and indignation caused by this act must have made a powerful impression upon the young patriot's mind. It probably fixed his determination to work and to study until he could find some means of being a real help to his countrymen whose distresses seemed too great to be borne.

The young student's eagerness to learn, his unfailing courtesy, and his sympathy for the needy and the suffering won the love and interest of the parish priest; and the two had many a walk together over the beautiful country surrounding their homes. They must have made a pretty picture: the boy asking eager questions or listening, his big brown eyes filled with the light of intense interest; the good priest, with head bent forward and hands crossed behind him, quietly explaining the wonders of the natural world about them. You may be sure that in these walks the boy learned many things worth knowing, and gained many new ideas of the conditions of life in his native land.

Real school work began with a tutor when José was about six years old. His first reading lesson was the story of the foolish butterfly that lost its life in its efforts to reach the lighted candle. This story made a strong impression upon the sensitive child. He spoke of it in later life many times, and thought the butterfly had a glorious death in giving its life for the sake of light.

At the age of eight, he was sent to the Biñan Latin school, and in two years learned all the teachers of that school had to give him. He then spent a few weeks in the public school, but soon returned home to wait until he was old enough to go alone to Manila. Once in Manila, he probably attended the Jesuit Normal School for a while, then spent the rest of the year studying Spanish. Entering the Ateneo, he found this school so much to his taste that he graduated at the head of his class after a four years' course, in the meantime taking nearly every prize offered.

The next year he took an extra course in agriculture at the Ateneo, and the first year's course in philosophy at the University of Santo Tomas. Wishing, of course, to know as much as possible about his father's occupation, the young man studied and worked hard, graduating in agriculture at the close of the year, again with highest honors of his class. Then a difficulty arose. Rizal was only sixteen, and could not receive his degree until he was eighteen.

While waiting for the degree, he returned to the University of Santo Tomas, and began to study medicine, adding to this study lessons in painting and sculpture. But all this work was not enough. He also became president of the Academy of Spanish Literature and secretary of the Academy of Physical Sciences, and did much original writing beside. At eighteen he won a prize for an original poem called "The Filipino Youth." The same year, also, the Ateneo conferred upon him the degree of Agricultural Expert and Surveyor. When nineteen, he won a prize and a diploma for a prose composition called "The Council of the Gods." The Academy of Spanish Literature gave the

prize, and the Society of the Friends of the Country gave the diploma. This society a short time afterwards offered a prize for the best design in wax of a centennial medal, and young Rizal presented the winning model.

All this brilliant work in school with the pen and in designing made enemies for him as well as friends. Envious people are never happy over the success of others. The envious few made life uncomfortable at the University for the ambitious student; and as the methods of teaching there were not altogether satisfactory to Rizal, he decided to go to Madrid and there continue his study of medicine.

In Madrid he was heartily welcomed by fellow students from the Islands, and invited to take part in their pleasures. But young Rizal had neither time nor money to spend upon pleasures. He saved money to buy books, and began to study the histories of free peoples. He sought friends among men who had a serious purpose in life, and who were interested in learning how to prepare the common people for self-government and true freedom — the freedom of industry, thrift, and intelligence. Rizal tried to interest the Spaniards in the natural beauties of the Islands, and in the agricultural and mineral riches awaiting development in many of them. He wished to show how both Spaniards and Filipinos would profit by a more just and liberal government in the Islands.

After two years of hard work he graduated in medicine, studying in the meantime philosophy, literature, foreign languages, painting, and sculpture. From Spain Rizal went to Germany for further study at the fine old University of Heidelberg. Following the year at Heidelberg, he made

a study of village life in Germany, seeking for study, as he had in Spain, people with whose lives he could best compare village life in the Philippines. He next went to Austria, where he gained some skill as an oculist. Afterward he traveled in France, Italy, and England, absorbing the languages and literature of those countries.

During these wanderings in foreign lands Dr. Rizal, instead of deciding to practice his profession, planned for himself a far greater and more difficult life work. The plan had been slowly forming in his mind since his first year in Spain, but the patriotic men whom he met in his travels had set him to thinking in a new direction. He learned from these men that people must be able to govern their own desires and actions before they are capable of governing wisely even their own village. They must also learn to be self-supporting before they can be useful citizens. From such wise and truthful teachings Rizal's ideas regarding the real needs of his countrymen became much clearer. Hence he determined to give his time to writing about the distressing conditions in his native land, and thus try to show both the governors and suffering people what must be done to improve the situation.

He began this work by preparing articles for the newspapers at home and abroad. He planned to write a series of ten books, setting forth the conditions in the Islands together with their causes, but actually wrote only three.

In the meantime, Dr. Rizal's efforts to spread the knowledge of Philippine conditions aroused the suspicion and antagonism of the Spanish authorities. Unable to reach and punish him, they persecuted his father's family. The

father lost so much money and property that he was no longer able to provide his son with money. Consequently when the first book planned was completed, the young author had no funds to pay the printers. Fortunately, a Filipino friend came to his aid, and "Noli Me Tangere" was published. The book became immediately popular among the Filipino people and made the author henceforth the idol of his countrymen. It told the story of the evils which existed under Spanish rule so clearly that the governor forbade its presence in the Islands. In spite of this it was widely read, and the facts it set forth aided in destroying the power of Spain in the Philippines.

A change of governors later made it possible for Dr. Rizal to return to his home, where he hoped to begin the practice of medicine; but in six months he was compelled to leave. He visited England, France, and Germany. In Germany he completed two more books. This task finished, he again made his way back to the Orient and settled in Hong Kong, fully determined to practice his profession.

While he was in Hong Kong his mother and father were banished from Luzón, partly on account of difficulties with the owners of the land which Dr. Rizal's father cultivated, and partly because of their son's activity in advancing the political education of the people. At this same period, the revolt of Calamba occurred. During the revolt, Rizal asked permission to return to Manila and give his services to preserve peace and bring about reforms. The Governor-General granted the young physician's request; but later banished him to northern Mindanao.

Even after his banishment from Luzón, where he hoped

to live and work, Rizal did not lose hope or courage. Seeing an opportunity to give medical assistance to those about him, he spent much of his time in treating the sick, and in teaching the people how to give these unfortunates the care and attention they most needed. He also opened a school, and gave instructions in agriculture and engineering to fourteen boys. There was always so much to be done for the good of others that this public-spirited young man found no time for self-pity.

But the patriot's name was used to enlist men in a rebellion against the government, and the sad story of his martyrdom, which followed, is known to all. Every year the anniversary of his death is commemorated. The day is a national holiday. Thanks to his efforts and to the mercy of God, his people are now on the way to be free; but his plea for the right kind of preparation for freedom still waits for the boys and girls of the public schools to answer. He sought knowledge, because he wanted a well-trained mind to give to the service of his country. He worked with his own hands, because he thought it worth while to be able to do things. He made the best possible preparation for his chosen work in life. He was loyal to the government, lived simply and cleanly, and told the truth. He sought the acquaintance and friendship of good men and women, and served his country by trying to educate its people.

MY LAST THOUGHT

Land I adore, farewell! thou land of the southern sun's choosing!
Pearl of the Orient seas! our forfeited Garden of Eden;
Joyous I yield up for thee my sad life, and were it far brighter,
Young, rose-strewn, for thee and thy happiness still would I give it.
Far afield, in the din and rush of maddening battle,
Others have laid down their lives, nor wavered nor paused in the giving.
What matters way or place — the cypress, the lily, the laurel,
Gibbet or open field, the sword or inglorious torture,
When 'tis the hearth and the country that calls for life's immolation?

Dawn's faint lights bar the east, she smiles through the cowl of the darkness
Just as I die. Hast thou need of purple to garnish her pathway?
Here is my blood, on the hour! Pour it out and the sun in his rising
Mayhap will touch it gold, will lend it the sheen of his glory.

Dreams of my childhood and youth, and dreams of my strong young manhood,
What were they all but to see, thou gem of the Orient ocean,
Tearless thine eyes so deep, unbent, unmarred thy sweet forehead.
Vision I followed from far, desire that spurred on and consumed me!
Greeting! my parting soul cries, and greeting again! Oh my country!
Beautiful is it to fall, that the vision may rise to fulfillment,
Giving my life for thy life, and breathing thine air in the death throe;
Sweet to eternally sleep in thy lap, O land of enchantment!

If in the deep, rich grass that covers my rest in thy bosom,
Some day thou seest upspring a lowly, tremulous blossom,
Lay there thy lips, 'tis my soul; may I feel on my forehead descending,
Deep in the chilly tomb, the soft, warm breath of thy kisses.

Let the calm light of the moon fall around me, and dawn's fleeting
splendor;
Let the winds murmur and sigh, on my cross let some bird tell its message;
Loosed from the rain by the brazen sun, let clouds of soft vapor
Bear to the skies, as they mount again, the chant of my spirit.
There may some friendly heart lament my parting untimely
And if at eventide a soul for my tranquil sleep prayeth,
Pray thou too, O my fatherland! for my peaceful reposing;
Pray for those who remain to suffer such torture in prisons;
Pray for the bitter grief of our mothers, our widows, our orphans;
Oh, pray too for thyself, on the way to thy final redemption.

When our still dwelling place wraps night's dusky mantle about her,
Leaving the dead alone with the dead to watch till morning,
Break not our rest, and seek not to lay death's mystery open,
If now and then thou shouldst hear the string of a lute or a cithern,
Mine is the hand, dear country, and mine is the voice that is singing.

When my tomb, that all have forgot, no cross nor stone marketh,
There let the laborer guide his plow, there cleave the earth open.
So shall my ashes at last be one with thy hills and thy valleys.
Little 'twill matter then, my country, that thou shouldst forget me!
I shall be air in thy streets, and I shall be space in thy meadows,
I shall be vibrant speech in thine ears, shall be fragrance and color,
Light and shout, and loved song forever repeating my message.

— José Rizal.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

PART I

Commodore Dewey's fleet reached Subig Bay on the afternoon of Saturday, April 30, 1898. He had four cruisers, two gunboats, and one cutter, besides a number of transports. On board this fleet were 57 big guns and 74 rapid-firing guns. The crew consisted of 1808 men.

COMMODORE DEWEY

The Commodore had received information that the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo was inside the harbor of Manila; but the size of the fleet and the number of guns and fighting men were unknown. He called the commanding officers of his ships on board the flagship *Olympia* and told them of his plan to obey the President's instructions to find and destroy the enemy's fleet. The first important thing to be done was to pass the shore forts at the entrance of the harbor without drawing fire, if possible.

Before dawn on Sunday morning the fleet steamed slowly into the harbor. The flagship *Olympia*, with Commodore

Dewey on board, led the way. Then, in order, went the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, and the *Boston*. Then came the supply ships. As they passed the last point before reaching the entrance they saw the lights of Corregidor burning bright and still, but there was no searchlight in action.

Every man received a cup of coffee. All the ships' lights were put out except those at the stern, and they were covered. On crept the ships until they reached the channel. Forts lay on either side. The air was perfectly calm; and even in the darkness it seemed impossible for all the ships to pass these forts without attracting attention.

On they crept, the gray of the ships matching the gray of the water; and the whole fleet would have entered without the knowledge of the Spaniards if it had not been for a fireman on board the cutter. Opening the furnace doors, he shoveled in some soft coal. A shower of sparks went up from the smokestack! The sentinels on shore were aroused.

A bugle call came from the west. A flash of light followed, and then the Americans heard the boom of a great gun. Two more shots were fired from the battery. The *Concord* replied with a four-inch shell. Farther back, the *Boston* sent out an eight-inch shell; and still farther back, in the advancing line, the *McCulloch* fired a few four-pound shots. The batteries continued to fire for a short time, and then all was still once more.

The ships slowed down, for fear of mines under water, and of coming suddenly upon the enemy's fleet. It was a time to test the courage of officers and men. What lay

beneath the ships' keels? How far away was the Spanish fleet?

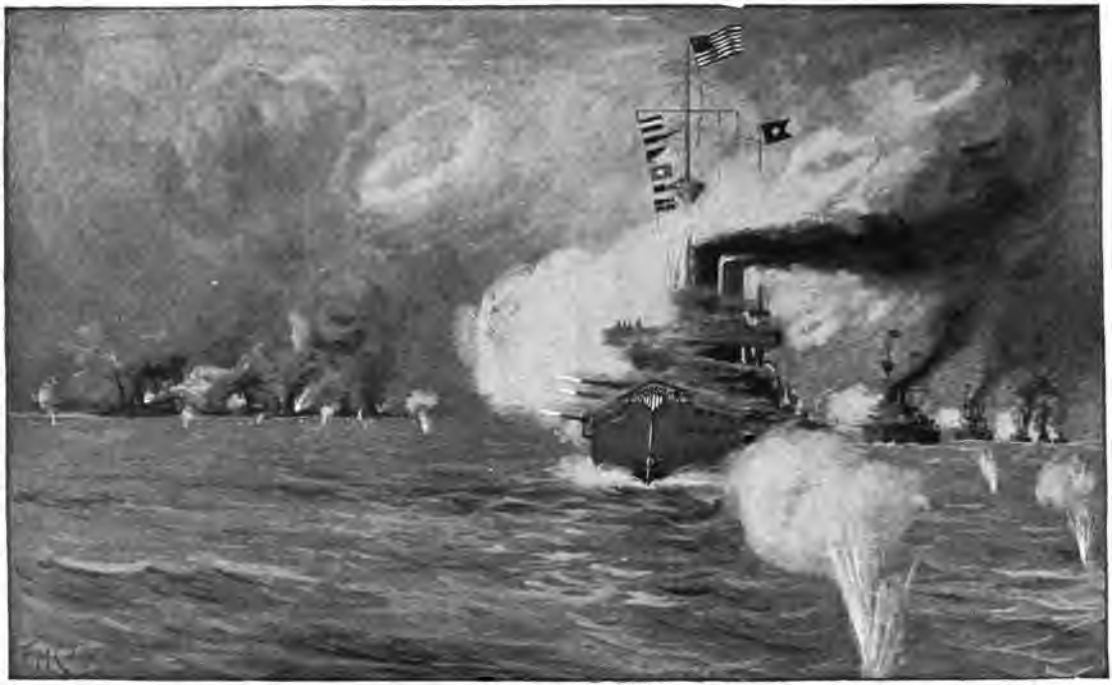
Suddenly, darkness changed to daylight, as though a curtain had been drawn away from the sun, and behold the fleet! Straight ahead it lay, guarded in the rear by the forts of Cavite. The front was protected by a long line of logs, bound together and anchored in place. There were seven cruisers, five gunboats, and two torpedo boats. Dewey learned later that this fleet was provided with 52 big guns, 83 rapid-firing guns, and 1948 men. Admiral Montojo's forces were aided by an arsenal, shore batteries, and forts.

The American fleet first steamed eastward. The look-outs reported that the Admiral's flag was flying from the *Reina Cristina.*

Just as the supply ships dropped anchor, a shot was fired from the fort of Cavite, and one from the *Reina Cristina,* but neither shot reached the American fleet. Dewey's only reply was to send up a string of signal flags, bearing the watchword "Remember the Maine."

Now every gun was loaded, and every man at his place. The excitement was intense. The vessels turned toward Manila. Rounding past the city's water front, four miles away, the officers with their field glasses could see that city walls, church towers, and the tops of high buildings were covered with people watching the actions of the two fleets.

As the American vessels turned toward Cavite the gunners of the Spanish fleet and those of the fort began to fire rapidly. The Commodore signaled to his fleet "Do not fire until we are nearer." And the ships moved quietly



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

onward. Suddenly a stream of mud and water sprang up into the air near the bow of the *Baltimore*. Then, in front of the *Raleigh*, another stream of mud and water! They were among the mines at last! But after these two explosions, no more mines were touched.

The Commodore, Commander Lamberton, Lieutenant Reese, and the navigator stood on the forward bridge. Glancing toward the shore, Dewey said to Reese:—

"Are we not about 5000 yards away?"

"Between 5000 and 6000, I think," answered Reese.

The Commodore called out to Captain Gridley, "When you are ready, you may fire, Gridley."

Instantly the floor of the bridge trembled beneath their feet as the port eighteen-inch gun of the forward turret sent out a shell. The shell was directed toward the *Reina Cristina*. The *Baltimore*, and then the *Boston*, followed with shells from the same quarter. The return fire of the Spaniards was terrific. Their ship and shore guns seemed to unite in one unending snap and roar. The screaming of shot and the bursting of shells did not cease for an instant.

One shell exploded about a hundred yards from the forward bridge of the *Olympia*. One fragment cut the rigging overhead. Another fragment cut a splinter from the deck just below where the Commodore stood. A third fragment smashed the bridge gratings; and the air was full of the sound of flying pieces. But not a man was struck.

When within a distance of 4000 yards of the Spanish column, Dewey ordered all the guns on the port broadside to fire, and the order was obeyed. By this time the last ship had passed the Spaniards. The *Olympia* swung round

on her return line of attack. Once more the fleet steamed past Montojo, with the starboard guns flaming, roaring, and smoking as they went. The Spanish batteries returned the fire with a will, fighting bravely and furiously. One shot went through the *Baltimore*, but hit no one. Another cut the signal ropes from the hands of Lieutenant Brumby on the after bridge. Another passed through the *Boston's* foremast, not far from where Captain Wildes was stationed, but hurt no one.

PART II

The American vessels swung round once more with their port sides on. The *Reina Cristina* steamed out to attack the *Olympia*, and it seemed to be the intention to ram her. The *Olympia's* port guns poured a broadside into the *Reina Cristina*, and she actually seemed to shiver under the battering of the shot and shell. Holes appeared near her water line, made by the eight-inch shells from the *Olympia*. One shot struck the bridge upon which Admiral Montojo stood. The Admiral, brave man that he was, stepped quietly to the other end and went on with his observations.

But no bravery could save the ship from the driving, crushing, tearing of the tons of steel poured into her by the guns of the *Olympia*. She slowly turned and started for the shore. Sixty of her men had been killed, including the chaplain and the first lieutenant.

While this exciting duel between the two flagships was going on, two torpedo boats crept out from behind the Cavite pier. One headed for the supply ships in the distance, and one for the *Olympia*. The *Petrel* turned the

first one back toward the shore, and then followed her. The Spanish crew clambered over the boat's side to the beach, and hid in some bushes. The *Petrel* turned her rapid-fire guns upon the deserted torpedo boat and blew it to pieces.

The second boat was met by the secondary battery of the *Olympia*. But still she steamed on until within 500 yards of the flagship. Then the rapid-fire guns attacked her, and she was compelled to turn. As she did so, a shell exploded inside her stern railing. The boat dipped suddenly in the middle. Her bow and stern rose in the air, and she disappeared beneath the water.

After passing five times in front of the enemy, the men working at the guns for two hours in the sweltering heat, the Commodore asked "What time is it, Reese?"

"Seven forty-five, sir," answered Reese.

"Breakfast time," said Dewey. "Send up the signal to cease firing and follow me."

With that the *Olympia's* bows were turned toward the supply ships, and the rest of the fleet followed. As the ships swung out, the Spaniards gave a cheer. They probably thought the battle was over. The gunners on the *Luneta* fort probably thought the same thing; for they fired upon the retreating ships.

"We are not to return fire, I suppose, sir," said Lamberton.

"Oh, no," said the Commodore; "let them amuse themselves if they like. We shall have enough opportunity to burn powder later. We have not begun fighting yet."

When the fleet reached anchorage ground beside the

transport ships, Dewey called all commanders aboard the *Olympia* to report. And the report was astonishing. Not a ship was disabled! Not a gun was out of order! Not a man had been killed! Not a man had been injured!

Breakfast was next served, and the men given three hours for rest. After breakfast the details of the second part of the battle were arranged. The Spanish ships were to be attacked one at a time. When they were disposed of, the forts were to receive attention.

Again sailing round to the Manila channel, the American fleet headed for the Spaniards. As the ships drew near, it was found that the *Reina Cristina*, the *Castilla*, and the transport *Mendanao* were all ablaze. Their crews were as busy as so many ants trying to put out the flames. Before the battle began, Admiral Montojo was compelled to abandon the *Reina Cristina* and transfer his flag to the *Isle de Cuba*.

The *Baltimore* headed for the *Cristina* and the *Austria*, and received shells from all the guns left on board those two ships. One shell exploded on her deck, wounding five men with the splinters. The *Baltimore* did not return the fire. Another shell exploded, and three more men were wounded. Shells plunged and burst about her until she seemed to be moving through a park full of fountains.

When the *Baltimore* reached about a 3000-yard range, she swung and poured a broadside into the *Reina Cristina*. Smoke clouds hid everything for a few minutes. When they cleared away, the *Cristina* exploded, and the air was full of fragments. She then settled and sank. The remainder of her crew jumped overboard and swam for the nearest ship.

The *Baltimore* then turned her attention to the *Austria*. The *Olympia* and the *Raleigh* steamed up to her assistance. Firing from the three vessels was continuous, and the Spanish ship rocked under the effect of the shells. A shell finally struck and exploded the *Austria's* magazine. Her decks shot upward in the flaming volcano. So terrible was

THE WRECKED SPANISH SQUADRON AT CAVITE

the explosion that flying fragments destroyed the upper works of a gun torpedo boat which lay beside her.

The *Velasco* and the *Castilla* were next destroyed.

Every ship in the Spanish fleet fought most bravely; but the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* and her commander, Robion, fought with the bravery and courage of heroes. Shot after shot struck the hull of the vessel until it was full of holes. Shell after shell swept her upper deck until all the upper

guns were useless. Still Robion did not surrender. On the lower deck her gun crews kept at their places like the heroes that they were.

Shot after shot struck the shivering hulk, and still the lower guns returned the fire. It seemed as if the *Ulloa* could not be destroyed. At last, however, she moved sidewise, sinking. Robion nailed the Spanish ensign upon what was left of the mast. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* went down with her colors flying and her lower guns still roaring defiance.

Ship after ship was sunk and burned until Admiral Montojo was compelled to haul down his colors and leave the sinking and burning hulk of the *Isle de Cuba*.

Then the shore batteries were silenced one after another. At 12.45 the final blow was given. The bastions of the Cavite forts had been destroyed by the *Boston*, the *Baltimore*, and the *Concord*. The *Raleigh*, the *Olympia*, and the *Petrel* united against the arsenal. The few guns left in the forts were still firing when a thunderous roar was heard, followed by a heart-shaking concussion. A shell had landed in the magazine of the arsenal. With the upward rush of flames, fragments, and dead, the brave Spaniards lost hope. They sent up a white flag from the citadel of Cavite, and the battle of Manila was over.

Adapted from "With Dewey at Manila."

— THOMAS J. VIVIAN,

Author of:

"Luther Strong."

"The Fairy Spinning Wheel."

THE RETURN OF THE SIX HUNDRED

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(About the middle of the nineteenth century there was a terrible war between Russia, on one side, and England with her allies, on the other. It was known as the Crimean War. During a great battle at a place called Balaklava, a company of British soldiers known as the Light Brigade performed a deed of bravery. Through somebody's mistake they received an order to charge upon a portion of the Russian army much larger than their own company, and protected by great batteries of artillery.

Although it seemed a rash and hopeless undertaking, they had received the order and felt that they must obey. With a battery in front and one on each side, they made a charge and routed the enemy; but it was a dear-bought victory. Out of six hundred and seventy horsemen, only

one hundred and ninety-eight returned alive. It was about this charge that the poet Tennyson wrote the following poem.)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade, —
Noble six hundred!

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

PART I

Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, and received her first name from the city of her birth. The father, William Nightingale, was an English country gentleman of wealth, who was at that time traveling upon the continent with his family. Returning to England soon after the birth of this little daughter, he settled upon the beautiful family estate, where Florence's childhood and girlhood were passed amid the most cheerful surroundings.

There was an older sister with whom to share things, and this would have helped her to be unselfish if she had ever needed help. But she enjoyed sharing things. She was also tender-hearted and sympathetic, and as often as she was permitted, went with her mother to the village to visit cottages where the aged or the suffering needed help. Here the little hands soon became skillful in relieving pain.

If there were no suffering villagers to care for, one could always have sick dolls, and indeed, Florence's doll nursery was at any time likely to be changed to a doll hospital.

A doll with a bruised cheek or a broken arm or leg, or wasting away from loss of sawdust, was always brought to Florence. No other's hands could dress wounds, bind broken limbs, and stop the flow of sawdust like hers.

She loved animals, and owned a number of pets. Chief

among these was a shaggy little pony that would come at her call, and eat from her hand. So gentle and kindly was she that even the most timid creatures on the place were not afraid in her presence.

One day while riding over the pasture lands where shepherds watched their grazing flocks, she saw a shepherd without his dog trying in vain to get his sheep together.

"Where is your dog, Donald?" asked Florence.

"Some boys threw stones at him and broke his leg, yesterday. I carried him home, but he suffers so much that I fear he must be killed."

"Perhaps I can help him, Donald," she replied. "Let me see him before you kill him. I know how to bind wounds, and it may be that the leg is not broken."

Going to the shepherd's hut, she heated water and bathed the dog's injured leg. When the fever and the swelling were reduced, she wound bandages around the injured place, and fed the poor creature. She visited and cared for him until he was able to follow his master to the pasture and help care for the sheep.

All these interesting experiences occurred during play hours. Nothing interfered with school. Florence studied reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and geography. She had lessons in drawing, painting, and music. The father taught her Latin, Greek, and English Literature, and her mother, sewing and all the arts of housekeeping.

As Florence grew older she began to try to relieve her mother of extra care by doing more and more of the work of visiting the sick and the needy upon the estate, and in talking or reading to those who were too old or too feeble

to visit their neighbors, and attend church. All this was done in so sincere and natural a manner as to win their love and gratitude.

When Miss Nightingale was about twenty years old, she decided to devote her life to the care of the sick and suffering. There were very few trained nurses in England at that time, and no schools where they could be trained. Nursing was considered such an undesirable occupation that no educated or refined people seemed willing to enter it. Those who had charge of the sick were coarse and ignorant, and often brutal and intemperate. They caused more suffering than they relieved. So when friends learned of Miss Nightingale's decision, they shook their heads and wondered why so gentle and refined a lady should undertake that repulsive work. The gentle lady herself knew why. She knew that in the sick room gentleness and refinement are sadly needed. She knew that if skillfulness can be added to gentle manners, and soft tones of voice, there is healing power in the nurse's presence.

To receive training she went to the hospitals of London first; for, of course, if one would learn to nurse the sick, one must go to places where the sick receive care. The new student sought in vain for a satisfactory hospital. None could be found. The sick seemed to suffer from neglect and abuse, from the lack of proper nursing, as they suffered from disease or accident. There were no nurses. The attendants neither knew nor cared to know the duties of a nurse. The rooms were disorderly, the beds unclean, and the food neither appetizing nor nourishing.

From London, Miss Nightingale went first to Scotland

and then to Ireland, hoping to receive help, but in vain. The only thing she learned was how much Great Britain needed trained nurses and better hospitals. Instead of becoming discouraged, she was the more determined to learn how to care for the sick and manage hospitals.

Going to the continent, she found help at last; and in the tidy and well-managed hospitals of France and Germany, learned all the lessons which helped her to do a great work and bring about a great reform in England and in English-speaking countries.

Miss Nightingale worked and studied very hard. Not willing to miss any experience, she visited and nursed the sick outside of hospitals, as well as those inside, and learned how to relieve the sufferings of the poor and needy.

Long hours of work and study made it necessary for her to spend a few months at home when her training was completed, to rest and regain her strength. What a relief it must have been to her, after all the scenes of poverty and suffering through which she had gone, to return once more to the quiet of the country and the beauty and order of the dear home! How restful to fall asleep in her own dainty room, and waken at sunrise to look out upon the grass-covered hills of the pasture land!

The rest was brief, I am sorry to say, for a task awaited Miss Nightingale. A hospital for sick teachers had been founded in London some years before, and the expenses of the institution were paid by a number of generous London people. But instead of prospering as it should have done, this hospital was so poorly managed that by the time Miss Nightingale finished her training its patrons had become

too discouraged to make any further efforts to keep it open.

"Suppose we ask Miss Nightingale to become superintendent," said one. "She may be able to reorganize the institution."

Out of the beauty, peace, and cleanliness of a charming home our good angel stepped into a house full of noisy and unhappy people. Unswept floors, unclean beds, neglected patients, ignorant and brutal servants met her at every turn. Here was a task to try her courage, tact, and skill!

The first thing necessary was money to buy supplies, to hire capable servants, and to pay good physicians. The new superintendent visited some of her wealthy friends and obtained enough money to begin the good work. Working, encouraging, planning, day by day, the discomforts became less, the comforts more. Quiet nurses soothed and comforted the sick. The rooms were made clean and orderly. Patients had the comfort of baths and clean clothes. The kitchen became a place where the most tempting and delicious food was prepared. Old patrons, seeing all these wonderful changes, revived their courage, and began to pay their annual subscriptions once more. The Hospital for Sick Teachers was at last successful.

The strain proved too great for Miss Nightingale's strength, however: and when all the necessary changes had been made, she gave the superintendent's place to another and went home again to rest. The thanks and praise of the benevolent people of London followed her. Friends ceased to wonder why she should waste her life in nursing the sick. She had made Harley Street House a home indeed.

PART II

The little peninsula of Crimea is a long distance from England. In the days when Miss Nightingale left London to regain her strength, the only means of travel between the two places was by sailing vessels, at the mercy of winds and tides. When the Crimean War began, troops, arms, ammunition, food, hospital supplies, all had to be sent in ships, by way of the Straits of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean Sea.

Everything arrived safely and was made ready for use except the hospital supplies. By some mistake, no one had received orders to unload and transport them to the military hospital at Scutari. Some were unloaded upon the dock and left exposed to wind and storms. Some lay in the hulls of ships, hidden from view by other things, and forgotten. Alas for the brave soldiers and sailors when shot and shell begin their dreadful work!

The first battle proved a victory for England and her allies; and soon the whole country was rejoicing over the wisdom of the commanding officers and the courage of the soldiers and sailors. A little later a different message reached England. The men who risked their lives to gain the victory were dying by hundreds from exposure to cold winds and rain, and from lack of care of their wounds.

Miss Nightingale in her country home heard of the trouble, and sent a letter to the prime minister, asking permission to go and nurse the sick and wounded soldiers.

"Yes," replied the prime minister, "we will prepare a ship to carry you to the Crimea."

Miss Nightingale secured thirty trained nurses, quantities of bed linen, clothing for the sick, bandages for the wounded, and food that sick people could eat.

"All those supplies are unnecessary," said the officials. "You will find everything awaiting you at the end of your journey."

But the good lady knew it would be safer to have supplies that could be used immediately; for it might require days and weeks to find the proper persons to unload the supply ships at Scutari.

When the little band of nurses arrived at the military hospital, they beheld a sad spectacle indeed. The hospital was not large enough to hold the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Every room was full. Men lay closely packed together upon the hall floors, and even upon the muddy ground. The wounds of many had never been dressed, and the poor sufferers lay in the same blood-stained clothes they had worn upon the day of battle.

The hospital rooms and beds were filthy. There was no one to cook food for the sufferers. If a man was able to creep to the kitchen and prepare his own food, he was fortunate; but hundreds, unable to move because of wounds and sickness, lay perishing unattended.

It was a new thing for a woman to nurse in a military hospital; and even the surgeons received Miss Nightingale coldly. "This woman has come to make mischief," they thought, "else why should she be here? No other woman ever undertook a work like this before." But they soon changed their minds.

With the supplies brought fresh from England, the brave

nurses began a battle with dirt and disorder that never ceased until the hospital was changed from a place of torture to a place of peace and comfort. Clean rooms, clean beds covered with fresh linen, clean and comfortable clothing for the patients, clean bandages for broken and wounded limbs, were quickly prepared. Soups, jellies, toast, and tea soon tempted the appetites of the sufferers.

The surgeons were not long in discovering that these women were a blessing that could not be too highly appreciated. They did a great work in making the hospital clean and comfortable; but their gentleness, skillfulness, and courage in nursing the sick and assisting at operations increased their value a hundred fold. Miss Nightingale worked harder than any one, and thought of more things to do than any one else to comfort and encourage the men.

Twenty hours a day she worked, planned, nursed, talked, read, wrote letters, all for the comfort of England's brave soldiers. The last thing at night, before seeking a few hours of rest, she visited every ward of the hospital; and the sufferers soon learned to wait for her coming. With a lamp in her hand, she softly passed from cot to cot, stopping here and there to straighten a bandage, touch a forehead, say a comforting word; for the numbers were too great to permit her to speak to all. The patients watched her approach, and turned to kiss her shadow as it fell upon their pillows. They called her "The Lady with the Lamp." Is it any wonder they loved her?

When the war closed, Miss Nightingale's was the most popular and best-loved name in England. Friends and admirers raised a large sum of money to be called the

Florence Nightingale fund. This was to be given her upon her arrival home to be used as she thought best for the improvement of hospital service and the care of the sick. They also planned to receive her with great ceremony, and hold a public meeting to express to her the country's gratitude for her noble service.

But "The Lady with the Lamp" thought nothing of public receptions and honors. Having given all her strength to the sick and the wounded, the thing she most needed was rest. So, taking passage on a French ship, she landed and had reached her own quiet home before the people of London knew of her arrival.

Friends thought that a few months of rest would restore her strength, but the strain had been too great. From that time onward to the day of her death Miss Nightingale remained an invalid. The only times she ever left her room in the country home were when she was carried to another room in London. These changes were made so that she could be nearer the places where the Florence Nightingale fund was being spent in training nurses, experimenting in the preparation of foods for the sick, and in properly furnishing new hospitals. Always busy, always cheerful, she was an inspiration to her fellow workers in England as she was to the poor crippled and suffering soldiers in the Crimea.

Thanks to Florence Nightingale, England's hospitals to-day are among the best in the world, and excellent schools for nurses are to be found everywhere.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp —

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT

(This selection is adapted from Victor Hugo's story of Jean Valjean, the convict, in "Les Misérables.")

The Bishop half turned in his chair, placed his hands on his knees, and looked up at the housekeeper with his cordial, easily pleased face, which the fire illuminated from below: "Well, what is it? What is it? Are we in any great danger?"

Then the housekeeper told her story over again, exaggerating it slightly, though unsuspicious of the fact. It would seem that a gypsy, a barefooted fellow, a sort of dangerous beggar, was in the town at the moment. He had tried to get a lodging at Jacquin Labarre's, who had refused to take him in. He had been seen prowling about the streets at nightfall and was evidently a gallows bird, with his frightful face.

"I say, Monseigneur, that this house is not at all safe," Madame Magloire continued, "and that if Monseigneur permits I will go to the locksmith and tell him to put the old bolts on the door again, for I say that a door which can be opened from the outside by the first passer-by is most terrible; besides, Monseigneur is always accustomed to say 'Come in,' and in the middle of the night. Oh, my gracious! there is no occasion to ask for permission."

At that moment there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop. The door opened, and the wanderer entered. He advanced a step and halted, leaving

the door open. He had his knapsack on his shoulders, and a heavy stick in his hands. His eyes showed weariness, desperation, as the fire from the hearth shone upon his face.

Madame Magloire, the housekeeper, had not even strength to speak, but stood with her mouth wide open, staring at the convict. Madame Baptistine, the Bishop's sister, started in terror, but turning to look at her brother, her face became calm once more.

The Bishop looked quietly at the man. As he opened his mouth to ask the newcomer what he desired, the man rested both hands on his stick, turned to the Bishop and the two women, and said in a loud voice:—

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I spent nineteen years in the galleys. I was set free four days ago, and am on my way from Toulon to Pontarleir. I have traveled thirty-six miles on foot to-day.

"This evening when I arrived in the town, I went to an inn, and they turned me out, because of my yellow passport, which I had shown in the town hall. I went to another inn and was driven out. I went to the prison, but the jailer would not admit me. I went to a dog kennel. The dog bit and chased me. I went to a private house, and the man threatened to shoot me. Yonder in the square I meant to sleep upon a stone bench. A good woman showed me your house, and told me to knock. I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money that I have saved. I will pay. I am weary and hungry. Are you willing to have me remain?"

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "set another place at the table."

"Stop!" said the man. "Did you hear? I am a galley slave, a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper and unfolded it. "Here is my passport, — yellow, as you see. This has driven me out of every place where I have been. Will you read it? It says I am a very dangerous man. Every one has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat? I could sleep in the stable if you have one."

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "you will put white sheets on the bed in the alcove." Madame Magloire retired to do as she was bidden.

"Sit down, sir, and warm yourself," said the Bishop, turning to the man. "Supper will be ready soon, and after we eat, your bed will be ready."

At this moment the man suddenly understood. The harshness and doubt in his face changed to joy, and he began to stammer like a crazy man.

"Really? You will not drive me away? You will keep me, who am a convict? You call me 'sir'? Other people say, 'Get out of here, you dog!' I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who directed me here! I am to have supper, and a bed with mattress and sheets! It is nineteen years since I slept in a bed. Pardon me, sir, the innkeeper, but what is your name? I will pay anything you ask. You are an innkeeper, are you not?"

"I, who live here, am a priest," said the Bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, what a fine priest!

Then you will not ask me to pay for my lodging?" As he spoke, he placed his knapsack and stick in a corner, and seated himself. "You are a good man. You have not scorned me. Then you do not ask me to pay?"

"No," said the Bishop, "keep your money."

Madame Magloire returned. She brought a silver fork and spoon which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the Bishop, "place those things as near the fire as possible." And turning to his guest he said: "The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must be cold, sir."

Each time the Bishop said "sir" in his brave and gentle voice, the man's face lighted up. It was like a glass of water to a shipwrecked sailor.

"This lamp gives a very bad light," said the Bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in the Bishop's bedroom.

"You are good. You do not despise me," said the man. "You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed anything from you."

The Bishop, who was sitting close to him, gently touched his hand. "You could not help telling me who you are. This is not my house. It is the house of Jesus Christ. We do not ask here who a man is, but whether he has a sorrow. You suffer. You are weary and hungry and thirsty. You are welcome. Do not thank me. Do not say that I receive you into my house. No one is at home here except the one who is needy. I say to you who are passing by, that you are much more at home here than I am myself.

THE MAN ATE LIKE ONE STARVING

Everything here is yours. Why should I wish to know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one that I already knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "Really? You know what I am called?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "you are called my brother."

"Wait, Monsieur, the Priest!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good that I no longer know what has happened to me."

"Have you suffered much?" asked the Bishop.

"Oh, the red coat, the ball chained to the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, hard work, the whippings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word! Even sick and in bed, one must wear the chain! Dogs are far happier! I was a convict nineteen years. I am now forty-six, and must carry the yellow passport. That is what it is like."

In the meantime Madame Magloire had served supper. There was soup, a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread. She had of her own will added a bottle of her master's favorite wine.

"To table!" cried the Bishop, cheerfully. He asked a blessing, and helped the soup. The man ate like one starving, paying no attention to any one.

"May you sleep well," said the Bishop. "Before starting on your journey in the morning you must have a cup of warm milk to refresh you."

"Thanks, Monsieur, the Priest," said Jean Valjean.

Then, raising his hand in blessing, the Bishop retired to his bedroom.

As for the man, he was so weary that he did not even profit by the fresh white sheets. Snuffing out the candle, he dropped upon the bed without undressing, and immediately fell asleep.

— VICTOR HUGO.

MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MARQUIS DE LANTENAC

PART I

THE MARQUIS AND THE BEGGAR

The man sat motionless. For a moment it seemed to him that in escaping from the sea all danger had vanished. No one knew his name. He was alone, and the enemy knew not where to find him. All the hurry and confusion past, he suddenly felt at rest. He would have been asleep in a short time if the steeple at Cormeray had not attracted his attention. Something unusual was taking place.

The belfry seemed to open and close at regular intervals. Its lofty windows were first white and then black. The sky could be seen through it; then the sky disappeared. A gleam of light would come, and then darkness. The opening and closing followed each other, a second apart, as regularly as the strokes of a hammer on an anvil.

He looked at all the steeples on the horizon. The belfries of all the steeples were opening and closing, changing from white to black. What did it mean?

It meant that all the bells were ringing. They were sounding the alarm, sounding it with all their might, in all the belfries, in every parish, in every village; but not a sound reached the man's ear. He was too far away; and, besides, the sea breeze blowing from the opposite direction carried all land noises far away from him.

All these bells calling from every side, and yet silence! How strange it seemed! They must be after some one. Whom could it be? The man shuddered. It certainly could not be he. No one could have seen him land.

For some moments there had been a slight sound behind him. It was like the rustling of a leaf on a wind-shaken tree. At first he did not heed the sound; then, as it continued, he turned around. The wind was trying to remove a large piece of paper pasted on the pillar above his head.

He mounted the stone on which he had been sitting and placed his hand on the corner of the paper which was flapping in the wind. It contained a printed proclamation; and there was still enough daylight for the man to see to read. This is what was printed: —

"The Marquis de Lantenac, the Prince of Brittany, secretly landed on the coast of Glanville, is declared an outlaw. A price is set on his head. The sum of sixty thousand francs will be paid to him who will deliver up the outlaw, dead or alive. A battalion of the army of the coast of Cherbourg will be immediately sent in pursuit of the Marquis de Lantenac. The parishes are ordered to lend every assistance in the capture." — LA MARNE.

The old man pulled down his hat over his eyes, drew his cloak under his chin, and went quickly down the hill.

The plain was deserted. It was an hour when there were no passers-by. Stopping behind a thicket, and taking off his cloak, he turned the hairy side of his vest out. Then, fastening the ragged cloak around his neck again, he started on his way.

"Where are you going?" asked a voice. Turning round, the Marquis saw a tall man like himself, standing in the

thicket. The man was old, like himself, had white hair like his own, and wore garments more ragged. This man leaned on a long stick.

"I ask where you are going," he repeated.

"In the first place where am I?" asked the Marquis.

"You are in the province of Tanis. I am its beggar; you are its lord."

"I?"

"Yes; you, sir, are the Marquis de Lantenac."

"You are right. Deliver me up to the soldiers."

The man pointed to the roof of a farmhouse, which could be seen some distance away, above the trees.

"They are searching for you. Half a battalion is there."

"Well," said the Marquis, "let us go on."

"Do not go there!" cried the beggar. "Come home with me."

The Marquis looked at the beggar.

"Listen, Marquis; my home is poor, but it is safe. It is a hut lower than a cave. For a floor, it has a bed of sea-weed, and for a ceiling a roof of branches and grass. If you go to the farm, you will be shot. If you go with me, you can sleep. You must be very tired. To-morrow the soldiers will march away, and then you can go wherever you wish."

"Why do you wish to save me?"

"Because you are poorer than I. I have a right to breathe, and you have not."

"Do you know a price has been put on my head? The man who betrays me will receive sixty thousand francs."

"I know it."

"Do you know that sixty thousand francs is a fortune?"

"Yes. When I saw you, I said to myself: 'Only think of it! The one who betrays this man will win sixty thousand francs, and make a fortune. Let us hasten to conceal him!'"

The Marquis followed the poor man. They entered a thicket. There was the beggar's den. It was hollowed out under the roots of a grand old oak tree, and was covered with its branches.

They stooped, crept along a little way, entered the room, and sat on a heap of seaweed. In the corner there was a jug of water, a loaf of bread, and some chestnuts. They shared the chestnuts. The Marquis added his piece of biscuit. They ate from the same loaf, and drank from the same jug.

"Do you belong to this country?" asked the Marquis.

"I have never been out of it," replied the beggar.

"Have I ever met you before?"

"Often, for I am your own beggar. I was the poor man at the foot of the road to your castle. You used to give me alms. I held out my hand, and you saw nothing but the hand. You dropped in it the alms which I needed in the morning to keep me from dying of hunger at night. Sometimes a sou saved my life. I owe you my life. I pay the debt on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you do not come here to work evil."

"I come here to do good," said the Marquis.

"Let us sleep," said the beggar.

They lay down side by side on the bed of seaweed, and fell asleep.

PART II

THE SOLDIERS FIND A LEADER

When the Marquis awoke, it was day. Tellmarch, the beggar, was outside near the entrance. He was leaning on his stick. The sun shone on his face.

"Monseigneur," said Tellmarch, "it has just struck four from the belfry of Tanis. I heard the four strokes. So the wind has changed, it is blowing offshore; I hear no other sound, so the tocsin has ceased. Everything is quiet at the farm and in the hamlet. The worst of the danger is over; it will be wise for us to separate. It is my hour for leaving home."

"I am going that way," he said, pointing to the horizon. "You must go this way." He pointed in the opposite direction. The beggar saluted the Marquis solemnly. A moment later he had disappeared among the trees.

The Marquis rose and went in the direction the beggar had pointed out to him.

It was the charming morning hour, called in the old Norman peasant tongue "the song sparrow of the day." The finches and hedge sparrows were chirping. The Marquis followed the path by which they had come the night before.

At the foot of the crossroad where he was stealing along, he could see only the roofs of the farms which lay to the left. He was skirting a steep height. At the foot of the height the view was abruptly lost in the trees. The foliage seemed bathed in light. All nature was filled with the deep joy of the morning.

Suddenly the landscape became terrible. It was like the

bursting forth of an ambuscade. A strange deluge of wild cries and gunshots fell over the fields and woods full of sunlight, and in the direction of the farm a great smoke pierced by bright flames arose, as if the hamlet and the farm were nothing but a bundle of burning straw. It was sudden and fearful, an abrupt change from peace to madness, a horror without warning. The Marquis stopped.

Curiosity is stronger than the sense of danger. One must know, if he has to die in consequence. He climbed up the height, at the foot of which passed the hollow path. From there he could see, but he might also be seen. He looked about him.

To be sure, there was fighting, and a house was on fire. The noise could be heard, the fire could be seen. The farm was the center of some terrible calamity. What was it? Was the farm attacked? And by whom? Was it a battle? The Blues, as they had been ordered, very often punished disloyal farms and villages by setting them on fire. To make an example of them they burned every farm and every hamlet which had not felled the trees ordered by law, and which had not opened passages through the thickets for the republican cavalry. It was evident that none of the openings ordered by the law had been made in the thickets and hedges of Tanis. Was this the punishment?

While the Marquis was listening and watching, hesitating to go down, hesitating to remain, this noise ceased. The Marquis was aware of something in the thicket like the scattering of a wild and joyous troop. There was a frightful swarming under the trees. They were rushing

from the farm into the woods. Drums were beating. No more firing was heard. They seemed to be hunting about, pursuing, tracking; it was evident that they were in search of some one; the noise was scattered and deep; it was a mixture of words of anger and of triumph, a clamorous uproar. Suddenly, as an outline becomes visible in a cloud of smoke, something became distinct in this tumult. It was a name — a name repeated by a thousand voices, and the Marquis heard clearly this cry: —

"Lantenac! Lantenac! the Marquis de Lantenac!"

It was he for whom they were hunting.

Suddenly, all around him and on every side at once, the thicket was filled with guns, bayonets, and swords, a tricolored flag arose in the shade, the cry of "Lantenac!" burst on his ear, and at his feet through the brambles and branches passionate faces appeared.

The Marquis was alone, standing on a summit which could be seen from every point of the wood. He could scarcely see those who were crying his name, but he was seen by all. If there were a thousand guns in the woods, he was a target for them. He could see nothing in the thicket but eager eyes fixed upon him.

He took off his hat, turned up the rim, broke a long, dry thorn from a furze bush, drew a white cockade from his pocket, fastened the brim and the cockade back to the crown of the hat with the thorn, and putting the hat on his head again, so that the raised rim showed his forehead and his cockade, he said in a loud voice, speaking to the whole forest at once: —

"I am the man you are seeking. I am the Marquis de

"I AM THE MARQUIS DE LANTENAC"

Lantenac, Prince of Brittany, Lieutenant-General of the armies of the king. Make an end of it. Aim! Fire!"

And tearing open his goatskin vest, he bared his breast.

He looked down, expecting to meet loaded guns, and saw himself surrounded with kneeling men.

A great shout arose: "Long live Lantenac! Long live the general!"

At the same time hats were thrown in the air, swords flourished joyfully, and throughout the whole thicket sticks were seen rising, on whose points whirled brown woolen caps.

He was surrounded by a band of his own troops. The men fell on their knees when they saw him. All these eyes, full of a terrible fire, were fixed on the Marquis with a sort of savage love.

A young, noble-looking man made his way through the kneeling soldiers, and with long strides went up towards the Marquis. Like the peasants, he wore a felt hat with turned-up rim and a white cockade, and was wrapped in a fur jacket, but his hands were white and his linen fine, and he wore over his vest a white silk scarf, from which hung a sword with a gold hilt.

When he reached the height, he threw down his hat, unfastened his scarf, knelt on one knee, and presented scarf and sword to the Marquis, saying: —

"We were searching for you, and we have found you. Accept the sword of command. These men are now yours. I was their commander; I am promoted to a higher rank, for I become your soldier. Accept our homage, my lord. General, give me your orders."

From Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three."

THE RESCUE

(This selection is a continuation of the story from Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three." Three little children are asleep in the tower of a castle in which the owner, the Marquis de Lantenac, is besieged. The tower is fired by the besieging party. Here the manner of their rescue by the Marquis is described. The reader may like to know that although he was imprisoned after rescuing the children, he afterward escaped.)

The little ones at last opened their eyes. The fire, although it had not reached the library, reddened the ceiling. It was not the kind of dawn the children knew about. They were gazing at it, — the little Georgette speechless with interest.

The sight was indeed glorious, black smoke clouds, red fire wreaths, showers of brilliant sparks, came and went, rising and falling about them. A heap of straw and oats burning in the granary began to pour in a stream through the windows below like a shower of gold dust.

"Oh, pretty! pretty!" cried Georgette. All three were now sitting up, and could be plainly seen by the mother below. "Ah!" she cried, "they are awake! Children! René! Alain! Georgette!" But the children did not hear. They looked around, trying to find out what it all meant. The mother kept repeating, "René! Alain! Georgette!"

René turned and looked downward. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to see her there, surrounded as

he was by all these strange sights and sounds. With a dim understanding of the need of help, he called, "Mamma!"

"Mamma!" said Alain.

"Mamma!" repeated Georgette, holding out her little arms.

"My children!" cried the distracted mother, "will no one save them?"

The soldiers listened in despair. They had no means of climbing the high wall, and were powerless. Three stories to climb, and no ladder!

The hollow sound of crashing timber mingled with the crackling of the flames. The glass doors of the bookcases in the library cracked and fell. There could be no doubt that the woodwork was giving way. In a short time the whole building would be a mass of flames. The children were now terrified, and called to the mother for help.

Suddenly, against the background of the flames, a tall man appeared, standing in the window next to the one where the children stood. All heads were raised, all eyes directed toward him. A man up there in the hall of the library! A man in that furnace! His face looked black against the flames, but his hair was white. The soldiers recognized the Marquis de Lantenac.

He disappeared, but soon returned with an enormous ladder. It was the escape ladder which had been lying along the library wall, and with which little Georgette was playing before she fell asleep. He pushed one end of it out of the window, over the outer ledge, down into the ravine. The Captain of the besieging party, wild with excitement,

received the ladder in his outstretched arms, and clasped it to his breast.

"Long live the Republic!" cried he.

"Long live the King!" replied the Marquis.

"You may say what you please," returned the Captain. "You are an angel of mercy."

The ladder was firmly settled. Twenty soldiers, led by the Captain, rushed forward and grouped themselves on the ladder from top to bottom. The Captain, standing on the uppermost rung, facing toward the fire, was just on a level with the window.

Again the Marquis disappeared, but soon was seen once more with a child in his arms. The applause was tremendous. The Marquis handed him to the Captain, who passed him on to a soldier standing below, who, in his turn, delivered him to the next.

While Alain, screaming with terror, was handed from man to man, until he reached the bottom of the ladder, the Marquis disappeared for a moment. He returned with René, who followed Alain down the human ladder.

Again the Marquis went back into the burning room. Little Georgette was the only one left. She smiled up into his face. The strong man felt the tears spring to his eyes.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked.

"Georgette," she said as well as she could.

He took her, still smiling, in his arms, and as he gave her to the Captain, his enemy, the old man kissed the child.

"It is the baby!" exclaimed the soldiers. And so Georgette, in her turn, amid cries of admiration, was also passed from hand to hand, till she reached the ground.

The soldiers clapped their hands and stamped their feet; and some sobbed aloud as she smiled upon them.

The mother stood at the foot of the ladder, overcome by this sudden change from anguish to joy. She held out her arms, first receiving Alain, then René, and then little Georgette. She covered their faces with kisses, laughed aloud, and then fell fainting to the ground.

Then arose the loud cry, "All are saved!" And so indeed they were, except the old man. But no one thought of him, not even he himself, perhaps.

For a short time he stood near the window ledge as though he would give the fiery abyss time to make up its mind. Then he slowly stepped over the window sill. Without turning, holding himself upright, with his back toward the rungs, the fire behind him, and the ravine beneath, he descended the ladder in silence. Those who were on the ladder rushed down. A thrill ran through the witnesses, and they drew back before this man who was approaching them like a man in a dream. But stately and grave, he continued his descent into the darkness, drawing nearer and nearer as they retreated before him. His white face was perfectly calm. His eyes were cold as steel.

As he drew near these men, whose startled eyes were fixed upon him in the darkness, he seemed to grow at every step. The ladder shook beneath his tread.

When he reached the bottom, and had stepped to the ground, a hand seized him by the collar. He turned.

"I arrest you," said the commander.

"I approve," said Lantenac.

— VICTOR HUGO.

JOAN OF ARC

Many patriots have done great deeds for France; but no one ever served her better in a time of need than Joan of Arc. Many famous generals have led the armies of France to victories over her foes; but no general ever accomplished so much by his triumphs as Joan of Arc. France has had leaders arise more than once to save her in hours of peril, but no leader so wise and effective as Joan of Arc. She offered her services at a time when two thirds of the kingdom was either in the hands of the enemy, or lying a barren waste, torn and disfigured by the struggles of contending armies.

Joan was born in the little village of Domremy, in the province of Vosges, and for sixteen years shared the labors and the simple pleasures of the other peasant children of Domremy. Inside the stout wooden cottage, with its thatched roof and earthen floor, she helped to clean, to mend, to spin, and to weave. Outside, in pleasant weather, she watched the feeding sheep and cattle, knitting industriously while she watched. She wandered through the leafy woods with the other children, and joined in their merry songs and games. She helped them hang wreaths at the edge of the forest upon a tree that was the children's favorite, and like them enjoyed the stories told about this great tree by the older people of the village.

Domremy lay in a sheltered province in the eastern part

From the statue by Fremiet in Paris

JOAN OF ARC

of the kingdom, so that of the actual horrors of battle the peasants saw but little. But as the king and the government needed money, the tax gatherer was well known. Money obtained from the sale of herds and flocks and farm produce was sometimes barely sufficient to pay the taxes; and the necessaries of life were obtained only by the hardest work and careful management. And once a company of English soldiers arriving after nightfall caused the inhabitants to flee for their lives to a neighboring village. Returning in the morning, they found smoking ruins where many a cozy home had stood, household goods destroyed, and cattle and sheep lying dead in the streets. The vividness of this experience made a deep impression upon Joan. With her own eyes she beheld for the first time some of the distressing things which those living beyond the Loire had suffered for years.

The child Joan was tender-hearted. All animals loved her. She had a deft hand in binding wounds, a soothing manner with the sick and the suffering. She was generous and self-forgetful, sharing her last bite with any more needy than herself. She was deeply religious, and more interested than the other Domremy children in the church services and in conversing with the good parish priest. The children often found her sitting alone in silence under the favorite tree, dreaming or praying, they could not tell which. But with all her devotions and her hours of dreamy solitude, she was quick-witted and capable of holding her own in any argument. Even the good priest himself was not a match for her in that. But with all her ready answers and her love of fun, she was gentle, and kind, and thoughtful

of the feelings of others. She had a voice that was most winsome and musical like her spirit.

As the years passed, the girl Joan came to love her country more devotedly, and to wish with all her heart that she could

Bastien-Lepage

JOAN LISTENING TO THE VOICES

do something to help free it from suffering and sorrow. She played less, and prayed more. The old tree often sheltered her as she sat in silence, praying and listening to what she called her Voices. These Voices told her of great events taking place in France, and assured her that the country

would soon have a deliverer. Joan said she saw visions also, visions of angels. The Voices that spoke to her were the voices of these angels.

Finally, when she was sixteen, her Voices told her to go to the Dauphin as one appointed by God to help him out of his present distresses. Going to her father with this message, she requested him to be sent to the governor of Vaucouleurs for horses and men for the journey.

"Foolish girl!" cried Jacques d'Arc. "What do you know of kings and governors? Speak no more of this vision. It is a dream. Go help your mother with the work, and leave these matters to men."

Joan then went to the good priest with her message, but he was unable to help her. But work as hard as she could, the idea never left her. Every day she became more convinced that God's messengers had commanded her to go to the Dauphin. Finally, in great distress, she set out for Vaucouleurs without asking her father's permission; for she said that the Voices told her she must wait no longer. The king's business was urgent.

At Vaucouleurs she went to her uncle's house, and told him of the command given by her Voices. The girl's earnestness and faithfulness to the one idea touched the uncle's heart, and he determined to ask the governor to see and talk with the maid.

In the meantime, the loyal citizens of Vaucouleurs heard of Joan and of the reason she wished to see the governor. They believed in her Voices, and took delight in her courage and patriotism. They went in great numbers to the uncle's house to see her. Seeing her brave, sweet face, observing

her sincere and devout manner, hearing the clear statement from her own lips that the angels had sent her to deliver France, they were convinced of the truth of her statements.

At first the governor said she was insane, and sent her back to Domremy to be cared for by her own people. There she waited patiently, in spite of the reproaches of her father and the cruel taunts of the neighbors. She was not discouraged; for if God had given her a work to do, He would find a way to help her do that work. So, through the long summer and autumn, and half the winter, she waited in the little home in Domremy for God to show her the way.

Soon after the maid's seventeenth birthday, she said: "The time has come. My Voices have told me what to do. I must go again to the governor of Vaucouleurs. This time he will grant me an escort to the Dauphin."

"I come in the name of God," she said to the governor, "to be sent on my errand. You have waited too long in granting my petition, and have caused great injury to France. The Dauphin has this day lost a battle near Orleans; and greater losses will follow if you do not send me soon."

"You could not receive word from Orleans in a day, child," replied the governor, "nor in eight days. How can you know that a battle was lost?"

"My Voices told me. A battle was lost to-day, and you are doing wrong to keep me waiting."

"Go and wait in peace until a messenger arrives from Orleans," said the governor. "If you have spoken the truth, I will grant you an escort."

"In nine days," declared Joan, "I shall be on my way to the Dauphin. Now God be praised for this!"

The loyal citizens of Vaucouleurs gave her a horse, and arms, and a soldier's armor. She selected the men who were to form the guard, and gave them directions about the line of march, and the dangers of the way.

On the ninth day came the governor with his officers to see Joan. "Your Voices spoke the truth," said he. "At last I am convinced that God sends you. You shall have horses and men and a letter to the king as you ask, and you shall wear my own sword in token of my approval." So saying, he removed his good sword and fastened it about her waist with his own hands.

When the lights were extinguished, and the citizens of Vaucouleurs had gone to rest, Joan the Maid, carrying her precious letter, and followed by her men, crept silently out through the western gate of the city, and rode swiftly away toward the Loire, and the castle of Chinon.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

—THOMAS MOORE.

JOAN OF ARC AND THE DAUPHIN

Now the Dauphin in his castle of Chinon had no such brave spirit as Joan's, and was more interested in getting what pleasure he could out of his poor surroundings than in fighting his way to Rheims to be crowned. He was surrounded by men who cared nothing for the Dauphin's real interests, and who persuaded him to believe it would be useless to try to oppose the English.

When Joan of Arc reached the place, she sent a messenger to the castle with the governor's letter, and with a request to see and speak privately with the Dauphin.

"Why should you waste your time on a peasant maid?" asked his evil advisers. "If she has a message, it can be given to some one else. Send some one to receive the message, Sire, and spare yourself the weariness of a personal interview. She is probably some insane person who only imagines she has something of importance to tell you."

The king therefore sent great men of his household to be intrusted with her messages. To these men the Maid gently but firmly refused to speak. "God has sent me to the Dauphin, and to no one else," said she. "Tell him there is no time to lose. In proof that I speak the truth, if the Dauphin will only grant me an interview, tell him I shall recognize him, however carefully he may be disguised."

Joan's gracious manner, her winsome tones, and her quiet confidence, made a deep impression upon the king's officers.

Still they could not understand why a peasant maid should refuse to let them act as her messengers to the king.

"Wait a few days, Sire, before deciding," said they, upon returning to the castle. "A delay is better than a mistake."

While the king and his unpatriotic nobles delayed, Joan was compelled to be idle when her dear France sorely needed a leader. Orleans was besieged by the English, who had surrounded its walls by strong fortifications and closed all the gates save one. Orleans must be rescued before the Dauphin could go to Rheims to receive his crown.

Finally, even the Dauphin and his nobles could think of no reason for delaying longer; his Majesty appointed an evening for the interview, and Joan's thankfulness knew no bounds. To test the genuineness of her mission, the court took advantage of the maid's words, and disguised the Dauphin. One of the nobles put on the king's royal garments and sat upon the throne beside the queen. The Dauphin, dressed as a gentleman of France, stood at some distance from the throne. When all was in readiness, one of the lords of the king's household was sent to conduct Joan to the great reception hall of the castle of Chinon.

Following her noble guide, heralded by the royal trumpeters, and attended by members of the royal household, she walked as quiet and as self-possessed as if among her forest trees at Domremy. The hall was lighted by a double row of torches held by bearers, and on either side stood princes and nobles with their ladies, all beautifully dressed and covered with jewels. It was a scene indeed to turn the head of any peasant maid.

Stopping a short distance from the throne, the nobleman

bowed low, announced Joan's name, and stepped aside. Eager eyes watched to see what she would do. She neither bowed nor trembled. Looking straight into the eyes of the pretended king, she paused for a moment, troubled and uncertain, but not distressed. Then as if convinced that she must look elsewhere for his Majesty, she quietly turned and scanned the faces on either side of the hall. Soon the look of uncertainty vanished from her face, and she hastened smiling to a gentleman standing a short distance from the throne. Kneeling and embracing his knees, she said in tones that touched the hearts of all hearers: —

"God give you long life, O dear and gentle Dauphin!"

"Not so, my child," said the gentleman. "The Dauphin sits yonder, upon the throne."

"No, gracious Dauphin, I make no mistake," replied Joan.

"Then tell me who you are, and what you wish," replied the Dauphin, raising her from the floor.

"I am called Joan the Maid, and am sent of God with two messages to your Majesty. The King of Heaven wills that you shall be crowned king in your good city of Rheims. He also wills that you give me soldiers, and set me to do my appointed work for France. For I am to raise the siege of Orleans, and break the English power."

"These are brave words for a maid to speak," responded the king. "How shall I know that you are sent of God, and not an impostor?"

"You shall have proof that cannot be doubted, O gracious Dauphin, which I pray you let me whisper in your ear, for it is known only to you and to me. You fear that you are

not the lawful heir to the throne. This fear takes away your hope and courage. It tempts you to abandon your kingdom, and seek refuge in a foreign country."

"How should you know this?" cried the Dauphin.

"My Voices told me," answered the Maid, reverently. "They also sent me to tell you to doubt no more. You are the true and lawful heir of France. Hasten to use the means sent from Heaven to secure your crown."

The young king raised his head and looked about him with a new confidence and hopefulness. "No one knew of this anxiety except God and myself; I have never confessed it to a single soul. You could not have known it unless God revealed it to you. I am satisfied with the proof. I believe in your mission. Your petition is granted."

The king himself walked with Joan to the door, and dismissed her with royal honors. She was no more delighted with these favors than she had been frightened by the unusual experience upon entering the great hall. She was simply and truly thankful for the promise of help.

She was appointed commander in chief of the armies of France, with one of the royal princes as chief of staff. Soldiers, money, and provisions were easily obtained, now that France had a leader once more. And at last, after many discouragements and much delay, Joan the Maid set out for the relief of Orleans.

It was a wonderful sight, that great army. Joan rode at the head, with her standard bearer and her personal staff. A company of priests followed, the banner of the cross floating over them. After these came the different divisions of the army, commanded by the great generals of France.

Ingres

JOAN AS COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH ARMY

THE RELIEF OF ORLEANS

Joan's army marched up the Loire, to the relief of Orleans. Upon the river were a number of boats loaded with provisions, which the people in the besieged city greatly needed. It was the business of the army to see that these boats arrived safely.

The Voices told Joan to act boldly, and enter the city on the north side of the river, where the English were most strongly fortified. They assured her that the enemy would not oppose her; and the Maid gave orders to her generals accordingly.

Now, before the army left Blois, the king had commanded that Joan's counsel should be obeyed without question. But the governor of Orleans and the generals of the army thought themselves wiser than this ignorant peasant. They thought her plans too bold, and secretly arranged to have the army march by the south bank. When she arrived, she saw that the river lay between the army and the town, and that the generals had deceived her. She was greatly distressed. When Dunois, the governor, came out to welcome her, she asked:—

"Are you Dunois, the governor of Orleans?"

"I am," said he, "and glad you have come to our aid."

"Did you give directions for the army to avoid the English by marching on this side of the river?"

"I, myself, and others wiser than I gave that advice. We thought the other plan too dangerous."

"The counsel of God is wiser and surer than yours. See the danger that confronts us. There, below the city, lie the boats of provisions. The wind is dead against them. Unless God sends help soon they must fall into the hands of the enemy. You thought you deceived me, but you have deceived yourselves; for I bring a better rescue than ever came to soldier or city. I bring you the help of the King of Heaven."

Almost as she spoke the direction of the wind changed, the boats moved up to the city's one free gate, and the dangers from hunger were over. But the main part of the army was compelled to march back to Blois and return by the north side.

When all arrangements had been made for the discouraging return of the army, the Maid, with one general and a thousand soldiers, went into Orleans with the governor. It was evening when she entered with her troops, riding a white horse and carrying her sword in her hand. Torches flamed, bells rang, cannon roared, people crowded the streets to welcome the Maid. There were rows upon rows of upturned faces, mouths wide open, shouting welcome, eyes overflowing with tears of joy and thanksgiving. The people kissed her feet, her sword, her bridle reins. She rode to the cathedral to give thanks, and the people followed her, adding their thanks to hers.

When the army returned by the north bank of the Loire, Joan and her staff rode out at five o'clock in the morning to meet and welcome it. When the marching soldiers caught sight of the Maid, their courage revived, and they shouted for joy. When the march was finished, she

From the painting by Scherrer

JOAN OF ARC'S VICTORIOUS ENTRY INTO ORLEANS

returned to the front and rode at the head of the column, past the strongest fortification, and into the town. The English neither spoke nor fired a shot, although they stood in full view. The sight of the Maid seemed to deprive them of the power of movement.

The next day the first fortification was captured and destroyed, and the people's joy knew no bounds. On that day, they named her the Maid of Orleans, and her other titles were forgotten.

Being a wise general, and knowing that nothing increases courage like success, Joan urged her generals to follow up this victory by attacking the next fortification on the following day.

"We must be cautious, and wait," urged the generals. "The English must be overcome by strategy. They are too numerous for our small army to oppose."

"We must be bold, and surprise them by moving quickly," replied Joan. "God is on our side, and He has promised us the victory." So, in spite of schemes and delays, the battles continued, and every battle resulted in victory.

Once she was wounded by a bolt from a cross bow, and fell from a scaling ladder to the ground. The English soldiers shouted for joy, and hurried into the ditch to take her prisoner. The French soldiers rallied to the rescue, and the battle raged about her for a few minutes with the greatest fury. The Maid stood for France in the thoughts of both armies. Whichever won her, would win France.

Finally she was rescued and carried away to have her wound dressed, and the battle went on without her. All day it raged; and towards nightfall, the French losing

From the painting by Lenepveu

JOAN OF ARC LEADING THE CHARGE AT ORLEANS

courage, the governor ordered the trumpeters to sound the retreat. Joan heard the bugles, and understood. She countermanded the order. Mounting her horse, Joan rode to the place where she had been wounded. She ordered her standard bearer to let her standard blow free, and to tell her when its fringes touched the wall.

"It touches," said the bearer.

"Now," called Joan to the soldiers, "the place is yours! Bugles, sound the assault! Forward, brave hearts!"

With a shout and a rush, the men filled the ditch, climbed up the ladders, and over the fortifications. They met the enemy, they fought, hand to hand, with the greatest fury; a fire boat set fire to the bridge; and when the English, driven out of the stronghold, tried to escape to a fort on the opposite side, they perished in the water. Following up this success, the last remaining fortress was attacked; and by sundown, Joan's banner floated from its walls. Her promise was fulfilled. She had rescued Orleans.

She had done a great deed, and she received such homage as no other girl in all history has ever received. But so great and so simple of heart was Joan of Arc that all this homage neither excited nor flattered her. Wounded and weary she went to her quarters and fell asleep. The people stopped all traffic in the neighborhood, and watched throughout the night to see that she slept undisturbed.

Before dawn she was in the saddle and away on the road to Tours, to report to the king. News of her victory went before her; and people flocked to see her pass. As in Orleans, they touched her hands, her feet, her armor; and even knelt in the road to kiss the prints of her horse's feet.

THE KING IS CROWNED

The king went to Tours to meet Joan. She knelt before him. The king removed his cap, stepped from the throne, and raised her to her feet.

"You must not kneel to me, my victorious General," said he. "You have gained a great victory, and done a deed which my ministers and generals thought impossible, and the king should kneel to you. But you have been wounded, and the wound is still fresh. Sit here beside me. Now, before all these lords and ladies, tell me how I can reward you for this splendid service."

"O dear and gracious Dauphin, go with me to Rheims and be crowned. Do not lose a single day. The army is eager to gain more victories, and will rejoice in clearing the way. Do not delay, I pray you, for the time is short; use me while you can."

"To Rheims? Impossible, my General. The road lies through the enemy's country. We must wait."

"Wait for what? If we wait, our soldiers will lose courage and desert the army, and the English will have time to strengthen their position."

"Still," insisted the king, "this is serious business; and I must first consult with my ministers. But you have not named your reward."

"I wish but one thing, and that is to go with you to Rheims, where all the kings of France are crowned," cried Joan, kneeling again.

"Was ever such unselfishness as this shown before?" asked the king, looking about him.

Drawing his sword, he touched Joan lightly on the shoulder. "Your proper place is among the nobles of France, to which I now join you. And for your sake, your family and relatives shall be ennobled. Rise, Joan of Arc, surnamed Du Lis in grateful acknowledgment of the victory you have won for the lilies upon the flag of France. You shall bear them, and the royal crown, and your own victorious sword upon your shield."

After many days of weary waiting, the king, Joan, and the army started for Rheims. They stopped on the way at Orleans, where they were received with great rejoicing. All the city was in holiday array for the Maid of Orleans, the deliverer.

The English were first met at Jargeau, and were driven out, after two days of hard fighting. Then, in order, the Maid with her army captured Meung, Beaugency, Patay, and Troyes. After that the road to Rheims was free, and France was on the way to be free! The whole nation was wild with joy.

The march to Rheims began on a morning brilliant with sunshine and fresh with dew. The army was in fine condition, and made a beautiful spectacle as it marched to the coronation. Joan, with the prince and their aides, took position for a last review of the army, for no one expected her ever to lead the army again. Her own purpose in going to Chinon, in the first place, was to help crown the king. When that was done, she expected to return to her home in Domremy. Usually, in review, the soldiers cheered

as they marched past the reviewing stand; drums beat, and bands played. Now, nothing could be heard but the tramp of thousands of marching feet. As the soldiers passed their general, they lifted hands in military salute and looked at her dear face in silent farewell.

Arriving at the city, the walls were covered with people, and bright with flags bearing the lilies of France. Cannon boomed and bands played. The streets were decorated, and every window along the way was bright with joyful faces.

Archbishop, priests, and mounted noblemen entered by the west door of the Cathedral to the sound of solemn music, and marched down the great central aisle to the altar front.

Hundreds of silver trumpets sounded, and Joan with the king appeared in the doorway, greeted by organ tones and clanging choirs and shouting people. Behind them marched the color bearer beside the constable of France, with Joan's white banner bearing the image of the Virgin. Next followed the great lords or peers of France. In the next group were the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishops of three cities. Then came the generals who had led the armies of Joan of Arc.

The solemn ceremonies of the coronation began with songs and prayers and scripture reading, Joan standing beside the king, the snowy banner in her hand. The king took the oath of loyalty to his country, and was anointed with the sacred oil. A churchman, bearing the crown, knelt and offered it to the king. The king reached out his hands, hesitated, and looked at Joan. She nodded slightly,

with a look of unspeakable joy and thankfulness. The king smiled, took the crown, and set it upon his head.

"Long live the King!" shouted the people. "Long live France!" Choirs chanted, the organ pealed, bells rang from all the steeples, Rheims went wild with joy. France at last had a consecrated king!

Joan, weeping and kneeling, said: "Now, O gentle king, the will of God has been accomplished. My work is done. I pray you give me your blessing, and let me return to Domremy. My father and mother are old, and need my help."

The king, deeply moved, raised her and praised her there before the people who adored her.

"You have saved the crown, my wise and courageous General. Ask some favor of me. Whatever you ask shall be given you, though it take half my kingdom."

"Then, O gracious king, I pray you excuse the village of Domremy from paying taxes. The people are poor and greatly distressed on account of the war, and sorely need your help."

"It is so commanded," said the king. "What else?"

"Nothing, your Majesty."

"But you have asked nothing for yourself."

"I have no further blessing to ask, now that your Majesty is crowned."

The king in astonishment raised his head and spoke.

"This unselfish patriot has saved a kingdom, and all that she will accept from the king she has crowned is a favor for her native village. She has given all, and requires nothing. Her patriotism is as great as her military skill and wisdom.

Lenepveu

CORONATION OF CHARLES VII AT RHEIMS

It is well. I now declare that from this day forth the village of Domremy shall be taxed no more. On the page of the tax book, where the name of Domremy and the amount of the taxes has heretofore been written, shall appear the words:

'NOTHING
THE MAID' "

JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HOME

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Joanna never more may stray!
For aye, Joanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have watered, and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottoes, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Joanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

He who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him stand in Royal Pharaoh's sight;
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the fight;
Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train, —
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me:
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom bear.
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there,
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine.
Thy martial fame all women shall outshine!

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguered Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The Heavenly Spirit promised me a sign:
He sends the helmet, — it hath come from Him.
Its iron filleth me with strength divine;
I feel the courage of the cherubim.
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war cry thunders in mine ear.

— Friedrich Schiller.

THE PLANETS

The great glowing sun, acting like a magnet, draws after him in the heavens a number of planets. They revolve around the sun in oval paths that are nearly circular. In the order of their nearness to the sun, these planets are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Neptune. Between Mars and Jupiter is a group of more than a hundred smaller heavenly bodies called asteroids.

Planets and stars seem to be very much alike, but they really differ greatly. A star is a mass of glowing vapor, which shines with its own light; but a planet is a dark globe, resembling the earth, which shines only because it reflects rays from the sun. If the light of the sun should cease, the planets would no longer be visible in the heavens. The absence of the sun would have no effect upon the light of the stars.

A star seems to us but a point of light. The planets, however, are much nearer than the stars, and we are able to see their round disks. If we carefully observe the planets during the course of a year, we shall find that they are moving, each at its own rate of speed, in the pathway marked out by the stars.

When we try to measure the size of the solar system, as the sun and his planets are called, it is so great that we have difficulty in getting a unit or standard of measurement. Sir John Herschel, a great astronomer, compares them in

this way. "Choose any level field, and place in the center a globe, two feet in diameter. This will represent the sun. Draw around this globe a circle 164 feet in diameter, and somewhere on this circumference place a grain of mustard seed for Mercury. Upon another circle, 284 feet in diameter, place a pea, to represent Venus. Another pea, for the earth, must find its place on a circle 430 feet in diameter. Mars may be represented by a rather large pin's head on a circle 654 feet across. Grains of sand for the asteroids will require orbits, or paths, or circles, from 1000 to 1200 feet in diameter. Jupiter, a moderate-sized orange, calls for an orbit nearly half a mile in diameter. A small orange will do for Saturn, but his orbit must be four fifths of a mile across. Then place a cherry for Uranus on the circumference of a circle whose diameter is more than a mile, and you have the comparative sizes of the sun and his family."

Of all the planets, Venus and Mars are nearest to the Earth. Venus is so nearly the same size as our globe that it might be called Earth's twin sister. But in spite of her nearness, Venus is one of the most difficult planets to study because she is almost always hidden by clouds; and when the clouds are gone, her surface is so bright that it is hard to look at it through the telescope.

Little Mars, our next door neighbor on the other side, is much easier to see. He is not nearly so bright, and he is seldom hidden by clouds. The average distance of Mars from the Earth is 48,600,000 miles. Yet for all his distance from us, the telescope tells us many wonderful things about this beautiful planet, as you shall hear.

Once in about fifteen years the paths of Mars and Earth approach within 35,050,000 miles of each other. He then rises at sunset like a great red star, and shines with a splendor almost as great as that of giant Jupiter himself. No other heavenly body, except Venus and the Moon, ever approaches so near; and, as we have explained, not even Venus is so easily seen and studied through the telescope as Mars. So one would expect much more to be known of the surface of Mars than of any other planet. He has been photographed and measured and weighed and mapped many times, and under all sorts of conditions, and astronomers are frequently making new and wonderful discoveries about him.

Mars is smaller than the Earth, being only 4300 miles in diameter. If the substance of the Earth could be rolled into seven balls, each ball would be equal to the volume of Mars. If we could weigh Earth and Mars in a great pair of scales, we should find it necessary to place nine balls the size of Mars in one scalepan to equal the weight of the Earth in the other.

A man here who weighs 160 pounds would weigh only 60 pounds on Mars. An athlete who could jump five feet here could jump thirteen feet on that planet. It may be that an elephant on Mars would be as graceful in its movements as a deer upon Earth.

The Martian day is 40 minutes longer than ours. The seasons are probably very much like our own spring, summer, autumn, and winter, except that they are nearly twice as long. The great distance of Mars from the Sun might lead us to suppose that winter upon that planet would be bitterly cold; but for some reason not yet known to us the climate

is much milder than would seem possible upon a globe 141,500,000 miles away from the great source of light and heat.

Suppose we climb to a mountain observatory in a desert region, where the atmosphere is as dry and as clear as possible, look through the great telescope, and observe this beautiful evening star for a while. First, let us remember that the image is upside down, and what appears to be the north is really the south.

What do we see? A little world! It seems to be a dazzling white, but looking longer we see other colors also appear. The white color is confined to the south frigid zone, or nearly so, for it is winter in the southern hemisphere of Mars. To the north of the white polar regions are a number of bluish green spots. These spots are of various shapes. Around these dark places and stretching northward to the torrid zone and beyond the surface is a light reddish, sandy color, as we look more closely.

Are these bluish green portions water, and the light portions land? A great astronomer has recently studied this subject and has given us his conclusions.

Mars is older than the Earth; and as we learned when reading about the Moon, seas disappear as planets reach old age. Streams and lakes also disappear. Finally, even the water vapor in the atmosphere is lost; but not immediately. Now Mars has lost his lakes and streams and oceans. Nothing remains upon his surface but the old watercourses, the old ocean beds, and a waste of sand.

Water vapor is now his sole dependence for moisture. In the cold polar regions this water vapor comes to the sur-

face again in the form probably of frost. This frost, forming night after night, through the long Martian winter, grows deeper and deeper and spreads farther and farther southward until at last it extends far down into the temperate zone. Much of this frost becomes ice, through the pressure of increasing deposits; and all awaits the coming of Giant Sun southward with his welcome heat, to be changed to water, and comfort the desert lands of Mars.

First the southern edges show pearly white. Then

THE CANALS OF MARS AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR LOWELL

clouds appear, caused by the melting ice. The white covering decreases day by day, and a strip of blue appears about it. Once, indeed, the white covering was seen to disappear entirely from the south polar region; but so far as we know, this seldom happens.

Now what occurs? The precious contents of this fresh-water sea drain northward from the south polar region into canals ready and waiting to receive it, and flow in every direction to help the spring sun awaken vegetation to life. A faint blue-green line begins with the water's flow, and

follows steadily day by day as the network of canals fills, until the temperate and then the torrid zones are criss-crossed by it in every direction. Strange to say, spring appears first near the frigid zone and last in the tropics; for all life is dependent upon water. This is true, of course, in both hemispheres.

With what rejoicing the appearance of the life-awakening water must be greeted! It makes one think of Egypt and the Nile, the people celebrating with solemn religious ceremonies the first signs of that river's yearly overflow.

Now in the full tide of summer, spots of blue-green appear. Most of these spots are circular in form, and they usually appear where a number of canals meet and cross. Sometimes, however, they lie between double canals, where their circumferences touch the waterways in two places. If we could only move a few million miles nearer Mars, we might be perfectly sure of the meaning of these spots. As it is, however, we must heed the astronomer who, a few years ago, discovered the canals on that planet. Astronomer Lowell thinks that they are areas in which the inhabitants of Mars live. Not cities. Oh, no! Even Bombay or London or New York could not be seen at that distance. They are probably fertile spots many miles in diameter that have been saved from the desert surrounding them on every side. In other words, they seem to be oases. There dwell the inhabitants, or a portion of them, at least. What kind of inhabitants they are, we cannot tell; but they must be wise and skillful indeed to make this brave and successful fight to irrigate portions of the desert with the waters of the polar seas.

SIR PERCIVAL

(Arthur, king of England, was a great man and a brave knight. In his palace of Camelot there was a great hall in which stood a circular table around which Arthur and his knights often met to take counsel together for the peace and prosperity of his kingdom. These Knights of the Round Table, as they were called, were so famous for their noble lives and brave deeds that all young knights entering the service of King Arthur considered it the greatest honor that could be obtained to be chosen to sit with them and the King around this table.)

PART I

The father of Sir Percival was that king named Pellinore who fought a terrible battle with King Arthur, as has been told. It was after the fight that King Arthur obtained his famous sword, Excalibur.

Now King Pellinore was one of those eleven kings who were in rebellion against King Arthur at the beginning of his reign, and he was the last to be overcome. King Arthur drove him from town to town, and from place to place until at last he was compelled to live in hiding in the forests like a wild beast.

King Pellinore took with him into the wilderness his wife and his four sons, Lamorack, Aglavel, Dornar, and Percival. Percival, the youngest, was three years old. The other three sons were young men.

Now Percival was a beautiful child, and his mother loved him above all her other sons. The hardships in the wilder-

ness were very great for her who had been queen, but she feared them most for her little son.

One day King Pellinore said to her: "Dear love, I have no way to defend you and this little one, here in this wild place. So I think it best to send you to a safe place where you may remain in hiding until the child is old enough to defend himself. Of all the property that once belonged to me, I have only two places left. One of them is a castle in this lonely forest, and the other is a solitary tower at a great distance from here. This tower is also in a desolate place, and is among the mountains. You and Percival shall go to the tower; for it is not likely that my enemies will ever find you there.

"If the boy grows to be weak in body or timid in spirit, let him be a priest. But if he be strong of body and high of spirit and shall desire to be a knight, then let him have his desire. If the time should ever come when he wishes thus to go out into the world, here is a ring set with a very precious ruby. Let him bring that ring to me or to any of his brothers wherever we may be. By this ring we shall know that he is my son and their brother, and we will receive him with great gladness."

And King Pellinore's lady said, "It shall be done as you will."

So King Pellinore took his wife and little son to the dwelling place among the mountains. It was a single tower that reached up into the sky like a finger of stone. There she lived with Percival for sixteen years. In all that time Percival knew nothing of the world, but grew altogether wild, and as innocent as a little child.

In the meantime things went ill with the house of King

Pellinore. Though peace was finally made between him and King Arthur, he had many enemies in King Arthur's court. So it came about that King Pellinore was treacherously slain, and then Sir Aglavel and Sir Dornar. Sir Lamorack alone was left of all that noble family.

Now the news of their deaths was brought to the lonely tower among the mountains. When the lady heard how her husband and two sons were slain, she was in great sorrow. "Next, I fear, it will be Lamorack!" she cried. "As for Percival, never shall I be willing for him to go out into the wicked world. For if he should perish also, my heart would surely break."

So she kept Percival always with her, and in ignorance of all that concerned knighthood. And though he grew strong of body, and beautiful and noble of countenance, he knew nothing of the world that lay beyond the mountains. Nor did he ever see any one from the outside world except an old man who was a deaf mute. This old man came and went between the tower where Percival and his mother dwelt, bringing clothing and provisions on an old pack horse for Percival and his mother and their few servants. Percival often wondered where the things came from, but no one told him.

And Percival's mother would not let him touch any weapon except a small Scotch spear, which is a sort of javelin. But with this javelin he played every day. He grew so cunning in handling it that with it he could pierce a bird flying in the air.

Now it chanced upon a time when Percival was nineteen years of age, that he stood upon a great rock and looked

down into a certain valley. It was early springtime, and the valley was green. A shining stream of water ran down through the midst of the valley, and it was very fair and peaceful to see.

While he stood looking into that low land, a knight came riding up through the valley. The sun shone upon his armor so that it seemed to be all ablaze with pure light. Percival beheld that knight and knew not what he saw. Filled with a great wonder, he ran straightway to his mother. "Mother! mother!" he cried. "I have beheld a wonderful thing."

"What was it you saw?" asked the mother.

"I beheld something that was like a man, and he rode upon a horse, and he shone very brightly. I pray you tell me what it was."

Then Percival's mother knew very well what he had seen, and she was greatly troubled. For if his knightly spirit should be roused, he would no longer be content to dwell in those peaceful solitudes. "Shall this lamb also be taken away, and nothing left to me of my flock?" she asked herself. Then she said to Percival, "Perhaps it was an angel."

"Then I wish I also were an angel!" cried the youth. At that speech, the lady his mother sighed very deeply.

Upon the next day Percival and his mother went down into the forest that lay at the foot of the mountain to gather such flowers of early springtime as were then abloom. While they were there, five knights came riding through the forest. The leaves being thin like a mist of green, Percival saw them a great way off. So he cried out in a loud voice:

"Mother, behold! Yonder is a whole company of angels such as I saw yesterday! Now I will go and give them greeting."

But his mother said, "Would you give angels greeting?"

"Yes," replied Percival, "for they seem to be both mild of face and gentle in manner." So he went forward to greet the knights.

Now the foremost of the party was Sir Ewaine, who was always gentle and courteous to every one. So when he saw Percival, he said, "Fair youth, what is your name?"

"My name is Percival," the youth replied.

"That is a very good name, and your face is also so good to see that I think you must have had parents of high descent. Who is your father?"

"I cannot tell you who my ancestors were, for I do not know," answered Percival. The answer astonished Sir Ewaine greatly. After a while he asked, "Did you see a knight pass this way to-day or yesterday?"

"I know not what a knight is," replied Percival.

"A knight is a man like myself," explained Sir Ewaine.

Then Percival understood many things he did not know before, and he greatly desired to know more. Therefore he said, "If you will answer several questions for me, I will gladly answer yours."

Sir Ewaine smiled cheerfully, for he liked this strange youth very much. "Ask what you will, and I will answer truly, so far as I am able," he said.

So, laying his hand on one after another of the knight's belongings, Percival began, "I pray you tell me what this thing is."

"That is a saddle," answered the knight.

"What is this thing?"

"That is a sword."

"What is this thing?"

"That is a shield."

And so Percival asked about all the things belonging to a knight's armor and weapons, and Sir Ewaine answered all his questions.

"Now I will answer your question," said Percival. "I saw a knight ride past this way yesterday. He rode up yonder valley, to the westward."

Then Sir Ewaine thanked the youth, and saluted him, and so did the other knights; and they rode on.

After they had gone, Percival returned to his mother, who had not moved from her place; for her heart was heavy with sorrow. "Mother, those were not angels, but knights," he explained. Upon this, the lady his mother wept so violently that Percival was distressed and astonished. He could not understand why she wept.

By and by he asked, "Why do you weep, mother?" But she could not answer him. After a while she said, "Let us return home." And so they walked in silence.

Now when they reached the tower, the mother turned to her son and asked, "What is in your heart?"

And he replied, "Mother, you know very well what is there."

"Is it that you also would be a knight?"

"Yes," answered he.

"Then you shall have your desire," said the good lady. "Come with me."

So Percival's mother led him to the stable where stood the old pack horse that had brought provisions to the place. "This is a poor horse," said she, "but I have no other to give you. Now let us make a saddle." They twisted cloths and wisps of hay into a sort of saddle. The mother filled a bag with bread and cheese, and hung it over Percival's shoulder. Then she gave him the javelin; and last of all, King Pellinore's beautiful ring.

"Take this ring, my son, and put it on your finger," said she; "for it is a royal ring. When you leave me, go to the court of King Arthur, and inquire for Sir Lamorack. When you have found him, show him this ring, and he will see that you are made a worthy knight; for Sir Lamorack is your brother. Once you had a father alive, and two other brothers; but they were all slain by our enemies. Only you and Lamorack are left. So, when you go into the world, guard yourself safely; for if you should perish, I believe my heart would break."

Then she took his hands in hers, and looking into his eyes, said: "When, in your journey, you come to a church or shrine, say a prayer to the glory of God. If you hear a cry from any one in trouble, hasten to give help, especially if it is a woman or a little child. If you meet a lady, salute her courteously. If you meet a man, be both courteous and courageous. If you are hungry and thirsty, and find food and drink, take enough to satisfy your needs, but no more. If you find a treasure or a precious jewel, and can obtain the thing without doing injustice to another, take it for your own. But, with equal freedom, give that which you have to others. So, by obeying these instructions, you

will become worthy to be a true knight, and perhaps worthy of your father, who was a true knight before you."

And Percival said: "All these things will I remember, and do."

"But you will not forget me, Percival, my son?"

"No, mother," replied he; "but when I obtain power and fame and wealth, I will return and take you away from this place. You shall be like a queen, then, for all the glory I shall give you."

At this, the lady both laughed and wept; and Percival stooped and kissed her upon the lips. Then he turned and left her. As he rode away down the mountain and into the forest, she stood and watched him as long as she could see him. And she was very lonely after he had gone.

PART II

Now after Percival had ridden upon his way for a long while, he came out of the forest into a valley where many willows grew beside a stream of water. He gathered the branches, peeled them, and wove them into an armor to look like those he had seen worn by the knights. Then he rode on his way with a heart full of joy.

By and by he came out of the forest altogether, and reached a village where there were many houses thatched with straw. "How great the world is!" said Percival to himself. "I did not know there were so many people in the world." When the villagers saw the youth armed with woven willow twigs, and the saddle of twisted rags and straw, and the poor old horse upon which the young man rode, they laughed and mocked. But Percival knew

nothing of the world. He did not know they were mocking him. He thought they were as joyful as himself. So he laughed with them, and thought the village a merry place. Whenever he met travelers, they would laugh at him. But he would laugh louder than they, and greet them pleasantly, thinking the world merry and kind.

Now it chanced at that time that King Arthur and several of his court had come into the forest a-hawking. But the day being warm, the Queen had grown weary of the sport, and had stopped to rest in the royal tent while the hunt continued.

Percival saw the tent among the trees, and near by, a young page dressed in beautiful garments. When the page saw Percival, he laughed at the strange figure; but Percival did not know that he was mocking.

"I pray you, fair youth," said he, "tell me whose tent this is."

"It belongs to Queen Guinevere; for King Arthur is hunting in the forest," said the page.

At this, Percival was glad, for it seemed that he should now find Sir Lamorack. So he said: "I pray you tell me, is Sir Lamorack with the court of the King? I am seeking that worthy knight."

Then the page laughed still more. "Who are you that seek Sir Lamorack? Are you a jester?"

"What kind of thing is a jester?" asked Percival.

"Surely you must be a fool if you do not know what a jester is," exclaimed the page.

"What is a fool?" asked Percival.

At this, it seemed as though the page could never cease

laughing. So Percival began to feel angry. "These people laugh too much," thought he. "They weary me."

So he descended from his horse and prepared to enter the tent to ask the Queen concerning Sir Lamorack.

"You shall not go in!" exclaimed the page, when he saw what the stranger intended to do. "Shall I not?" said Percival, thrusting him aside and entering.

The first thing he saw was a beautiful lady surrounded by a court of ladies. The Queen was eating her midday meal, while a page waited upon her, and he saw a noble lord directing the Queen's repast. It was Sir Kay, who had been left in charge of the Queen and her ladies while the King continued the hunt.

Now when Percival entered and Sir Kay beheld the queer figure standing in the doorway, he frowned with displeasure. "What mad fool is this?" he said.

Percival made reply, "You tall man, I pray you tell me which of these ladies is the Queen."

"What do you wish with the Queen?" asked Sir Kay.

"I wish to become a knight," answered Percival, "and think that King Arthur can best help me thereto."

At this the Queen laughed merrily; but Sir Kay was very angry. "You surely are some silly fool," cried he, "to come here dressed in that armor of willow twigs, and with no arms except a Scotch spear. This is the Queen's court, and you are not fit to be here."

"It seems to me you are the foolish one, you tall man; for you judge me by my dress and my arms. Yet even though I may be poorly clothed, I may easily be your superior both in birth and station."

Then Sir Kay was very angry indeed, and would have answered Percival; but at that moment a very large and savage knight appeared, and his countenance was furious with anger. This knight was Sir Boindegardus the Savage, so called because he lived like a wild man in a lonely castle in the forest. He was a man of evil mind, and an enemy of King Arthur's court.

So now, this savage knight entered the tent with his helmet upon his hip and his shield upon his shoulder. All the ladies were terrified at his coming, and even Sir Kay knew not what to do. For he was dressed in silk and linen, to wait upon the Queen, and had neither arms nor armor at hand.

Then Sir Boindegardus said, "Where is King Arthur?"

Sir Kay made no reply because of fear.

One of the Queen's ladies said, "He is hawking out beyond here in the edge of the forest."

"I am sorry he is not here," returned Sir Boindegardus. "I had intended at this time to challenge him and his entire court to battle; for I fear none of them. But as King Arthur is not here, I may at least insult the Queen."

With that he struck the elbow of the page who held the goblet of the Queen, so that the wine splashed over her face and over her clothing. The Queen cried aloud in terror, and one of the ladies ran to her aid. Others came with napkins and wiped her face, and gave her words of cheer.

Then Sir Kay found courage to say, "You are a disloyal, discourteous knight so to insult a lady."

Sir Boindegardus turned fiercely upon him and cried, "If you do not like my actions, you may follow me to a

meadow near by, where you may take vengeance for the insult if you wish." Sir Kay knew not what to reply; for Sir Boindegardus was a strong and terrible knight.

"I am without arms or armor," he said at last.

Upon that Sir Boindegardus laughed in great scorn. Seizing the golden goblet from the hands of the page, he went out of the tent, mounted his horse, and rode away, bearing the precious goblet.

Then the Queen began to weep with fear and shame. When Percival beheld her tears, he could not keep silence. So he cried aloud: "You tall man! That was very ill done of you. You surely should have tried to avenge the insult of this lady, even if you have no arms nor armor. For my mother told me to defend the needy, especially women and little children. She did not tell me to wait for arms or armor to help me do what is right. Now, therefore, though I am no knight and am not skilled in the use of arms, I will take this quarrel upon myself, and will do what I can to avenge this lady's insult, if I have her permission to do so."

And Queen Guinevere said, "Since Sir Kay does not choose to avenge me, you have my permission."

Now there was a certain beautiful young lady of the court, called the Dumb Lady, because she would have nothing to do with any knight of the court. For in all the years she had been at the court she had spoken no word to any man, and smiled upon none. This lady saw how handsome and noble was the countenance of Percival. She came to him, and took his hand, and smiled upon him kindly.

"Fair youth," said she, "you have a great and noble heart, and I am sure you are altogether different from what your appearance would lead one to suppose. If you come through this adventure with your life, I am sure you will some day become one of the greatest knights in the world. For I never heard of one, who without arms or armor would take up a quarrel with a well-proved knight, fully prepared for battle. Your heart is indeed as brave as your face is comely, and I believe you are as noble as your speech and manner are gentle."

Then Sir Kay was very angry with the lady. "Truly, you are ill taught," said he, "to remain a whole year in the court of King Arthur, amid the best and gentlest knights in the world, and yet not have given to one of them a single word or a smile such as you have given to this ignorant and stupid person." So saying, he raised his hand and struck her upon the ear.

Upon this, Percival came very close to Sir Kay, and he said: "You discourteous tall man, if it were not for the Queen, I would avenge the insult of this lady here and now. First of all, I shall follow the other discourteous knight and try to avenge this noble Queen for the insult he put upon her. When I have done with him, then I hope for the time to come when I shall give battle to you for striking this beautiful lady for her kindness to me. I hope to repay the evil blow you gave her, and that twenty-fold."

Thereupon Percival straightway went out from the tent, and mounted his poor horse and rode away to find Sir Boindegardus.

PART III

After a time he saw Sir Boindegardus riding before him in great state, with the goblet hanging from the horn of his saddle. He wore his helmet, carried his spear in his right hand, and his shield upon his other arm. When he saw Percival, he asked, "From whence do you come, fool?"

"I come from the tent of Queen Guinevere," replied Percival.

"Does that knight who was in the tent also follow me?"

"No," said Percival, "but I have come to punish you for the insult you gave the Queen."

Then Sir Boindegardus was very angry, and he cried, "You fool! I intend to kill you!" He raised his spear and struck Percival such a blow upon the back of the neck that he fell violently to the ground. When he had recovered from the blow, he ran to Sir Boindegardus, caught the spear in his hands, and pulled it away from the savage knight. He then broke it across his knee, and threw the pieces away.

Sir Boindegardus then drew his shining sword and thrust at Percival. But the youth, seeing what the knight was about to do, ran away a short distance. Then he turned and threw his javelin at the knight. The aim was so cunning and true that the weapon entered the eyepiece of the helmet and pierced his brain.

Then Percival said, "It seems that I have killed a knight who was discourteous to ladies."

Now, soon after Percival left the Queen's tent, King Arthur and eleven noble knights of the court returned from

hawking. Among the knights were Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorack. Then the Queen's ladies told King Arthur what had happened; and the King was greatly displeased at Sir Kay's conduct.

He said: "Kay, you have not only been discourteous by not taking up the Queen's quarrel; but I believe that you, a proved knight, out of fear have been the cause of sending this unarmed youth into great danger. Now, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorack, follow the youth, and try to rescue him before it is too late." Thereupon they mounted and rode away.

So, after a time, they came to the place where Percival had found Sir Boindegardus. There they saw a strange sight. A youth, clad in woven willow branches, was dragging the body of an armed knight here and there over the ground.

"You are doing a strange thing, fair youth," said Sir Launcelot. "What are you about?"

"Sir, I wish to remove these plates of armor, and know not how to do it," replied Percival.

Then Sir Launcelot laughed; and he said, "How came this knight by his death?"

Percival replied: "Sir, this knight insulted Queen Guinevere, that beautiful lady, and when I followed him to take her quarrel upon me, he struck me with a spear. When I took away the spear and broke it in pieces, he drew his sword to kill me; but I killed him instead."

Then Sir Launcelot was filled with astonishment. "Is not that Sir Boindegardus?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Percival.

"Then, fair youth," returned Sir Launcelot, "you have killed one of the strongest knights in the world. In this, you have done a great service to King Arthur. So, if you will come with us to the King, he will reward you bountifully for what you have done."

Then Percival looked up into the faces of Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorack, and he saw that they were very noble. So he smiled upon them, and said, "Gentlemen, I pray you tell me who you are, and what is your degree?" Then Launcelot smiled in return, and said, "I am called Sir Launcelot, and this, my friend, is called Sir Lamorack."

Then Percival knew that he stood in the presence of his brother. He looked at Sir Lamorack again, and saw how noble and exalted he was. He felt a great passion of love for his brother, and a great joy in that love. But he said to himself: "I will not yet tell my brother who I am, for he might be ashamed of me. First I will give him reason to be proud of me, and then I will tell him."

Then Sir Launcelot asked: "I pray you, fair youth, tell us your name, since I have told you ours. I find I have a great love for you, and would like to know more about you."

"My name is Percival," said the youth.

At that, Sir Lamorack cried out: "I knew one whose name was Percival, and he was my brother. If he is still alive, he must now be such a youth as you." Percival looked up into his brother's face and smiled with a great love, yet he said never a word.

Then Sir Launcelot said: "Now we will show you how to take the armor off the dead knight. Then we will take you back to King Arthur." So with that, the knights

From the painting by John Pettie, R. A.

PERCIVAL WATCHED HIS ARMOR IN THE CHAPEL

unlaced and removed the armor from the dead knight's body. Then they removed Percival's willow armor, and clothed him with that of Sir Boindegardus. Then all three rode back to the royal tent.

When King Arthur heard that Sir Boindegardus was dead, he was filled with joy. When he heard that Percival had killed him, he was amazed. "Surely God is with you, fair youth, to help you do this deed. For no knight yet has been able to overcome him," said the King. "Tell me what you most desire."

Then Percival kneeled down before the King and said: "Lord, I most desire to be a knight. If it is in your power so to do, I pray you make me a royal knight with your own hand."

"It shall be as you desire," said the King, smiling kindly. "To-morrow I will make you a knight."

So that night Percival watched his armor in the chapel of a hermit of the forest; and the armor he watched was that of Sir Boindegardus, whom he had overcome.

And when next morning had come, Sir Launcelot and Sir Lamorack brought Percival before King Arthur, and King Arthur made him a knight.

After that, Sir Percival besought King Arthur's permission to leave the court so that he might do some deed worthy of a knight; and the King gave him leave.

Then Sir Percival went to Sir Kay, and said, "Sir, I have not forgotten the blow you gave that lady yesterday, when she spoke kindly to me. As yet I am too young a knight to fight with you; but the time will come when I shall return and repay you that blow twenty-fold."

At these words Sir Kay was in no wise pleased, for he knew that Sir Percival would one day become a strong and worthy knight.

Then Sir Percival went to Sir Launcelot, and asked, "Sir, tell me how may I hope to learn the use of arms so as to make me a worthy knight?"

Sir Launcelot replied: "I myself will teach you, and give you such skill as I am able. Less than half a day's journey to the southward is my castle of Joyous Garde. Go with me to the castle, and there remain with me until you are taught the use of arms so that you may uphold that knighthood which I believe God has given to you."

So, after that, Sir Launcelot and Sir Percival rode away to Joyous Garde. There Sir Percival remained a year, preparing himself in all ways to do honor to knighthood. Sir Launcelot was his teacher in the art of arms. He also taught him all the manners and customs of chivalry.

Then Sir Percival departed, and did many noble deeds of arms, so that his fame reached King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Part IV

Now one day, towards eventide of a cold winter's day, Sir Percival came to the hut of a hermit, and spent the night in that place. When morning had come, he went out and stood in front of the hut, and he saw that during the night a snow had fallen, so that all the earth was covered with white. He stood looking at the scene, lost in thought.

At that time, three knights came riding by. They were Sir Gawaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Kay. When they saw

Sir Percival looking down upon the ground in deep thought, Sir Kay said, "Who is that knight?" For they knew not who he was. "I will go and speak to him and ask him who he is."

"No," said Sir Gawaine, "do not disturb him. He seems to be thinking of some important matter." But Sir Kay would not heed Sir Gawaine, but went and stood beside Sir Percival. Sir Percival was not aware of his coming, being so deeply sunk in thought.

Then Sir Kay said, "Sir Knight!" But Sir Percival did not hear him. "Sir Knight, who are you?"

But still Sir Percival did not reply.

"Sir Knight, you shall answer me!" cried Sir Kay, catching Sir Percival by the arm and shaking him roughly.

Then Sir Percival aroused himself, and was filled with indignation to think that any one should lay rough hands upon his person.

Still busy with his thoughts, he did not recognize Sir Kay, but he said, "Why do you lay hands upon me?" Therewith, he raised his fist and struck Sir Kay such a blow on the side of the head that he fell to the ground senseless. Then Sir Percival saw the two other knights, and as his thoughts returned he was sorry and ashamed that he should have struck a man so hasty a blow.

Then Sir Gawaine came up to Sir Percival and spoke sternly to him, "Sir Knight, why did you strike my companion so hasty a blow as that?"

"Sir," replied Sir Percival, "it grieves me sorely that I should have been so hasty. But I was thinking, and this

knight disturbed my thoughts. For that reason, I struck him."

To this Sir Gawaine made reply: "Sir, there was excuse for the blow. May I ask what is your name?"

"My name is Percival," was the reply, "and I am a knight of King Arthur's making."

At that, Sir Gawaine and Sir Geraint cried out in great amazement. Sir Gawaine said: "We are indeed well met. My name is Gawaine; and I am King Arthur's nephew, and a knight of his court. This knight is Sir Geraint, and he is also of King Arthur's court. We have been in search of you for this long time, to bring you to King Arthur at Camelot. For your fame has spread all over the kingdom; so that they talk of you in every court of chivalry."

"That is indeed good news to me," replied Sir Percival, "for I did not know I had won so much honor."

So they set forth with the intent to go to Camelot where King Arthur was holding court. And they reached Camelot upon the fourth day, at Christmastide.

Now King Arthur sat at the feast with six score of very noble company seated with him; and the king's heart was full of good cheer. While all were feasting in great harmony a messenger entered the hall.

"What message have you brought?" asked the King.

"My Lord," replied the messenger, "one has come asking permission to enter, whom you will be glad to see."

"Who is it?" asked the King.

"His name is Percival," said the messenger.

Upon this, King Arthur and all his court arose, and there

was a great sound of voices; for the fame of Sir Percival was very great. So King Arthur and his knights went down the hall to meet Sir Percival.

The door opened, and Sir Percival entered; and his face shone very bright with peace and good will and he was exceedingly comely.

"Art thou Percival?" asked the King.

"I am he," replied the knight.

Thereupon, King Arthur took Sir Percival's head in his hands, and kissed him upon the forehead. Sir Percival kissed King Arthur's hand and the ring of royalty upon the King's finger. So he pledged himself a true and loyal knight unto King Arthur.

Then Sir Percival said, "Lord, have I your leave to speak?"

"Say on," answered the King.

"Where is Sir Lamorack?" asked Sir Percival.

"He is yonder," said King Arthur. Then Sir Percival saw where Sir Lamorack stood among the others, and went to him, and knelt down before him. Sir Lamorack was very much astonished, and asked, "Why do you kneel to me, Percival?"

"Do you know this ring?" asked Sir Percival. Then Sir Lamorack knew his father's ring, and he cried out in a loud voice: "That is my father's ring! Where did you get it?"

"Our mother gave it to me; for I am your brother."

Upon this Sir Lamorack cried out with a loud voice, and put his arms around Sir Percival, and kissed him again and again. So strong was the love that moved him that all those who stood about wept at what they saw.

After a while King Arthur said gently, "Percival, come with me; for I have something to show you."

So King Arthur and Sir Percival and Sir Lamorack, and several others went to the great hall, where stood the Round Table. There King Arthur showed a seat near his own throne. Upon the back of that seat a name was engraved in letters of gold, and the name was

PERCIVAL

"Behold your seat!" said the King.

— SIR THOMAS MALORY.

From "La Morte d'Arthur."

FOOTPRINTS

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VOCABULARY

A

a bom'i na ble (ȧ bŏm'ĭ nȧ b'l), *a.*, very hateful.

a byss' (ȧ bĭs'), *n.*, a deep gulf or cavity seemingly without bottom.

ac'tu al (ăk'tū̆ ăl), *a.*, real, present to the senses.

ad van ta'geous (ăd văn tā'jŭs), *a.*, useful, beneficial.

al'cove (ăl'kōv), *n.*, a small room opening into a larger room.

al'le go ry (ăl'ē gŏ rĭ), *n.*, a story in which the characters are qualities personified.

a main' (ȧ mān'), *adv.*, with great haste.

am bi'tious (ăm bĭsh'ŭs), *a.*, greatly desirous of power or honor.

am bus cade' (ăm bŭs kād'), *n.*, a lying in hiding for the purpose of attacking an enemy; a body of troops lying in hiding.

am'e thyst (ăm'ē thĭst), *n.*, a clear purple or bluish violet stone.

a miss' (ȧ mĭs'), *adv.*, wrongly, ill.

am phi the'a ter (ăm fĭ thē'ȧ tēr), *n.*, a circular building with rising tiers of seats about an open space called the arena.

an'nals (ăn'ălz), *n.*, *pl.*, historical records.

a noint' (ȧ noint'), *v.*, to apply oil to or pour oil upon, as a sacred rite.

ap pa ra'tus (ăp ȧ rā'tŭs), *n.*, a mechanism for a given work.

ap par'ent ly (ă pâr'ĕnt lĭ), *adv.*, seemingly.

ap pa ri'tion (ăp ȧ rĭsh'ŭn), *n.*, appearance; a ghost.

ap pli'ance (ă plī'ăns), *n.*, a device used as a means to an end.

arch bish'op (ärch bĭsh'ŭp), *n.*, a chief bishop.

ark (ärk), *n.*, the ship in which Noah and his family were preserved during the flood.

ar'mor (är'mēr), *n.*, a set of weapons for defense in war; also a protective covering of steel for the body.

ar'se nal (är'sĕ năl), *n.*, a place given up to the storage and manufacture of instruments of war.

as bes'tos (ăs bĕs'tŏs), *n.*, kind of mineral substance which is fireproof.

as pire' (ăs pīr'), *v.*, to seek to attain something high or great.

a thwart' (ȧ thwôrt'), *adv.*, across.

av'er age (ăv'ĕr ăj), *a.*, usual, common, occupying the middle point between two extremes.

B

bach'e lor (băch'ē lēr), *n.*, a man of any age who has not married.

baf'fle (băf''l), *v.*, to bewilder or defeat.

bait (bāt), *n.*, anything that tempts or allures.

ba rom'e ter (bá rŏm'ē tĕr), *n.*, an instrument for foretelling probable changes in the weather.

bar'on (băr'ŭn), *n.*, a nobleman who owns large tracts of land and serfs or slaves who till the land and are subject to him.

bash'ful ly (băsh'fo͝ol lĭ), *a.*, timidly, shyly.

bas'tion (băs'chŭn), *n.*, a projection built out from the front of a fort at such an angle as to permit of firing in two directions.

bat tal'ion (bă tăl'yŭn), *n.*, a body of troops in battle array.

bay'o net (bā'ō nĕt), *n.*, a short dagger made to be fitted on to the muzzle end of a rifle.

be lea'guer (bē lē'gĕr), *v.*, to surround with an army so as to cut off escape.

be night'ed (bē nīt'ĕd), *a.*, overtaken by night or darkness.

be siege' (bē sēj'), *v.*, to surround with armed forces.

blanch (blănch), *v.*, to grow white.

blithe'some (blīth'sum), *a.*, merry, gay.

bois'ter ous (bois'tĕr ŭs), *a.*, noisy, rough.

boo'by (bo͞o'bĭ), *n.*, a stupid fellow.

bra'zen (brā'z'n), *a.*, made of, or like, brass.

breast'plate, *n.*, a plate of metal used to protect the breast in war.

bréeches buoy, *n.*, a pair of canvas breeches attached to a life belt for rescuing the shipwrecked.

bridge, *n.*, in a nautical sense, a platform elevated above the rail and extending across the deck of a vessel.

bri gade' (brĭ gād'), *n.*, a body of soldiers under the command of a general.

brit'tle (brĭt''l), *a.*, easily broken.

brother-in-law, *n.*, the brother of one's husband or wife.

butt (bŭt), *n.*, a large cask, usually for wine or beer.

C

ca'liph (kā'lĭf), *n.*, a title given to the rulers of Turkey.

ca nal' (ká năl'), *n.*, a water course, a channel.

car'a van (kăr'á văn), *n.*, a large covered wagon.

cen ten'ni al (sĕn tĕn'ĭ ăl), *n.*, a date denoting the completion of a hundred years.

cham'pi on (chăm'pĭ ŭn), *n.*, one who fights for another's honor or rights.

chant (chănt), *n.*, a simple melody.

chap'lain (chăp'lĭn), *n.*, a clergyman attached to the army or navy.

char'ger (chär'jĕr), *n.*, an officer's horse for battle or parade.

chasm (kăz'm), *n.*, a deep opening, a gap, or break.

chas tis'ing (chās tīz'ĭng), *p.*, punishing.

chi me'ra (kĭ mē'rá), *n.*, a mythical monster, hence a foolish fancy.

cir cum nav'i gate (sûr kŭm năv'ĭ-gāt), *v.*, to sail around.

cith'ern (sĭth'ĕrn), *n.*, an ancient stringed instrument.

clad, *v.*, dressed, clothed.

clar'i on (klăr'ĭ ŭn), *n.*, a kind of trumpet.

cleave (klēv), *v.*, to hold fast, to cling.

cloy (kloi), *v.*, to satisfy, as the appetite.

cock ade' (kŏk ād'), *n.*, a rosette or knot worn upon the hat.

col'o ny (kŏl'ŏ nĭ), *n.*, a number of animals or plants living together.

come'ly (kŭm'lĭ), *a.*, fair or pleasing to look upon.

com'men ta ry (kŏm'ĕn tā rĭ), *n.*, a brief account of events, as Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War.

com mu ni ca'tion (kŏ mū nĭ kā'shŭn), *n.*, interchange of thoughts or opinions.

com mu'ni ty (kŏ mū'nĭ tĭ), *n.*, a body of people living together.

com pact' (kŏm păkt'), *a.*, firm, solid.

con cus'sion (kŏn kŭsh'ŭn), *n.*, a violent shock caused by the meeting of two bodies.

con fla gra'tion (kŏn flā grā'shŭn), *n.*, a large and destructive fire.

con'sta ble (kŭn'stă b'l), *n.*, the constable of France was the first officer of the crown, commander-in-chief of the army, and supreme judge of the courts.

con ster na'tion (kŏn stĕr nā'shŭn), *n.*, astonishment, horror.

con vey'ance (kŏn vā'ăns), *n.*, a carriage or vehicle of any kind.

con'vict (kŏn'vĭkt), *n.*, a person found guilty of a criminal offense.

cor o na'tion (kŏr ŏ nā'shŭn), *n.*, act of crowning.

coun ter mand' (koun tĕr mănd'), *v.*, to give an order contrary to a previous order.

cou'ri er (kōō'rĭ ĕr), *n.*, a messenger.

crab, *n.*, a kind of shellfish.

crack'ling (krăk'lĭng), *n.*, the well-browned, crisp rind of roasted pork.

crave (krāv), *v.*, to ask earnestly, to beg.

craw'fish (krô'fĭsh), *n.*, a shellfish resembling the lobster, but much smaller.

cred'it, *n.*, the relation existing between one person and another who trusts him to pay or render something in the future.

criss'cross (krĭs'krôs), *v.*, to cover with cross lines.

croc'o dile (krŏk'ŏ dīl), *n.*, a large, thick-skinned, long-tailed reptile living in the water.

cul'prit (kŭl'prĭt), *n.*, one guilty of a crime or fault.

cu'po la (kū'pŏ lă), *n.*, a roof having a rounded form; a small structure built on top of a roof.

curt'sy (kûrt'sĭ), *v.*, to show respect by a dipping movement of the body.

cy'press (sī'prĕs), *n.*, a dark evergreen tree, used as an emblem of mourning.

D

dau'phin (dô'fĭn), *n.*, title of the eldest son of the king of France.

de crease' (dē krēs'), *v.*, to grow less.

deft, *a.*, neat in action, apt.

deign (dān), *v.*, to stoop to show some favor to one more humble.

del e ga'tion (dĕl ē gā'shŭn), *n.*, one or more persons chosen to represent others.

del'uge (dĕl'ūj), *n.*, an overwhelming flood.

der'rick (dĕr'ĭk), *n.*, an apparatus for lifting heavy loads.

de scry' (dē skrī'), *v.*, to see something in the distance.

des'o late (dĕs'ō lāt), *a.*, gloomy, lonely.

des'ti tute (dĕs'tĭ tūt), *a.*, needy, forsaken.

de vot'ed (dē vōt'ĕd), *a.*, strongly attached, loyal.

de vout' (dē vout'), *a.*, deeply devoted, earnest.

di am'e ter (dī ăm'ē tĕr), *n.*, the length of a straight line through the center of an object from side to side.

dis charge', *v.*, to give forth, to send out.

dis cre'tion (dĭs krĕsh'ŭn), *n.*, quality of being discreet, wise conduct.

dis or'der ly (dĭs ôr'dĕr lĭ), *a.*, not orderly, lawless, confused.

dis tinc'tive (dĭs tĭnk'tĭv), *a.*, peculiar, differing from others.

dit'ty (dĭt'ĭ), *n.*, a little poem intended to be sung.

drench, *v.*, to wet thoroughly, to soak with water.

drill, *n.*, instruction and exercise in the methods of any work or sport.

dross (drôs), *n.*, waste matter.

dry salt'er y (drī sôl'tĕr ĭ), *n.*, articles that are salted or dried, as salted meats, pickles, etc.

E

el'e ment (ĕl'ē mĕnt), *n.*, the state which is natural or suited to any person or thing.

em prise' (ĕm prīz'), *n.*, enterprise, adventure.

en case', *v.*, to cover or surround with something solid.

en chant'er, *n.*, a person skilled in magic.

en chant'ment, *n.*, a magic power or charm.

en'sign (ĕn'sīn), *n.*, a flag or banner.

en ti'tle (ĕn tī't'l), *v.*, to give a right or title to.

en'vi a ble (ĕn'vĭ ȧ b'l), *a.*, fitted to excite envy, or a desire to possess.

e'qui nox (ē'kwĭ nŏks), *n.*, the point at which the plane of the earth's orbit and the celestial equator meet.

e quip'ment (ē kwĭp'mĕnt), *n.*, the articles included in an outfit.

e the're al ize (ē thē'rē ăl īz), *v.*, to render ethereal or spiritlike.

e vap'o rate (ē văp'ō rāt), *v.*, to pass off in vapor.

e'ven tide (ē'v'n tīd), *n.*, evening.

e vince' (ē vĭns'), *v.*, to prove; to make evident.

ex as'per ate (ĕg zăs'pĕr āt), *v.*, to excite anger, to irritate.

ex press' (ĕks prĕs'), *v.*, to force out by pressure.

ex tract' (ĕks trăkt'), *v.*, to draw out.

F

fer'ti lize (fûr'tĭ līz), *v.*, to make rich or productive.

fic ti'tious (fĭk tĭsh'ŭs), *a.*, imaginary, false, not real.

finch, *n.*, any of a large family of small singing birds.

fire'brand (fīr'brănd), *n.*, a piece of burning wood; one who sets fire to property.

food'stuff, *n.*, anything used as food.

ford (fôrd), *n.*, a place in a river, or other water, where it may be passed by man or beast on foot, by wading.

for'feit (fôr'fĭt), *v.*, to lose, or lose the right to.

frayed (frād), *p. a.*, from *fray;* torn, ragged.

frig'ate (frĭg'ăt), *n.*, a light vessel propelled by sails and by oars.

fu'el, *n.*, that which feeds fire.

ful fill'ment (fōōl-fĭl'mĕnt), *n.*, accomplishment, completion.

fund, *n.*, a sum of money which is to be devoted to some special object.

fun'nel (fŭn'ĕl), *n.*, a vessel of the shape of a hollow cone with a tube at the point through which liquids may be poured.

furze'bush, *n.*, a spiny evergreen shrub with yellow flowers, common throughout Europe.

G

gal'ley, *n.*, a large, low vessel propelled chiefly by oars.

gal'ley slave, *n.*, a slave or criminal condemned to work at the oar on board a galley.

gam'ble (găm'b'l), *v.*, to play or game for money.

germ (jûrm), *n.*, a small particle of living matter, invisible to the naked eye.

ger'mi nate (jûr'mĭ-nāt), *v.*, to begin to grow or develop.

gib'bet (jĭb'ĕt), *n.*, an upright post with an arm projecting from the top on which formerly the bodies of criminals were hung after execution.

glade (glād), *n.*, a grassy open or cleared space in a forest.

glu'ti nous (glōō'tĭ nŭs), *a.*, resembling glue.

gran'a ry (grăn'ā rĭ), *n.*, a storehouse for grain.

greed'y, *a.*, eager for food or drink, very hungry.

gri mace' (grĭ mās'), *n.*, a wry, or made-up face.

guil'der (gĭl'dĕr), *n.*, a Dutch coin, equal to about forty cents.

gyp'sy (jĭp'sĭ), *n.*, one leading a wandering life.

H

hale (hāl), *a.*, sound, healthy.

ham'mock (hăm'ŭk), *n.*, a swinging couch or bed.

ha rangue' (hā răng'), *v.*, to make a speech.

hard'ship (härd'shĭp), *n.*, that which is hard to bear.

hawk (hôk), *n.* and *v.*; any of a large family of birds of prey; to catch birds by means of hawks trained for the purpose.

haw'ser, *n.*, a large rope.

haz'ard ous (hăz'ẹr dŭs), *a.*, dangerous.

heart'break ing, *a.*, causing overpowering sorrow.

hedge spar'row, *n.*, a common European warbler.

helm (hĕlm), *n.*, the apparatus by which a ship is steered.

hel'met (hĕl'mĕt), *n.*, a defensive covering for the head.

hem'i sphere (hĕm'ĭ sfēr), a half sphere.

hence'forth (hĕns'fōrth), *adv.*, from this time forward.

hin'der, *v.*, to check, to delay.

hoist, *v.*, to lift up, to raise.

hul la ba loo' (hŭl ā bā lōō'), *n.*, a confused noise, uproar.

I

im merged' (ĭ mûrgd'), *p.*, plunged under or within anything, especially a fluid.

im mo la'tion (ĭm ō lā'shŭn), *n.*, an offering, a sacrifice.

im'ple ment (ĭm'plĕ mĕnt), *n.*, a tool.

im pos'tor (ĭm pŏs'tẽr), *n.*, a person who pretends to be what he is not.

im pov'er ish (ĭm pŏv'ẽr ĭsh), *v.*, to make poor, to exhaust the fertility of.

im pres'sion (ĭm prĕsh'ŭn), *n.*, influence, effect upon.

in crease' (ĭn krēs'), *v.*, to add to, to enlarge.

in dig na'tion (ĭn dĭg nā'shŭn), *n.*, anger mingled with contempt or disgust.

in ef'fa ble (ĭn ĕf'ȧ b'l), *a.*, unspeakable.

in sane' (ĭn sān'), *a.*, having a disordered or unsound mind.

in sur rec'tion (ĭn sŭ rĕk'shŭn), *n.*, act of rising against the established government.

in tel'li gence (ĭn tĕl'ĭ jĕns), *n.*, understanding, mental capacity.

in tem'per ate (ĭn tĕm'pẽr ȧt), *a.*, given to an immoderate use of intoxicating liquors.

in ter'mi na ble (ĭn tûr'mĭ nȧ b'l), *a.*, endless.

in tone' (ĭn tōn'), *v.*, to utter in musical or prolonged tones.

in un da'tion (ĭn ŭn dā'shŭn), a flood.

ir ri ga'tion (ĭr ĭ gā'shŭn), *n.*, the supplying of water to land by canals or ditches.

J

jar'gon (jär'gŏn), *n.*, meaningless language.

jas'per (jăs'pẽr), *n.*, a hard stone of red, yellow, and other dull colors.

jave'lin (jăv'lĭn), *n.*, a sort of light spear.

jes'ter (jĕs'tẽr), *n.*, a court fool, or amuser.

jo'vi al (jō'vĭ ăl), *a.*, merry, joyous

K

keel, *n.*, a timber extending along the center of the bottom of a vessel.

kin'dle (kĭn'd'l), *v.*, to set fire to.

knap'sack (năp'săk), *n.*, a case of canvas or leather for carrying on the back a soldier's necessaries or a traveler's clothing.

knoll (nōl), *n.*, a small hill, a mound.

L

lake, *a.*, of a purplish red color.

lau'rel (lô'rĕl), *n.*, any of several evergreen trees. Laurel leaves were formerly used to crown a victor, hence laurel has come to stand for honor or fame.

ledge (lĕj), *n.*, a narrow, flat surface projecting from a wall of rock.

le gu'mi nous (lẽ gū'mĭ nŭs), *a.*, of the nature of peas, beans, and other plants of the same family.

lieu ten'ant (lû tĕn'ănt), *n.*, an officer in the army or navy next below a captain.

lock'er (lŏk'ẽr), *n.*, a cupboard or chest.

lock'smith, *n.*, one who makes or mends locks.

lo'cust (lō'kŭst), *n.*, a kind of grass-

hopper often traveling in swarms and feeding upon growing plants.

lodge (lŏj), *v.*, to have shelter and sleeping quarters.

look'out, *n.*, a person engaged in watching; also a place from which such observation is made.

lo'tion (lō'shŭn), *n.*, a liquid possessing healing or cleansing properties.

low'er (lou'ẽr), *v.*, to be dark, gloomy, and threatening; as, the clouds *lower*.

lu'bri cant (lū'brĭ kănt), *n.*, a substance, as oil or grease, used to make machinery run smoothly.

lus'ter (lŭs'tẽr), *n.*, brightness.

M

mag a zine' (măg á zēn'), *n.*, a place where military supplies, as powder and shells, are stored.

mag'net (măg'nĕt), *n.*, something which attracts or draws other things to it.

mart (märt), *n.*, market.

mar'tial (mär'shăl), *a.*, belonging or pertaining to war.

mar'tyr dom (mär'tẽr dŭm), *n.*, the suffering of death because of faithfulness to some cause.

mast (mást), *n.*, a long pole rising from the keel of a boat to hold the sails; nuts used as food for hogs or other animals.

mate (māt), *n.*, an officer in a merchant vessel ranking next below the captain.

ma ture' (má tūr'), *a.*, full-grown, ripe.

mead (mēd), *n.*, a meadow.

med'dle (mĕd''l), *v.*, to have to do with, to interfere with.

me thod' i cal ly, *adv.*, carefully, in an orderly manner.

mi'ser ly (mī'zẽr lĭ), *a.*, covetous, mean.

moist, *a.*, slightly wet.

mon sei gneur' (môn sĕ nyûr'), *n.*, my lord, a title given in France to those of high office or rank.

mor ti fi ca'tion (môr tĭ fĭ kā'shŭn), *n.*, shame, vexation.

Mus'sul man (mŭs'ŭl măn), *n.*, a Mohammedan.

N

nec'tar (nĕk'tẽr), *n.*, the drink of the gods; hence, any delicious drink.

neigh'bor ing (nā'bẽr ing), *a.*, living near.

nim'ble, *a.*, light and quick in motion.

nod'dy (nŏd'ĭ), *n.*, a simpleton.

nose'gay, *n.*, a bunch of flowers.

nu'mer ous (nū'mẽr ŭs), *a.*, many, containing a large number.

nun'cheon (nŭn'chŭn), *n.*, a noon lunch.

nu tri'tious (nû trĭsh'ŭs), *a.*, nourishing, promoting growth.

O

oa'kum (ō'kŭm), *n.*, the material obtained by untwisting and picking into loose fiber old hemp ropes. It is used for stopping leaks in ships.

o bese' (ō bēs'), *a.*, very fat.

ob nox'ious (ŏb nŏk'shŭs), *a.*, offensive, hateful.

ob'vi ous (ŏb'vĭ ŭs), *a.*, easily discovered, seen, or understood.

oc cu pa'tion (ŏk û pā'shŭn), *n.*, that which takes up the time and attention, the chief business of one's life.

oc'u list (ŏk'ū list), *n.*, one skilled in treating diseases of the eye.

of fi'cial (ō fĭsh'ăl), *n.*, one who holds an office.

on'set (ŏn'sĕt), *n.*, an attack.

or'bit (ôr'bĭt), *n.*, the path traveled by a heavenly body.

o'ri ent (ō'rĭ ĕnt), *a.*, Eastern.

or'i flamme (ŏr'ĭ flăm), *n.*, a bright-colored banner carried in battle.

o rig'i nate (ō rĭj'ĭ nāt), *v.*, to produce, to give a beginning to.

P

paint'er, *n.*, a rope, usually at the bow for fastening a boat.

pal'pa ble (păl'pȧ b'l), *a.*, plain, distinct.

par'al lel, *a.*, running side by side.

par've nu (păr'vĕ nū), *a.*, newly risen to position, as by becoming wealthy.

pate (pāt), *n.*, the top or crown of the head.

pa'tri ot (pā'trĭ ŏt), *n.*, one who loves his country and supports its authority and interests.

pa trol' (pȧ trōl'), *n.*, a guard or watch to insure safety.

paunch (pänch; pônch), *n.*, stomach.

peas'ant (pĕz'ănt), *n.*, a man of the laboring class.

pelf, *n.*, ill-gotten wealth, or gain.

pen'e trate (pĕn'ĕ trāt), *v.*, to enter into, to pierce.

phi los'o phy (fĭ lŏs'ŏ fĭ), *n.*, that branch of learning which includes all the mental and moral sciences.

phy si'cian (fĭ zĭsh'ăn), *n.*, one skilled in the art of healing.

pied (pīd), *a.*, of different colors.

pil'grim age (pĭl'grĭ mȧj), *n.*, a journey to some sacred place or shrine.

pitch, *n.*, a dark-colored, sticky substance, a by-product of coal tar.

po made' (pŏ mād'), *n.*, a perfumed ointment.

pom'pous (pŏm'pŭs), *a.*, self-important.

pore (pōr), *n.*, a minute opening in the skin.

por'phy ry (pôr'fĭ rĭ), *n.*, a rock consisting of crystals embedded in a dark red or purple groundmass.

port, *n.*, the left side of a ship (looking from the stern toward the bow).

por'ter, *n.*, a gatekeeper.

pres'ence (prĕz'ĕns), *n.*, immediate nearness to a person or thing.

pres'sure (prĕsh'ûr), *n.*, a pressing, or state of being pressed.

pre'tor (prē'tŏr), *n.*, a Roman magistrate.

priv'i lege (prĭv'ĭ lĕj), *n.*, a right or favor.

priv'i ly (prĭv'ĭ lĭ), *adv.*, secretly.

proc la ma'tion (prŏk lȧ mā'shŭn), *n.*, act of proclaiming or making known publicly.

pro fes'sion (prō fĕsh'ŭn), *n.*, the occupation to which one devotes one's self.

prop'a gate (prŏp'ȧ gāt), *v.*, to cause to increase or grow.

prow (prou), *n.*, the bow of a vessel.

psal'ter y (sôl'tĕr ĭ), *n.*, an ancient musical instrument.

pul'ley (pŏŏl'ĭ), *n.*, an apparatus consisting of a grooved wheel and ropes used for lifting weights.

pul'ver ize (pŭl'vĕr īz), *v.*, to reduce to powder or dust.

punch'eon (pŭn'chŭn), *n.*, a large cask.

R

ra vine' (rȧ vēn'), *n.*, a deep depression worn out of rock or soil by running water.

reel (rēl), *v.*, to sway unsteadily.

re fine' (rē fīn'), *v.*, to free from impurities.

ref'use (rĕf'ūs), *n.*, worthless matter.

re'gent, *n.*, one who rules for another.

re morse'less ly (rē môrs'lĕs lĭ), *adv.*, cruelly.

re past' (rē pȧst'), *n.*, that which is taken as food, a meal.

re pul'sive (rē pŭl'sĭv), *a.*, causing disgust.

rep u ta'tion (rĕp ū tā'shŭn), *n.*, the character given to a person by society in general.

res'i dence (rĕz'ĭ dĕns), *n.*, a person's dwelling place.

re volve' (rē vŏlv'), *v.*, to turn round.

rib'ald (rĭb'ăld), *n.* & *a.*, a rascal; low, coarsely offensive in language.

rock'et, *n.*, a cylindrical case filled with an explosive.

route (rōōt), *n.*, the course or way which is traveled.

ru'ble (rōō'b'l), *n.*, the gold unit of money of Russia.

rud'der, *n.*, the steering apparatus of a ship.

S

sa'bre (sā'bĕr), *n.*, a curved sword.

saf'fron (săf'rŭn), *a.*, deep orange-yellow.

sage (sāj), *n.*, a wise man.

sal'a ble (sāl'ȧ b'l), *a.*, fit to be sold.

sa li'va (sȧ lī'vȧ), *n.*, the fluid secreted in the mouth.

scal'ing lad'der, *n.*, a long ladder used for climbing.

scout (skout), *n.*, one sent out ahead to explore or look out for dangers.

scrip'ture (skrĭp tūr), *n.*, the Bible.

scum, *n.*, impurities risen to, or formed on, the surface of liquids.

seeth'ing, *p.*, boiling.

sem i-bar bar'ic, *a.*, only partly civilized.

sen'si tive, *a.*, easily affected, impressionable.

shrine (shrīn), *n.*, an altar, chapel, or temple consecrated to some god or saint.

sire (sīr), *n.*, a title of respect; father.

si'ren (sī'rĕn), *n.*, an apparatus producing musical tones by the rapid interruption of a current of air.

skirt, *v.*, to move along the edge.

sling, *n.*, an instrument for throwing stones.

smoke'stack, *n.*, a large chimney or a pipe serving as a chimney.

snail (snāl), *n.*, a small animal having a spiral shell into which it can withdraw for protection.

sprat (sprăt), *n.*, a small fish.

spur, *v.*, to urge, to incite.

staff, *n.*, in a military sense, a group of officers not in command, but having to do with the planning and directing of a campaign.

steed (stēd), *n.*, a spirited horse.

sto'ic (stō'ĭk), *n.*, one apparently indifferent to pleasure or pain.

stout'ly, *adv.*, strongly, firmly.

stran'gle (străŋ'g'l), *v.*, to choke.

strat'e gy (străt'ē jĭ), *n.*, use of trickery and cunning, especially in war.

stri'dent (strī'dĕnt), *a.*, harsh-sounding.

sub ter ra'ne ous (sŭb tĕr ā' nē ŭs), *a.*, underground.

sub'tle (sŭt''l), *a.*, delicate, skillfully or cunningly made.

sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), *n.*, the highest point, the top.

sup por'ter, *n.*, one who supports or defends.

sup press', *v.*, to check, to keep in.

swarth'y (swôr'thĭ), *a.*, of a dark color, dusky.

T

tar, *n.*, a sticky black liquid, obtained from coal, wood, or peat.

tas'sel (tăs''l), *n.*, a little ornament, ending in a tuft of loose threads or cords.

tem'po ral (tĕm'pŏ răl), *a.*, of short duration, not lasting.

ten'dril, *n.*, a slender, leafless stem which aids a climbing plant by coiling about a support.

ther mom'e ter (thĕr mŏm'ĕ tĕr), *n.*, a device which indicates the degree of heat or cold to which it is exposed.

thick'et (thĭk'ĕt), *n.*, a dense growth of shrubbery.

thrall (thrôl), *n.*, a slave.

thresh'old (thrĕsh'ōld), *n.*, a doorsill.

throe (thrō), *n.*, extreme pain.

tid'dy (tĭ'dĭ), *a.*, arranged in good order, neat.

toc'sin, *n.*, an alarm bell.

toll (tōl), *n.*, to cause a bell to ring with slow and measured strokes.

tor'pid (tôr'pĭd), *a.*, having lost the power of motion or feeling.

traf'fic, *n.*, trade, business dealings.

tram'ple (trăm'p'l), *v.*, to tread under foot.

trans par'ent (trăns pâr'ĕnt), *a.*, clear, easily seen through.

trans'port (trăns'pōrt), *n.*, a ship used for carrying soldiers or supplies from one place to another.

treach'er ous (trĕch'ĕr ŭs), *a.*, deceiving, untrustworthy.

trem'u lous (trĕm'ū lŭs), *a.*, shaking, trembling.

trench, *n.*, a long narrow cut in the earth, a ditch.

tre panned' (trē pănd'), *p.*, entrapped.

tri' col ored (trī'kŭl ĕrd), *a.*, three-colored, especially the colors of the French banner, blue, white, and red.

trun'dle, *v.*, to roll.

tur'bid (tûr'bĭd), *a.*, not clear, disturbed.

tur'ret, *n.*, in a naval and military sense, a towerlike structure on a war vessel within which guns are mounted.

tu'tor (tū'tĕr), *n.*, a private teacher.

U

un an nounced' (ŭn ă nounst'), *a.*, without public notice being given.

un marred' (ŭn märd'), *a.*, without injury or blemish.

un prec'e dent ed (ŭn prĕs'ē dĕn tĕd), *a.*, unexampled, new.

u su'ri ous (ū zū'rĭ ŭs), *a.*, taking more than the legal rate of interest for the use of money.

V

va'por (vā'pĕr), *n.*, a visible, diffused substance, floating in the air.

vas'sal (văs'ăl), *n.*, servant; sometimes a bondman or slave.

vault (vôlt), *n.*, an arched structure of stone; a room or space roofed by a vault.

ve la'ri a (vē lā'rĭ ȧ), *n.*, awnings.

ves'ti bule (vĕs'tĭ būl), *n.*, a passage or small hall between the outer door and the interior of a building.

vi'brant (vī'brănt), *a.*, resounding.

vil'la (vĭl'ȧ), *n.*, a large country residence; often placed in extensive grounds.

vir'gin (vûr'jĭn), *n.*, an unmarried woman, a maid.

vi zier' (vĭ zēr'), *n.*, a high officer of the Turkish empire.

vol'ley (vŏl'ĭ), *v.*, to discharge suddenly with an outburst.

W

wain (wān), *n.*, a wagon.

ward, *n.*, a division or separate apartment in a hospital.

way lay', *v.*, to lie in wait for in the way, to take by surprise.

weal (wēl), *n.*, happiness, prosperity.

weird (wērd), *a.*, wild, unnatural.

wheel, *v.*, to turn quickly.

whelmed (hwĕlmd), *p.*, covered completely, overwhelmed.

whim'sies (hwĭm'zĭz), *n.*, whims, fancies.

wind'mill, *n.*, a mill equipped with a large wheel which is turned by the wind and thus supplies power.

wisp, *n.*, a small bunch or bundle.

wrought (rôt), *pp.* of verb *to work*, done, performed.

Y

yeo'man (yō'măn), *n.*, one not of noble rank.

Z

ze'nith (zē'nĭth), *n.*, that point of the heavens vertically above us.

PROPER NAMES

Ab'ys sin'i a (ăb'ĭ sĭn'ĭ ȧ), a country of east Africa.

Ag'la vel (ăg'lȧ vĕl), one of the four songs of Pellinore, one of the kings overcome by King Arthur.

A zores' (ȧ zōrz'), islands in the North Atlantic.

Bal'der (bŏl'dĕr), the Teutonic god of light and peace.

Beau gen cy' (bō zhän sē'), a town of France on the Loire.

Blois (blwä), manufacturing city of France on the Loire.

Boin de gar'dus (bwän dė̆ gar'dŭs), an enemy of King Arthur and his court.

Cam'e lot (kăm'ė̆ lŏt), a legendary spot in England where Arthur was said to have his court.

Cam pa'ni a (käm pā'nĭ a), that part of Italy lying near Naples.

Cham (chăm), chief ruler of the Tartars.

Chi non' (shē nôŋ'), a town in France twenty-six miles southwest of Tours.

Con fu'ci us (kŏn fū'shĭ ŭs), a Chinese philosopher.

Dom re my' (dôŋ rē mē'), a village in Vosges, France.

Du Lis' (dē lē'), the surname given Joan of Arc by the King of France in acknowledgment of her services.

Du nois' (dû nwä'), governor of the city of Orleans in France in the time of Joan of Arc.

E waine' (ė̆ wān'), one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Ga'waine (gô'wån), one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Ge raint' (gė̆ rānt'), one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

Guin'e vere (gwĭn'ė̆ vēr), the wife of King Arthur.

Hei'del berg (hī'dĕl bĕrg), a city of Germany in the district of Mannheim, celebrated for its picturesque surroundings.

Her'schel (hûr'shĕl), Sir John, an eminant English astronomer (1792–1871).

Jar geau' (zhăr gō'), a town of France southeast of Orleans.

Lam'o rack (lăm'ȯ răck), one of the four sons of King Pellinore.

Laun'ce lot (laun'sė̆ lŏt), one of the bravest and most famous knights of the Round Table.

Loire (lwär), the largest river of France.

MEANING OF PHRASES

aurora borealis, a luminous phenomenon, seen only at night, commonly called "northern lights," usually seen in Arctic regions.

bate a stiver, to deduct the amount of a stiver (a Dutch coin of about two cents in value).

civic robes, in ancient times, robes worn by a person occupying some high city office.

drowsy snare, sleep-inducing influence.

far afield, far away.

foreign strand, a foreign land.

fringe of timber, forest land bordering the water.

gallows bird, a person who deserves hanging on the gallows.

guns on the port broadside, the guns on the left side of the ship.

mad sea shows his teeth, comparing the sea to a beast which is angry.

minstrel raptures swell, referring to the praises of heroic deeds sung by wandering singers.

old fangled, old-fashioned.

on hand, at hand, at one's disposal.

rending it asunder, tearing it to pieces.

sceptered sway, the rule of one who bears a scepter, a king.

south frigid zone, that part of the earth which lies between the south pole and its polar circle.

temperate zones, those parts of the earth that lie between the tropics and the polar circle.

to put on a par, to make equal.

to run the whole crocodile gantlet, to exhaust the subject of crocodiles.

took wing, flew away; spread rapidly.

torrid zone, the broad belt of the earth included between the tropics.

tramp steamer, a steamer that does not take regular trips between the same ports, but takes cargo to and from any ports.

wane apace, to decrease rapidly.

Mec'ca (měk'ä), the capital of Arabia, and sacred to the Mohammedans as the birthplace of Mohammed.

Meung (mŭŋ), a town of France on the Loire eleven miles southwest of Orleans.

Ni zam' (nē zăm'), chief ruler of one of the provinces of India.

Pa tay' (pá tā'), a village of France on the Loire thirteen miles northwest of Orleans.

Pell'i nore (pĕl'ĭ nôr), one of the enemies of King Arthur.

Pros'er pine (prŏs'ĕr pĭn), in classical mythology the queen of the underworld. She was, however, allowed to spend two thirds of the year on earth with her mother, Demeter.

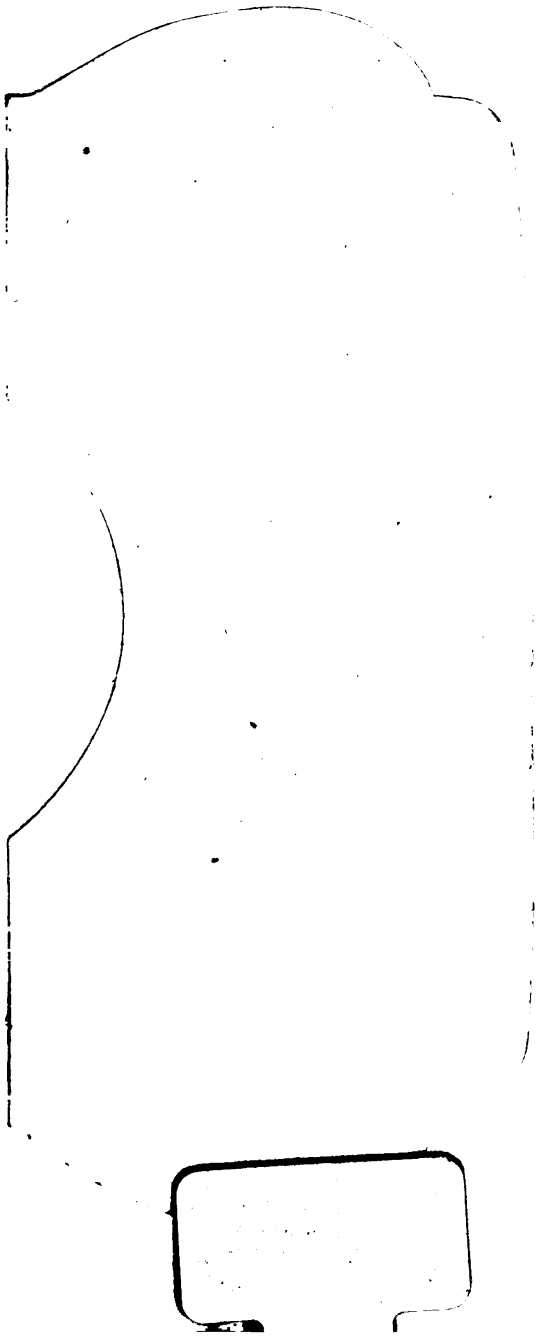
Ram'e ses (răm'ē sēz), the name of a number of Egyptian kings.

Rheims (rēmz, French *pron.* răns), one of the leading commercial cities of France.

St. Re my' (saŋ rē mē'), a town of France fourteen miles northeast of Arles.

Tran syl va'ni a (trăn sĭl vā'nĭ á), a province of Hungary.

Troyes (trwä), city of France on the Seine river.

Vau cou leurs' (vō kōō lûr'), a town of France situated on the Meuse.

We'ser (vā'zĕr), a river of Germany.